






SCHILLER

VOLUME I





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DANNECKER'S BUST OF SCHILLER

# SCHILLER

BY

EUGEN KÜHNEMANN

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRESLAU

*TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD EDITION OF THE  
GERMAN ORIGINAL*

BY

KATHARINE ROYCE

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION*

BY

JOSIAH ROYCE

PROFESSOR OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

WITHDRAWN

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TO  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR





## INTRODUCTION

**I** PERFORM a duty, and enjoy a privilege, when I offer a few words intended to aid in introducing Professor Kühnemann's "Schiller" to American readers. These volumes must speak for themselves. But it is not out of place to point out the general sense in which they fill a place heretofore vacant in our own literature.

Frequently as Schiller's person and work have been discussed in English, we have, I believe, no recent book, written in our own language, which so adequately deals with the literary, the critical, the philosophical, the æsthetic, and the ethical aspects of Schiller's person and lifework, and which also, while dealing with all these topics together, treats them from so distinctively modern and so distinctively philosophical a point of view. Professor Kühnemann's "Schiller" is, in the best sense, contemporary in its spirit and in the range of its scholarship. The view of Schiller which is here presented is no mere repetition of conventional opinion about him; but is equally no effort to estimate him in terms of the passing fashions of the day. What features are most characteristic of Professor

Kühnemann's treatment of Schiller may be indicated by mentioning: (1) The prominence here given to Schiller's place in the Comparative History of Literature; (2) The stress laid upon a decidedly new and independent estimate of Schiller's ethical and spiritual significance, based upon a careful study of the evolution of his philosophy of life; (3) An interpretation of Schiller's poetical genius and of his works in the light of these comparative studies, and of these ethical and æsthetic doctrines and processes. In brief, it is the *method* of Professor Kühnemann's whole treatment of his topic, it is this *synthesis* of the study of comparative literature with a reëxamination of the spirit of Schiller's time, and with a new view of the tendency of Schiller's own philosophy of life and of art, — it is this synthesis, I repeat, which makes this detailed account of the poetical creations of Schiller's genius not only minute, appreciative, and enlightening, but such as to give us a new view of the poet's total meaning in the life of his age and of ours. Professor Kühnemann writes with a strong sense of the artistic, the moral, and the social problems of our own time. The careful reader of these pages will meet with numerous references to the issues and interests of our day. Recent poetical art, recent ethical teachings such as those of Nietzsche, recent social movements, — such things are often made topics either of mere allusion or of more explicit criticism and comparison. But such

contemporary interests are here used merely as means of throwing light upon the real topic, which is always, first, Schiller himself — his genius, his personality, his work — and, secondly, the permanent significance of that view of life and of its ideals which inspired the great leaders of the German classical literature, and especially Schiller.

One who merely wants to become better acquainted with Schiller's person and fortunes will find in this book ample material, carefully and independently studied. But the student who wishes to view Schiller in the largest perspective, to see him in his comparative place in modern literature, to know what he contributed both to the philosophy and to the art of human life, will find in this work what in the English language was not previously accessible to him in any single book or in any so connected portrayal. As critic, as historical student of comparative literature, and as philosopher, Professor Kühnemann gives us what is not only a book upon Schiller, but a decidedly new mode of estimating the significance of the poet's lifework. I venture to commend Professor Kühnemann's "Schiller" to the attention of all who love the deeper problems of literature and of life.

JOSIAH ROYCE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,  
April 13, 1912.

## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

**I**N dealing with Professor Kühnemann's citations of passages from Schiller's poetical works, the translator has usually furnished, in the text, her own English rhythmical version. In a few cases only, Bulwer's translations have been used instead.

# CONTENTS

## BOOK ONE

### THE WORKS OF YOUTH

#### SECTION I. "THE ROBBERS"

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. SCHILLER UP TO THE WRITING OF "THE ROBBERS" . . . . .	3
1. His family, the homes of his childhood, the school, the academy . . . . .	3
2. Evidences of Schiller's development. Philosophy, medicine, knowledge of men . . . . .	18
3. The poet of the anthology . . . . .	31
II. "THE ROBBERS" . . . . .	40
I. <i>The Work</i> . . . . .	40
1. The tragedy as first outlined . . . . .	45
2. The progress and increasing intensity of the action . .	57
3. The development at its height . . . . .	64
4. The catastrophe . . . . .	67
5. The end . . . . .	74
6. Schiller's poetic type as seen in "The Robbers" . . . .	77
II. <i>The Growth of the Poem and the Circumstances of its Production</i> . . . . .	84
III. <i>The Place of "The Robbers" in Universal Literature</i> . . . .	99
1. The Bible and religious poetry as a background . . . .	101
2. "The Robbers" in the dramatic and literary movement of the time . . . . .	115
3. Shakespeare, Rousseau, Cervantes . . . . .	142

## SECTION II. FROM "THE ROBBERS" TO "DON CARLOS"

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. SCHILLER'S LIFE FROM HIS LEAVING THE KARLSSCHULE UNTIL HE FIRST WENT TO LIVE IN WEIMAR.....	155
1. Stuttgart.....	156
2. Schiller's flight.....	164
3. Bauerbach.....	176
4. Mannheim.....	181
5. Leipzig and Dresden.....	203
II. THE CONSPIRACY OF FIESKO OF GENOA.....	228
1. The outline of "Fiesko".....	231
2. The leading motives.....	237
3. The development during the five acts.....	246
4. Final considerations.....	257
III. "LOVE AND INTRIGUE".....	261
I. <i>The Work</i> .....	261
1. Its origin.....	261
2. "Love and Intrigue" in comparison with "Fiesko" and "The Robbers".....	267
3. The control of technique in "Love and Intrigue".....	270
4. The character of Schiller's technique in comparison with Lessing's "Emilia Galotti".....	287
5. The representation of life in "Love and Intrigue." The truth of the poetic thought.....	291
II. <i>The Position of "Love and Intrigue" in the History of the Drama of Middle Class Life</i> .....	308
IV. "DON CARLOS".....	330
1. The periods of Schiller's work on "Don Carlos"...	332
2. The first outline.....	338
3. The completed work. The first stage.....	348
4. The three dramas in "Don Carlos" and their significance.....	355



# CONTENTS

xiii

PAGE

## IV. "DON CARLOS," *continued*

5. Eboli's scenes . . . . .	361
6. The drama of the king . . . . .	365
7. The crisis in the fourth act . . . . .	370
8. The conclusion of the tragedy of Carlos . . . . .	377
9. Summary. Schiller's mental development and art as seen in "Don Carlos" . . . . .	382
10. Two more Carlos dramas . . . . .	392



BOOK ONE  
THE WORKS OF YOUTH



## SECTION I

### “THE ROBBERS”

#### CHAPTER I

##### SCHILLER UP TO THE WRITING OF “THE ROBBERS”

ONE must study a genius in his deeds. In them alone can one find what made him of world-wide importance. Therefore we will hasten forward to the great dramas that Schiller wrote during his youth. Of all that has been handed down to us regarding Schiller's boyhood and youth, regarding the earliest impressions that surrounded him, regarding the earliest bent that he received, we will briefly mention only what may help us to understand the spirit of the young poet in his works.

##### 1. HIS FAMILY, THE HOMES OF HIS CHILDHOOD, THE SCHOOL, THE ACADEMY

We will begin with Schiller's home influences. The records give us a lifelike picture of the poet's father. Johann Caspar Schiller was born in Bittenfeld in 1723. Being the son of the master baker

and village mayor, he was to have studied, but his father died too early for this plan to be carried out. Johann Caspar was apprenticed to a barber from whom he could also learn surgery. He traveled and learned the French language and fencing in Nördlingen. In 1745 he entered a Bavarian regiment of hussars and fought against the French in Holland. There followed a warlike career, now as surgeon, then as soldier, quartermaster, officer, with all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life,—imprisonment, release, fighting, life in quarters, in the service of different powers, — until at last he became an officer in Würtemberg. And with all this there were long journeys to The Hague, Amsterdam, and London. Between two periods of active service, in the year 1749, he married Elizabeth Dorothea Kodweiss, the sixteen year old daughter of the landlord of the Lion Inn at Marbach. But he was not yet able to lead a settled life. He fought after this at the battle of Leuthen against Frederick the Great, in Hesse against the Hanoverian general von Oberg, in Thuringia and Saxony. In 1761 he was made a captain and in 1762–1763 was garrisoned with the Stain regiment in Ludwigsburg, in Stuttgart, and again in Ludwigsburg. During the time of peace he became a recruiting officer and rose to the rank of major. He was universally respected, was ceaselessly active, educated himself as he could, and turned his thoughts to practical and gener-

ally useful things. An essay that he published concerning agricultural matters had for its second title "For the increase of the common welfare." The fancy for the growing of trees now came to be a passion with him. He despised the prejudice that held such an occupation to be beneath the dignity of an officer. As the superintendent of the court gardens at the Duke's Castle, the "Solitude," near Ludwigsburg, he became extremely active.

How stirring was the outer life of the father in comparison with that of the son! We see unmistakably in this life the far-reaching ambition, the force, that seeks for activity, the ability that longs to be of use, — and with all this an eager imagination and a bent toward higher things. He was active in war, which carries people to a distance and mingles them together. One might almost say that in the imagination, in the poetical creations of the son, something of the father's life was working, — the same restless spirit, the same delight in the adventurous military career, in which one's manly strength is proven, and which demands breathless activity. The strong desire which Johann Caspar Schiller showed in his later years for a widely beneficent activity makes it plain that he was no mere adventurer. Although his thoughts may not have risen above the region of mere utility, still he was a strong, complete man, who shaped out his own career and was not swept away by the crowd.



And so at last he found his own sphere of activity and refused to be turned aside from it by public opinion.

He ruled his own house like a patriarch. The family life was founded upon a strict and sterling piety which he probably identified in his mind with the virtues of good citizenship. The prayers which he composed show how seriously he took his religion. He was a master who did not lack tenderness.

He had his own very decided conception of life, to which his family must conform. His most prominent idea was that his son must study constantly and with regularity. For that was to him the foundation of all good citizenship and advancement. His mind was not adapted for the comprehension of genius. But it was not mere philistinism and narrowness which led him to oppose his erring son after his flight. Two strong wills were contending together, two wills worthy of each other.

We notice here how this rugged man experienced in his own person the conditions of the time and the circumstances of Germany,—the complete lack of national feeling in the policy which sent him to take the field against Frederick the Great for French money; the strange unscrupulousness which was required from the upright officer (for the troops that he raised were mostly sent out as mercenaries); last and worst of all, the complete dependence of everything in Würtemberg upon the whim

of the Prince. After this potentate had outgrown his fancy for soldiers, Father Schiller in Lorch got no penny of his pay, and had to use up his little property. Only nine years later were his claims gradually paid off. But however much all this may interest us as showing the history of politics and of the development of civilization, to the people of that epoch it must have seemed quite a matter of course,—something that only accidentally affected their views of life.

The picture of Schiller's mother has not been handed down to us with an equal wealth of detail. It used to be stated that she was herself something of a poet. This has been disproven. But we know of her devout piety. It was not the piety of the patriarch, used to control the whole household. It was a part of her inmost life. On Sundays while taking walks in the country she was in the habit of telling Bible stories to the children. Once on Easter Monday they were walking up a mountain. She then told the children of the resurrection and the story of the walk to Emmaus. And she made the story so living and so real, and so touched their hearts, that they wept and knelt down and prayed to God. "This mountain became Mount Tabor to us." The transports of devotion of the blue-eyed, light-haired, gentle boy formed his sister's earliest memory of him. This religious awakening was here, as is so often the case, the first notable experience in life.

But this story shows us at the same time what we find most important: the religious influence came into Schiller's life as an awakener of the imagination. The family lived with these personages. The arousing of the life of fancy came from the impressive ideas of religion. Schiller thought of himself as a preacher before he thought of himself as a poet. But this preacher was in a certain sense a poet.

This unassuming woman was not an original, gay, and rich nature like Goethe's mother. Yet it seems to us that Schiller's creative imagination was partly inherited from his mother, and in any case was derived more from her than from his father. Frau Schiller also read Uz and Gellert, doubtless for the religious interest of the subject matter. But hers was no merely utilitarian spirit when she recommended reading and study. Above all, she was really a mother. The children took refuge with her when they dreaded a severe punishment from their father. Streicher impressively described Schiller's farewell at the time of his flight. As they fled, Schiller sought by the light of the illumination of the "Solitude" the dim outlines of his parents' house, sank back in the carriage and exclaimed, "My Mother." From the later letters of the son we get the impression of the wife and mother, who lives with her narrowing cares and cannot throw them off. These touches also belong to the same picture.

Schiller's first and dearest playmate in childhood was his sister Christophine, who was born on September 4, 1757, and so was two years older than Fritz, who was born on the tenth of November, 1759. "Fine" was his comrade, a brave and generous nature. When her parents grieved over Schiller's departure from Würtemberg, she took his part against the Duke in the family conclaves. This was no small thing, and it stands to her credit. Luise, who was born on January 24, 1766, and who was four years younger than the poet, was still a child when he entered the military training school in 1773. Nanette, who was born on September 8, 1777, he scarcely knew at all during those early years. Thus we picture Schiller growing up in this plain and simple family, who always held fast to goodness and strove for higher things, and whose lives were full of sincere religious conviction. When he thought of his future life he thought of it as spent in the only calling that seemed accessible in the sphere of higher education to one born in his surroundings, — the calling of a preacher.

We must now briefly speak of the scenes of Schiller's childhood. Until December, 1763, the children stayed with their mother in Marbach. The poet passed his earliest years in a little country town in the simple relations and close intercourse that are customary in such places, and he belonged to "the people" (so called in a narrow sense), from

whom he rose. The family then lived in Lorch for about three years, until December, 1766. To the beauties of nature which were here especially charming, the interest of history was added. The Benedictine monastery had been destroyed in the War of the Peasants. In the church the boy saw the graves of more than twelve members of the Hohenstaufen family. It is said that his father explained to him these relics of the great days of Swabia. Thus with patriotic pride he looked for the first time into the great world of history. But Schiller's going to live at Ludwigsburg, the Versailles of Stuttgart (which the Duke Karl Eugene had built up during his conflict with the provincial estates in 1764, in order to establish here a great and brilliant court life), impresses us as a change from the natural life to civilization,—using the word in Rousseau's unfavorable interpretation. First of all we must mention the opera, to which the officers and their families had free entrance: Italian operas, stirring ballets in which the first singers and dancers of the time took part, and all this with incredible brilliancy and display; florid scenery devoid of any higher artistic sense. But what a stimulus for an imagination that had a tendency towards gorgeousness! Schiller made himself a puppet show at this time and acted plays with chairs for spectators. All this childish development was suddenly interrupted. On the sixteenth of January, 1773, he went with



his slender baggage to the "Solitude," to enter the military training school as a pupil.

Up to this time he had been to the village school in Lorch and had also had private teaching from the pastor. It is this pastor, Moser, whom he has commemorated in "The Robbers"; a strict and earnest man, whose piety was regulated by the catechism. The scene in "The Robbers" shows that something of this uncompromising religious belief found a response in Schiller's heart. We have lately gained some knowledge of the instruction given in the Latin School at Ludwigsburg. Skill in making Latin verse was the goal and pride of this school. Greek was very little studied; ill usage was frequent. Also an overzealous and sanctimonious piety prevailed. The students who meant to enter upon a theological career were obliged at certain intervals to present themselves for the state examinations in Stuttgart. Schiller underwent this ordeal four times, not always with equal success. All this was with a view to the future study of theology. But now the interference of the Duke Karl turned him forcibly aside from his path.

The fact that the hand of a prince interfered in the regulation of his life was the decisive point in the development of Schiller's youth. Removed from his natural surroundings, suddenly placed under other conditions, it was strongly brought home to Schiller how entirely the whole country and its

citizens were dependent upon the whim of one man. Thus his prince came to be the chief influence in Schiller's early life. We must try to understand this remarkable man and his favorite pedagogical work.

Karl Eugene, who was born in Brussels in 1728 and was brought up by his grandmother and an aged man as tutor, had been ruling since 1744, after having remained from his thirteenth to his sixteenth year with Frederick the Second, who in 1744 obtained from the Emperor the declaration that he was of age.

Under his rule the most shameless favoritism flourished. After Philipp Friedrich Rieger followed Count Montmartin, who had ousted the former by means of forged letters. We are reminded of Kosinsky's tale in "The Robbers" and of President von Walter in "Kabale und Liebe" (Love and Intrigue). While Montmartin was still in favor, Wittleder began his career. He was first a journeyman tanner, became a Prussian under officer, an officer in Würtemberg, afterwards director of the church council. Without the least shame he collected through the sale of places whatever money Karl Eugene might need. In 1748 the Duke married the daughter of the Margravine of Bayreuth, the favorite sister of Frederick the Great. She was a handsome, cold, and haughty woman. She left him in the year 1756, and thus all restraint was removed.



The people of Württemberg were proud of their Constitution. He despised it. Thus his relation to his country was of the nature of constant strife. The sturdy upholder of the ancient rights, Johann Jakob Moser, languished at the fortress of Hohentwiel from 1759 to 1764. In the year 1770 the Duke apparently yielded; in the settlement of succession he acknowledged the rights of the country, which took over a part of his debt of twelve million thalers for the slender reward of obtaining its own rights.

Money, always money, no matter how it was obtained. Soldiers were conscripted in cruel and barbarous ways and were sold to foreign lands.

Money,—and what for? For a life of boundless self-indulgence, while to himself and others he always tried to appear as a great prince.

From 1772 on he lived with Franziska von Leutrum, whom the Emperor made Countess von Hohenheim, and whom he married in 1785, five years after the death of his wife. Her influence over him was beneficent, and she thus became a blessing to the country.

And here one sees the essential trait of the Duke's character. The idea was perfectly self-evident to him that the life of his subjects must be unconditionally regulated by the opinion of their prince, and that their lives really belonged to him. He had no notion that any other personality should have any freedom. In this sense he was the complete

embodiment of a despot. Accordingly he pushed in between parents and children. In the same way he later decided by a mere command that Schiller should write about medicine only, and all this without a suspicion that there was a region over which the commands of a prince had no control. Therefore we must regard him as almost sincere in his feeling, which seems so grotesque to us, that he was a benefactor to those whom he forced into the paths that he chose, even though he kept Schubart for long years at the fortress of Hohenasperg. With all this he was not without talent, nor did he lack the merit of important aims. But he was unhappily misguided, and yet so absolutely sure of his own way that he forced his subjects to see and to think according to his will; and, incredible as it may seem, he made them firmly believe in his generosity, his fatherly kindness and benevolence. Schiller himself was for a time a proof of this, and still more his friends Hoven and Streicher.

His favorite child, the Karl Academy, is a true picture of this spirit of his. For the rest, with the sacrifices it required, with the active interest in educational questions expressed in the Academy, it is certainly a sign of that turning toward better things, of that inner mental change, which the Duke, even though only through a new despotic whim, announced by a public proclamation, in 1778, a few years after the founding of the institution.

The growth of the school shows how restless and ambitious the Duke was in his plans. It was founded in 1770 at the “Solitude” as a school of landscape gardening and the decorative arts. At first the plastic arts and music were taught. Then it became a military training school and the regular academic branches were added. In 1773 it was a military academy and the law was also taught. In 1775 it was moved to Stuttgart and medicine was added. December 22, 1781, it was raised to the rank of a university and received the name *Hohe Karlsschule* or Karl University. Schiller studied in this institution from January, 1773, until December, 1780, first as a student of law, then of medicine. He should not, therefore, be called a pupil of the Hohe Karlsschule (University), as the school only received that name after he had left it.

The institution was one of the noteworthy sights of that time. People journeyed thither to visit it, and in a sense it was to be wondered at. In a single school, a single institution, one could learn everything almost from the very elements, and often from the very finest teachers. We can see what eminent men in widely different professions have come forth from this school; as for instance Cuvier the zoölogist, Dannecker the sculptor, Zumsteeg the musician. Students from many different countries met there, as one would suppose, with the result of mutual stimulation.

But how completely this too was the creation of a despot! Often against the will of their parents, and by the arbitrary command of the Duke, the young men were gathered together. They were then subjected to this oft-described manner of life and of study, in which everything, down to the smallest detail, is regulated according to military discipline. Guardians were appointed and uniforms prescribed, and all this without the slightest volition on the part of the pupils.

Study and education were carried on as it were by the working of some huge mechanism, and all this for the sole purpose of bringing up tractable officials. There was not one trace of the cultivation of the mind for its own sake or for the pure delight in the things of the spirit. And if there was any other end in view than the training of young men, it was the glorification of the Duke himself. For that reason this great school with all its advantages was pedagogically dead.

It attempted the complete elimination of original mental development. And herein lay the reason why its plans were so vast, so quaint, and so deeply and dreadfully lacking. The mind was quite mechanically conceived as a dead but somewhat pliable thing, and this could hardly be otherwise with the mental bent of a man who regarded everyone as material given to him, over which he must have complete control. Thus he removed his young

charges from all natural relationships. They could have no families; he was their family, and they could scarcely see their parents or their brothers and sisters. They had no life of their own; they were merely educational material. They could never be alone, and this we should emphasize. To be sometimes alone is the first requisite of all normal self-development, and most notably in the case of genius. The Duke was everywhere, concerned himself with everything, and even when he was absent he was the center around which everything revolved.

We can imagine the lasting impression made upon Schiller. He had daily experience of this powerful man who would take a whole life into his hands and mold it to his will. On another side he knew him with a sort of confidential nearness, so that, in associating with him, he saw the human side of his nature. He saw the Duke's might and also his pettiness. This reminds us of the way in which he later depicted the mighty,—as if the world revolved around them, and yet with all their human triviality.

But the principal influence of this academic existence appears to be the fact that these youths were so completely cut off from life. For life is beyond rules, and one can only learn to know it through direct observation in free association with the manifold nature of things. The students were almost entirely thrown back on their own imaginations.

No knowledge whatever of women! What does not that one word contain? For the forced meetings with the "young ladies" school on holidays were hardly to be counted. We can imagine the paradox, that Franziska, as the only woman they knew, was their worshiped ideal of womanhood. But just because of this complete separation, as may be seen in "The Robbers" and the "Anthology," an accent of overstimulated sexuality easily entered into their lives. And so there came to be, strange to say, in this constant association with companions of their own age, a view of life like that of hermits, — the point of view of those who must make their own world, since it does not come to them by the ordinary road of the senses.

## 2. EVIDENCES OF SCHILLER'S DEVELOPMENT. PHILOSOPHY, MEDICINE, KNOWLEDGE OF MEN

So much for the impressions produced by Schiller's family, by his native land and by his school, by his political surroundings and by his life at the Academy. We feel ourselves on firmer ground as we pass on to those evidences of his mental development that have been preserved to us, — evidences coming from his own hand. We find him for a time quite under the influence of the Academy, but little by little his personal qualities strengthen and the individual tendencies of his mind appear more and more plainly.



We will speak first of his scholarly activity. Here we distinguish two groups of different documents. In the first group, which may be strictly called philosophical, the important thing to be noted is how strongly Schiller was drawn toward the consideration of moral questions. In this tendency we can trace the prevailing philosophical trend of the instruction at the Academy. We refer to certain addresses, prepared during Schiller's last years at the Academy, for festivals of Franziska's or the Duke's. There were three of these addresses. The third was not delivered there, Schiller being at the time no longer a student at the Academy, but the paper is so plainly under the same influence that it may be classed with the others.

The curious questions treated show us at once the fashion of the times and the taste of the old Duke. "Does too much kindness, gentleness, and generosity belong, strictly speaking, to virtue?" "Virtue considered in relation to its consequences." "Is the friendship of a Prince the same as that of a private person?" These addresses, produced under the direct influence of this old sinner, the Duke, dealt constantly with virtue.

Schiller's young and ardent spirit strove to penetrate beneath the surface to the very heart of things. Not in superficial manifestations, he tells us, can we find moral worth. It is not the impressive deed or the applause of the world, but the inner springs

of action, that decide its value. Moreover, he is quite able to tell us what must be the source of every truly good deed. It must be love, or more exactly, the love of happiness. But clear understanding or wisdom must go hand in hand with love. What then must virtue be? The bond of harmony between love and wisdom.

He also gives to wisdom a perfectly definite task. It chooses, amongst the warring impulses, those that really lead to happiness. The dying Socrates here appears once more as the model of a virtuous philosopher.

Such modes of thought sound strange and distant to us now. Nor can one think that these essays contain work that was notably Schiller's own. The ideas came to him indirectly, through the instruction of his teacher Abel, from German popular philosophy; and its sources came from Shaftesbury through the double dilution of Ferguson and Garve. It is, however, characteristic of Schiller that, in dealing with life, the youth starts from the highest generalities, from abstract principles, in order to define his moral ideas.

Such general maxims came to serve Schiller as the medium of a certain moral enthusiasm whose tone at least suggests his own temperament. His thoughts are as old as ethics. If happiness is called the final aim, we feel the influence of Epicurus. If strenuous endeavor is the requisite and standard



of virtue, we are reminded of the Stoics. And so contrasting views are united, as is usual in thought that is immature. But when he studies the conflict of inclinations he shows genuine sympathy with the inner life of the soul. There appears already a certain subtlety of psychological comprehension in the midst of all the learned abstractions. And in this one might almost recognize the inborn interest of a dramatic poet. The most important thing is that—no doubt in consequence of his training, but also certainly because of a tendency of his own—he shows the strongest disposition to proceed, not from facts to thoughts, but from the ultimate principles to the facts. He had a system of ethics all prepared in his mind before he was acquainted with the facts of life. Thought came before life. This was in keeping with the intellectual training of the Academy, shut off, as it was, from life. But Schiller’s mind always continued to feel the need of viewing facts in the light of the ultimate principles.

Yet these generalities were insufficient for the youth’s purpose. Behind his picture of the moral life there is a picture of the universe. God is boundless love, and the whole universe is the work and the proof of this love. If we are virtuous we become like God and imitate him—a thought whose origin is Platonic. And so the youth plays the metaphysician, always using the inherited traditions of thought. However unoriginal all this is, the ardor

and incisiveness with which Schiller handles these ideas, so as to gain a moral estimate of history and of life, are all his own, and give evidence of his talent. He cites great names — Cæsar, Socrates, Augustus. “How lightly would the world-conqueror weigh in the scales of God’s justice! A tear of sympathy shed in a cottage would weigh infinitely more.” He speaks like a little judge of all things, a mode of expression which was bound up with his whole style of thought.

What one finds, then, is throughout a moralistic estimate of life. And one finds, too, still another trait characteristic of Schiller—a certain disposition to do violence to facts for the sake of opinions about which the youth feels absolutely sure. In all this the philosopher’s temperament appears.

The second group of the scholarly works consists of his medical essays “The philosophy of physiology” and the “Essay on the connection between the animal and the spiritual nature of man.” Both these papers, therefore, deal with psychology, and in fact with physiological psychology. They treat of the connection between soul and body.

We see plainly the same tendency of thought. The path leads from pure theory to the facts of mental life. The controversy between the two great ethical tendencies, between the Idealists, for whom the body is but the prison of the soul, and the Materialists, for whom all mental life is but a

kind of physical operation, must be brought to a decision. We might here trace the connection with ancient theories. For Schiller the connection with the present was closer. It is the contrast between Christian thought, between the philosophy of faith, and materialistic unbelief. And so it is somewhat amusing to find that Schiller, in this case, leans, as medical student, more toward materialism.

He intends to show what the body — or the animal sensorium — contributes to all mental life. The life of the emotions, the world of the passions, here takes the central place. Thus we already find the thinker busied with the material of the dramatist. But he takes a broader view in pointing out the importance of the bodily needs, not only for the development of the individual, but also for that of the human race — an instructive bit of general history and of the psychological development of human life viewed from the side of the senses.

If he accents somewhat strongly, in a sort of intentional exaggeration, the physical and sensuous element as the only motive power of human existence, we thus pass quite directly into the mental world of Franz Moor in "The Robbers." For Moor says in bitter cynicism what was scientifically set forth in this essay. As is well known, Schiller here quoted himself. So plain does the connection here become between thought and poetical imagination.

He follows with special acuteness the bodily expression of the emotions. It is the true love of the artist for portrayal. Moreover, it is a trend of thought from which Schiller never afterward departed. The same motive appears again in the essay "On Grace and Dignity" in 1793. We here find already at work the same tendency of Schiller's mind that later reached its full development through the study of Kant.

The school interests fall into the background, and the purely human interest becomes prominent in the documents to which we are next to turn. The "Account of my Fellow Students and of Myself," cleverly written and skillfully classified in groups, is still entirely under the influence of traditional moral ideas, and uses them in a superficial judgment of people. This was, of course, due to the task that had been set. But there is no progress as yet beyond the "Academic Addresses," except that through the very task required Schiller was led to a close observation of men. To us the "Account of the Illness of the Student Grammont in the Summer of 1780" seems far more significant. Schiller probably observed him with deep sympathy, for the poor young man's whole trouble was that he could no longer endure life at the Academy. The fearless independence of the treatment is astonishing. The charm lies in the delicate perception, both physiological and psychological, with which Schiller com-

prehends both mental and bodily symptoms. The case was one of hypochondria almost amounting to melancholia, or, as he expressed it, the unhappy condition of a man "who is the lamentable victim of a close sympathy between the bodily organs and the mind, — the complaint of deeply thoughtful and impressionable minds and of most men of great learning. The close bond between body and soul makes the search for the first source of the evil endlessly difficult, whether it should be sought first in the body or in the mind." The thoughts expressed in his physiological dissertation now received a practical application. This was the case both here and in the account of his comrades. Schiller's ideas had really become to him organs for the comprehension of reality. The development of the illness bore out his diagnosis. In this matter he showed himself at once a man of insight and an artist. We have here an expressive document of his acute observation both of mind and body. But however much Schiller's own mind shines through, yet all this work is still somewhat under the influence of his school tasks. We have the good fortune to possess a document in which he fully expresses himself, a document throwing a penetrating light on his young mind. We refer to his letter to Scharffenstein, which is supposed to belong to the year 1778. In spite of all the abstractions that he had been taught, his wholly personal experience found a vivid expression.

It is an experience of wounded friendship, but it is in quite the tone of injured love. This is easily explained by the discipline of the Academy, which permitted youthful friendships as the only realm of tender and personal sentiments. But it also indicates in advance the virile nature of Schiller's mind.

An older emotional friendship had been interfered with by a third person. Schiller's ardor and susceptibility now seemed to his friend a sort of poetical affectation. Scharffenstein had reproached him and Schiller had justified himself, but at the same time, like a man of decided character, he broke off the friendship. He broke it off with an expression of deep insight: "I have loved one who existed only in my heart, and I worshiped him in you, his poor image."

This was not learned from without, and had nothing to do with the commonplace, according to which love is an interchange of souls. It is a surprisingly deep and fine observation of one who portrays the soul by looking into his own heart. He brings out the eternal deception of love and the eternal source of the essential conflicts of love — that what we love is an image within our own souls, in the true sense a creation, for which the person who has awakened the flame of love in us furnishes only the occasion. What we need, the completion of ourselves, we attribute by faith to the other. Perhaps he is what we think him; perhaps under the



stimulating and caressing suggestion of love he may develop a side of his character that is new to him, the side that makes him our ideal. Otherwise love remains mere illusion and some day will surely bring the awakening. This is what happened to Schiller. Thus the relation, its cause and the origin of the conflict, are seen at their source. Schiller never lost the remembrance of this earliest insight. In the treatise "On Grace and Dignity" it appears again. We date the beginning of his creative thought from this point.

"God knows," he goes on, "I forgot everything and everybody else when I was with you! With you I expanded, for I was proud of your friendship, not because I wanted to appear better in the eyes of men, but in the eyes of a higher world, toward which my heart yearned, and which seemed to say to me, 'He is the only one whom you can love.' . . . And yet I was never so humble as when I gazed upon you. . . . I used even to wish that God would make me like you! Scharffenstein, He is with us, He hears these words and judges whether this is the truth! It is, as surely as my soul lives. It would not be hard for you to remember how in this foretaste of blessedness, the very air I breathed was full of friendship only, how everything, even my poems, were quickened by the feeling of friendship. May God in heaven forgive you if you can be so thankless, so ignoble, as to deny this." Thus his whole nature

goes into this friendship and takes it thoroughly and absolutely, as indeed his manner of thinking was. He longs through friendship to grow beyond himself, and so he loves his friend as a higher being and strives earnestly upwards, laying the greatest stress on uprightness and earnest endeavor to improve. A touching and noble thing about all this is that for Schiller it is in the sight of God, in the light of the whole moral order. He declares that this friendship was for eternity, an idea that lay close indeed to his thought with its tendency towards the Absolute. Why then has he grown cold? Because Scharffenstein had failed in respect for him. So even at this early time friendship rested for Schiller upon the distinctly moral ground of esteem and self-esteem.

“You did not value me at all! How often (but only when you were angry, at other times you flattered me with esteem and admiration), how often have I had to hear that from you . . . how bitter was it to hear that my whole life was just a poem . . . everything about God, religion, friendship and all, a mere fantasy, an effusion of the poet, not of the Christian, not of your friend. . . . Oh, how that hurt me coming from you—from you!”

And we can still feel how this finely poised inner life, this remarkable personality, was exposed to the hostile criticism of petty souls. What was for him the natural expression of a higher sort of life



was for them mere phrases. We feel how his delicate sensibilities must have suffered, because he tried to stand upon an equal footing with those who were in fact his inferiors. How powerfully he gives us these pictures: the starlit night at the window; the evening walk; or how they sat together on the bed; how Scharffenstein had treacherously humiliated him when they were sitting by the bed of a comrade — all this made vividly present by his words. "God knows I was sorry for my great fault — self-love — but this scorn, such a moment . . . from you — and before the eyes of — Oh, I could not weep, I had to turn away; sooner annihilation than another such moment from you. May these scalding tears not burn your soul!" And he closes, still so young, almost like a child, telling how he had read in the Bible the story of David and Jonathan.

We see here not only a creative thinker, but also a true poet and dramatic writer, — still under the influence of certain literary models. He names as such the Bible and Klopstock. But he is already completely individual in the way in which he comprehends and pictures his own conflicts. These conflicts he interprets in terms of the inmost character of the participants. He reads in them human nature itself, and especially the nature of love. And he views the whole struggle in its relation to God and to eternity. This is the temperament

of a moralist who is also a poet and a creative artist.

We get still another view of the matter when we read his letter to Boigeol, who was on Scharffenstein's side, and whose talk had caused all the trouble. In this letter we find not only the fiery poet, but also the coolness and deliberation of a man of the world. With what superiority he dismisses him, and this again with an appeal to God and to the better life beyond.

Schiller's youthful letters also show us how he and his friends, in young man's fashion, felt themselves to be better than other people. "Have we not often told each other how little profit we could gain from them? Cannot we look wisely upon their follies? Do we need them to love us, because we love them? Oh really — you know what men are like." They show us finally the characteristic melancholy of youth as the undercurrent in the mind of the author of "The Robbers." "I am not yet twenty-one years old, but . . . the world has no more charms for me, . . . the nearer I come to maturity, the more do I wish that I had died in childhood." . . . "Life has been and still is a burden to me." "You do not know how my inner life is changed, destroyed. And surely you shall never learn what has crushed the power of my spirit." Here we are in the midst of the world of the robber Moor.

### 3. THE POET OF THE ANTHOLOGY

We have heard from the thinker and the man. Let us now hear how the poet, at about the same time with the writing of "The Robbers," expressed himself in the lyrics of the "Anthology."

The motive of the "Anthology," in true Schilleresque style, arose from a controversy with his fellow countryman and former student at the Stuttgart Gymnasium, Stäudlin, and his Swabian "Almanac of the Muses" for the year 1782 — an enterprise which undertook to give Swabia its place in the new literary movement. A rising sun was the design on its titlepage, — the new life, the new sun, was its motive. All the more did Schiller emphasize the far north and death. Tobolsk was supposed to be the place of publication of the "Anthology" and its second title was "A Collection of Siberian Blossoms." It bore the following dedication: "To my master Death. All-powerful Czar of all that lives, constant diminisher of kingdoms, endlessly unsatisfied with all nature." Here speaks the regimental doctor, who, in criticising "The Robbers," represented its author as a lover of drastic remedies. The humor is grewsome and bizarre; one might say it is the humor of the dance of death.

The variety of traits in this work is great, almost greater, it would seem, than in the poet's later lyrics. This was partly due to the influences to which he

was still subject. We can plainly trace the effect of Klopstock, Schubart, Bürger, and Wieland in the style of the ode, in the use of the traits of popular poetry, in the outspoken sensuality, and in many a wanton little jest. But Schiller's own characteristics are still more notable. It is the same mind that we already know, yet with a difference. That is, in his thoughtful works we have observed how much he had borrowed. But in these poems, even what he had borrowed now appears as his own. For poetical creation is of course self-expression and inevitably presupposes the author's self-confidence and the courage of his convictions.

When he thinks, Schiller does not begin with particular things, but with the final absolute ideas themselves. In the light of these ideas he interprets facts; indeed they only gain significance for him inasmuch as they reflect the world. In his lyrics this trait appears with peculiar force. We can name the universal laws whose prophet the poet undertakes to be. These laws are love and death, both conceived not as great experiences, but as the eternal laws of being.

Let us think of one of Goethe's poems of love, "Silent through the fields I wander." We know Schiller's "Odes to Laura" from the common editions of his poems. Quite a different spirit of flame speaks from the youthful version of the "Phantasy to Laura." But still it is a spirit of ideas. In

order to rejoice in his love he must grasp its significance, its universal significance, and so he finds love everywhere as the motive power of the world. It holds the planets together and quickens every particle in nature.

"If love were not, Spring would return no more,  
If love were not, God's praise could ne'er be sung."

Side by side with these florid pictures we find a curiously exact physiological description of falling in love. But Schiller always returns to the universal.

"In the very realm of evil, reigns not fearful sympathy?"

Does not Time hasten "on the wings of love"? Are not even Eternity and the End of the World a feast of love?

Like love, death too is a universal law. His "Melancholy," addressed to Laura, shows that this idea was fully as familiar to him. As the young Klopstock, in order to find expression for his love, imagined himself to be dead, and with his lady love translated into eternity, into the presence of God, just so Laura's bloom of life recalls to Schiller's mind the thought of death, constantly devastating all nature.

"Holds not Hades its domain  
Underneath this earth of ours?  
Under palace, under Fane,  
Underneath the cloud-capt Towers?  
Stately cities tower and spread  
O'er your moldering bones, ye Dead!"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bulwer's translation.

And now the medical student makes his appearance  
once more:

“From corruption, from decay,  
Springs yon clove-pink’s fragrant bloom;  
Yon gay waters wind their way  
From the hollows of a tomb.”

Beneath the circling planets thousands of springs  
have already passed.

“From the Planets thou mayst know  
All the change that shifts below. . . .  
Wouldst thou know what trace remaineth?  
Seek thou where the dark king reigneth!”

Now he sees Laura dead, and now himself. The odor of decay rises unpleasantly from the poem. The youthful melancholy, which was so natural to Schiller, speaks in the form of a law of nature.

Since Schiller conceives both love and death as universal laws, the transition to the Universal Law-giver, to God, comes to him naturally. He created all in order that His love might be reflected back to Him, that love which is the moving power of all things.

“Friendless was the universe-creator,  
Lonely was he — so made human spirits.  
Happy mirrors were they of his God head! —  
Though the lofty Being found no equal —  
From the chalice of the spirit kingdom  
Foamed infinity to meet him.”

But destruction too is a universal expression of the divine power. In this dread thought Schiller



finds deep fascination. He goes on to paint with somewhat grewsome vividness the horrors of the plague, regarded as a manifestation of God's power, and closes weirdly and gloomily:

“Pestilence also gives dread praise to God.”

The prevailing mood is dark. When the poet wants to be gay he easily falls into a somewhat youthful, boyish, even rough jollity. But in the expression of gloom he is already a full-grown man, especially when he, although in his abstract fashion, is writing under the impress of life, in his poems for special occasions, and in his funeral ode. In the latter he attains his best artistic cunning. With powerful strokes he depicts the funeral procession. The father walks tremulously behind his son's bier. In imagination the poet recalls the youth to life. The change of rhythm is artistically fitted to the change of mood. But here too this is only an occasion for asking ultimate questions about life. This fantasy closes with a powerful effect:

“From the grave is no returning.”

And the Elegy upon the early death of Weckerlin has the words:

“We may sprinkle in sorrow our dust unto dust —  
From corruption the soul takes its flight.  
Though its ashes unto the bleak winds we may trust,  
Yet love dwells in eternity's light.”

With his ideas of a world of love and death the poet remains everywhere the lover of universal

problems. He revels in youthful melancholy. Yet here also he is pondering over the final mysteries of life.

Through all this there is a strong underlying feeling of the vanity of human affairs. And so lofty sentiment easily passes over into a harsh judgment of men and life. This trait too, which in Schiller's letters impressed us as so youthful, is still more vigorously uttered in his poems. These lines occur in the *Elegy*:

“On this tragi-comical confusion,  
On these mighty surging waves of joy,  
On the farce of gaming and of losing,  
On this idle yet so busy turmoil,  
On this most laborious repose,  
On the sky above, so full of portent,  
Brother, close thine eyes forevermore.

“Death at last will make an end of folly . . .  
What are human beings 'neath the sun?  
Jugglers tricked out in their gaudy costumes,  
Bound with Death in an uncertain compact,  
Till his anger sweeps them from the stage;  
Well for him whose part is early finished,  
Who can change his mask for Nature's own.  
What's the change from Royalty to earth-clod?  
Nothing but a simple change of clothes!”

The passage brought him a sort of comical notoriety. What a fine and condescending point of view! These lines are, in relation to ordinary life, almost exactly like the tirades of the robber Moor.



The satire has an especially bitter aftertaste whenever the poet thirsting for freedom directs it against the Princes—“the evil monarchs”—and because it follows Schubart’s lead with a more powerful rhetoric. Here also he paints in dark colors, for he imagines the Prince as dead, with all his majesty departed. It is but one step further for Schiller to place himself on an equality with the Judge of all things. This is what he does in the “Conqueror” (1777), a poem of a somewhat earlier epoch, in a very powerful passage. Immortality is the last wish of the conqueror, and this immortality is—the last judgment. Here we find the last judgment and the scales of the judgment day, as in the fantasy of Franz Moor, and here too—and this is instructive—one thought running through the school addresses, the poems, and “The Robbers.”

The fundamental trait of the poet’s imagination is here the tendency toward the sublime. He is concerned with the everlasting relations of things. In comparison with the Absolute, the particular, the real seems so small. Whether he is writing a hymn or a satire, he shows always the same spirit. The lover of the sublime craves the intoxication of lofty things and despises the trivial. God is great and reality is small. His soul expands most freely when he is dealing directly with the infinite, as in the case of the “Hymn to the Infinite.”

“Between heaven and earth, high in the sea of air;—  
In the lap of the storm I sit on a rocky throne.  
Clouds form,  
Below me they storm,  
My reeling sight wanders around,  
And I think of thee, Eternal —”

What the poet accomplishes depends indeed not merely upon the force of his thoughts about the Absolute. Imagery of a corresponding grandeur is used to clothe the ideas. Strength of feeling and rhythmic skill show the born artist. But there is also a pictorial value which shows that in spite of all, the young poet has power to depict as well as to think. Such a poem as that of an “Officer in Battle” shows really superb plastic skill. The need of giving definite shape to things leads the poet again and again to the use of monologue. The “Child Murderess” is still famous. Even dialogues are sometimes met with, and this is a step towards the drama. In “The Robbers” we find “Hector’s Farewell” and also “Brutus and Cæsar.” Here antique pictures are translated into the poet’s leading ideas of eternal love and of the free man’s nobility, which needs the world to give it room. After all that has been said, “The Grandeur of the World” appears to us as the first manifestation of the real Schiller, the most characteristic of his youthful poems, and itself a complete poem. It has taken its place amongst Schiller’s works quite unaltered, with only certain orthographic

corrections. Its subject is the lofty theme of the endlessness of the world. It is completely brought out as a picture by the two wanderers, who, seeking the limits of the "All," meet after endless flights. What this picture is to tell us is expressed in their dialogue. And so the thought has been fully translated into image and experience. The more we recall the precursors of this type of lyric in Klopstock and Haller, the more superior to them does this poem appear and the more does its dramatic plasticity seem characteristic of Schiller.

But still, even when we have come to know him as a poet, and thus are nearer to him, this youth is and remains a lonely being, a hermit. Over against a minimum of experience stands a maximum of imagination that is due only to his inner life. He lives with his thoughts; with these he stamps the little that he has had a chance to see of life. A specially moral concern, a spontaneous fondness for the sublime, — these preponderate throughout. His receptivity is small. Thus a strong man holds his own though he is cut off from life.

## CHAPTER II

### "THE ROBBERS"

#### I. THE WORK

**A**FTER all these attempts and trials of his talent it was in writing "The Robbers" that Schiller first entered into his own kingdom. He had found his vocation. The work also decided his personal fortune, as because of it he left his native place and renounced the career which was there assured to him. To be true to his newly found self became the law of his life. As we look back we can see what many of his contemporaries felt or surmised, that with this work the first dramatist of Germany had announced his entrance into the field of literature.

To be sure, we notice at once, in this first work of his youth, how much the attitude of his countrymen toward Schiller has changed since his day. At its appearance the work struck like lightning. There was indeed no lack of expressions both of moral disapproval and of æsthetic indignation. But at all events the young author took his place as a personality over whom people were sure to contend passionately. But the glaring colors, the exaggera-

tion, and the unlikelike quality of this early work impress us to-day as so crude that many of us feel more like laughing than like being deeply moved and carried away by it. Yet the further development of the poet shows how great was the power that thus made its beginning. The fact that all that he later accomplished sprang from this seed speaks for him and for his work as a writer. Our task must be to comprehend, in this first tragedy, the peculiar greatness of this genius — a greatness which indeed carries with it its own limitations.

In "The Robbers" still more plainly than in the other early documents of Schiller's mind we see the hermit, who makes his own world because the actual world is closed to him. For this world of his is surely strange enough, all reality and probability being calmly disregarded. In this play a rascal who step by step unmasks himself as a villain carries on the most shameless intrigue against the beloved absent son, and no one questions these terrible reports. A loving girl sees from nearby the contemptible crime against her beloved — she clearly feels that it is a crime — and she does not stir. She endures the most shameful proposals of the transgressor and stays quietly at home. Not only once, but at least three times, people who have known each other for years, who are close to each other, talk together and do not recognize each other. This happens when the bastard Hermann speaks with the old man

Moor, when Karl speaks with Amalia, and when Karl speaks with the old man Moor. Also Daniel fails to recognize his beloved young master, until after Franz has given him the clew. A battle is fought in which three hundred fall on one side and one on the other. We need not speak of the impossibility of this sort of robbers' life. Such people exist in literature, not in life. We have here a completely fantastic, unreal world of romance, a world which sprang from the poet's own mind and which was not drawn from nature. And yet the whole thing lives and keeps us in breathless suspense. How did the poet's genius accomplish this?

With glowing vision he sees, far beyond his characters, one common struggle in which they all take part. Only in this respect have they any significance for him. By this same strife he himself is shaken, to the very depths of his being, and he makes us share this agitation. Therefore we do not find fault with the crudity and incompleteness of the characters, for it is not here the poet's way to penetrate the hidden wonders of the individual soul. He sees them in their struggle for God, for moral existence and non-existence, for the moral order. He depicts the stubborn rebel, for whom there are no moral powers, and side by side with him the audacious spirit who usurps the office of a judge of all things and who undertakes to set right again the moral world that is out of joint. Each one in his own way has freed himself from the



commands of God, which govern all things. They have all taken the law into their own hands and are called to account by a fearful catastrophe, in which the majesty of the moral order itself, that power which irresistibly overmasters all self-will, comes forth as conqueror. Thus the work appears as an incomparable picture of rebellion and judgment — all the powers of hell are turned loose in it. It almost seems as if, not Karl or Franz, but God himself, were the hero of “The Robbers” — God whom they abandon or try to supplant, and who shows them finally that indeed “He knoweth our frame and remembereth that we are dust.” And all this is not a mere abstraction. It lives and takes hold of our fancy. It lives in their rebellious speeches, in their wild deeds and bloodshed. This is the meaning and the fearful consistency of the development. These men are contending with a higher power, with the highest power, and this power conquers.

Herein we see — almost more clearly in his first work than in all the later ones — the prominent, distinguishing feature of Schiller’s genius. He brings his people into such direct connection with God and with the moral order. These two are always directly in question, whoever the characters may be. And so what happens to the characters always has a universal meaning. This manner of seeing and representing things is peculiar to Schiller. And

hereby the play of the "Robbers" is made to stand wholly alone when contrasted with any previous dramatic work. It is the same spirit that already existed in his essays and poems, though one could not have guessed at the artistic power which was able to shape even tragedies in this same way. But if "The Robbers" had not been written, all Schiller's earlier work would have been forgotten. As it is he stands forth as a tragedian who, in the fate of the individual, directly portrays eternal laws; the poet who, in his first work, expresses the idea of humanity.

And as all things work together for good to those who are true to themselves, even the improbability and unlikeliness of his representation become almost a merit. In the artlessness of the pictures the events stand out in such a powerful, simple, and primitive way. Schiller's fancy received its decisive impulse from the Bible. The vision of "The Robbers" came to his mind under the influence of the parable of the prodigal son. Thus did he learn to view human events — in their simplicity, far from the complicated relations of modern life. Father, sons, bridegroom, and bride are the characters of his tragedy. The action is concerned with the relations that lie at the common basis of human life. The more this comes to light — in the last acts — the stronger the tragedy grows. A certain biblical simplicity underlies the whole.



1. *The Tragedy as First Outlined*

The very first scene of Schiller's tragedy portrays a rebellion against God and the moral world. Like Satan himself, Franz turns against his old father.

What an instinct of vivid dramatic presentation! With the very first words we are in the midst of the action, and begin to expect something terrible. “But is it well with you, Father?” Before Franz reads the forged letter he keeps the old man waiting, racked with suspense. Then he tells how truthful and trustworthy his correspondent is. And only then comes this heap of monstrous accusations. Thus powerfully the action begins. Nothing less than destruction awaits this ancient house. The beloved eldest son is bent upon ruin.

And meanwhile, as if incidentally, an ingenious means of dramatic portrayal is used. Nothing is more effective than an outbreak of involuntary truthfulness in the deceiver. It is with genuine hate that Franz contrasts himself and his brother — the one sly and awkward, the other an enthusiast and a hotspur. And it is a skillful effect, when we see how Franz accomplishes the very opposite of his intention. While trying to slander Karl he draws a picture of a noble youth.

At once the intrigue pursues its cruel way. No one could invent a more abrupt and radical beginning. The father is bidden to disown his son. And as

nature cries out in the old man, there is no answer but the villain's unscrupulous and unnatural dialectic. He is not your son who would shorten your life for the sake of the life you gave him.

While apparently giving up his main point he obtains a half success which is in fact a whole one. The letter containing the reproaches of his father Franz himself is to write. We now know that he has both father and son in his snare. Escape is no longer possible.

Thus in the first scene we find not only action, but a weighty decision. Something terrible is to happen. A family that has been happy thus far becomes divided against itself — and must be ruined.

When Franz is left alone, gathering together the fragments of the forged letter, it seems in his long monologue as if some monster arose with sneering grimaces. This self-revelation is as brutal and shameless as the action of the first scene was brutal in its abruptness. Such a monologue is the instrument of an art still almost formless. And yet, where it occurs, we are convinced of its inner necessity. We are to understand the most essential nature of the power that is here at work. Only thus can the meaning and truth of the action come to light. This need of such truthfulness justifies the means used.

Franz is before us, and his first word is one of hatred against nature, his cruel stepmother. We

must consider this in the light of Rousseau's time, of the enthusiastic love of nature, in order to understand that here speaks a man who has no nobility, no generosity in his heart.

Because he has been denied the wealth of nature's gifts, he grasps at the weapons of the despised. Since nature has denied him strength, he decides to make use of the power of the weak — deceit. He is determined to win his way at any price. He is completely controlled by the motives of the baldest self-seeking. “Might makes right. Our laws but mark the limits of our powers.”

No moral ideas exist for this man. Honorable name! Conscience! These are but conventions agreed upon by the clever masters, that they may hold the common people in check.

But his moral skepticism goes still deeper. Is he not playing with the lives of his father and brother? Will not natural feeling now speak out in some cranny of his soul? “I have heard people talk and talk of so-called family love.” This sacred name, however, reminds him only of physical processes, and in these he sees nothing but base and brutal desire.

Thus in Franz there remains only that self which is freed from all duty, from all natural relationships, and in this self that hunger for satisfaction which belongs to the despised and envious, to those whose longings have thus far been in vain. And the expression and moving power of this hunger is the

frantic desire to rule. We have here a resolute man, who will stick at nothing, and so just such a character as is required by the drama. "I must be the master, so that I can by force extort what I fail to win by charm."

No kindly feeling speaks in this man. He is as cold as ice. No law is binding for him. In him there is nothing human. Nothing remains but the power of evil. The devil reigns supreme.

How suddenly the story thus gains depth, which until then was but a knavish trick, a detestable intrigue. In the very face of humanity, as it were, this man denies all that humanity holds sacred, all upon which its very existence depends. His conduct is the bold challenge of one who has consciously freed himself from all moral control. And so in his intrigue the greatest issues of humanity are suddenly brought into play. How often had the young Schiller in his school addresses denounced the advocates of godless materialism who deny all morality. His Franz appears almost as a regular schoolroom example of this type of men. But such examples are not real men. And so they cannot truly live on the stage. Yet the poet now adds a touch due to his own strong family feeling. The irony of the speech, "I have heard people talk and talk of so-called family love," is sincere with Franz, and not merely a mocking speech. Franz lacks the natural family feeling which prompts us

to self-forgetful love and to all good deeds, and that makes us human. The want of any such feeling is what makes this man so monstrous. And thus is found the deepest motive for a family tragedy.

No heart throbs in Franz' bosom so the tragedy of “The Robbers” deals with the depths of humanity.

All this forms a significant background for the picture of the hero. Only after this preparation does the depth and greatness of his tragic development become clear. Our hearts go out towards the hot-headed boy. This first scene is a masterpiece of art in its slow striving towards the goal, in the great clearness which the impressive beginning of the action gives us as to Franz. But a stronger power reveals itself in the second scene, “on the borders of Saxony.” Here there is such storm, such surging passion, while in the former scene all was carried on with deceit and concealment. As the climax of the scene approaches it is as if there uprose some new and mighty power.

The action is divided into several little dramas. Karl Moor appears first with his base comrade. They are two contrasted types of wayward youth. Then come the other friends — at first alone. Without Moor they are entirely lost. They are in fact a band that only now is welded together by Spiegelberg's desperate plan: they will go as robbers into the woods of Bohemia. At this moment Moor comes once more among them, furious in his passionate

excitement over the supposed heartlessness of his father, who has harshly denied his prayers. In contrast with their senseless depravity he is filled with deep and true human grief. Into his soul, crying out for justice, comes the call to be their captain, at the very moment when he is longing for revenge — truly a call of fate. But what they plan as evil-doers he undertakes as an avenging hero. The whole action now takes on an heroic cast. As a born ruler he takes their oath of obedience. He turns the band into an army that is to be his tool. He impresses upon them his own heroic mood, which knows no fear of death. For it is our fate to die. The whole scene is accompanied with Spiegelberg's envious byplay, and he even has the last word. This serves as a hint that the whole undertaking — a fearful self-deception — has its origin in evil and baseness and must result accordingly.

The entire scene is developed with a master's hand. The beginning is slow, even diffuse, but ere long the movement grows swift and tumultuous. Plainly here are the marks of a most extraordinary talent for controlling dramatic forces. The main point of the scene is Karl's tragic decision. Its growth in his mind is portrayed with convincing truth. The psychological picture is careful and complete. So far as the outset is concerned, we are here dealing with one of the deepest and most powerful tragedies ever attempted.



Karl's whole nature expresses the ardent longing of pure and noble-hearted youth. His heart beats for all humanity, — beyond the triviality of the times he yearns for full and true human life. "I loathe this ink-spattering age, when I read of great men in my Plutarch." He loves the power of the ancient heroes. His soul cries out for nature. "How they must hamper healthy nature with outworn conventions." He is completely filled with the thirst for freedom. "The law has never made a great man, but freedom breeds giants and heroes." Here we have the true gospel of ardent youth: power, nature, and freedom. This enthusiasm is in keeping with the great self-confidence of one who feels himself man enough to bring a new humanity into existence. "Put me at the head of a troop of fellows like me, and Germany shall become a republic, beside which Rome and Sparta would be like a cloister."

Schiller shows a fine sense of shading in the two touches that he adds to the picture one after the other. The first appears when Spiegelberg recalls to Moor's memory his own wild pranks during his student days, — days when indeed he went far in his wildness, — almost to the boundary of crime and degradation.

But, the second touch upon which all that follows depends is this: Karl has turned his back on his past. He has done what is so hard for a spirited youth. He has conquered himself and has



begged his father's forgiveness in a repentant letter. "You may mount to the heights of fame upon deeds of shame. In the shade of my father's wood, in the arms of my Amalia, a nobler pleasure awaits me." The son who was almost lost is returning to the company of the righteous.

This is Karl Moor — a lion with the heart of a child, a creature of ungoverned impulses and sentimental tears; with all his self-will a good, pure heart, full of feeling and easily moved.

In this mood he gets the letter, ostensibly his father's answer, which disowns him. The whole greatness of the tragic motive lies in his reaction at this point. In the very decision that drives him to ruin his heroic grandeur, his moral purity appears.

First we have the revolt of the man who has humbled himself and whose holiest confidence is betrayed. "Such a touching plea, such a lifelike picture of my misery."

And the wound is the deeper because it comes from his father, in whom he had trusted. "Is this a father's faith? Is this love for love?" "But when family love turns to treachery, when a father's love turns to fury, then let human patience turn to fire, let the gentle lamb become a raging tiger, and let every fiber thrill with destructive fury."

This is the trend of his thought. If a father cannot give us justice, gentleness, and love,—the gifts that make men human,—then those gifts are

nowhere to be found. Then humanity has indeed ceased to exist. The sense that mankind has lied to him overwhelms his soul.

But, as in the case of Shakespeare's heroes, the feeling of injury turns at once to the thirst for vengeance. “Ah, who will now give me a sword in my hand?” “I will now snatch a hideous enjoyment.”

This revenge will not be turned against his father, but against that which in his father's person has betrayed him — against mankind. It is mankind that he curses in dreadful rage. “Oh men, men! False and treacherous spawn of crocodiles.” “Oh that I were a bear, and could hound the northern bears against this murderous race.” “One would think this a vicious satire against the human race.”

Finally comes the word which expresses the tragic trend of things with almost abstract clearness: “Men have hidden humanity from me, when I appealed to humanity. Far from me then shall be sympathy and human mercy!”

Mankind has cast him out, for his father has betrayed him. The ties that bound him to his fellows are loosened. He is alone. Henceforth it shall be the object of his life to seek for the true humanity. Or rather, since a creative genius dwells in him, now that he is freed from the existing human race he will create the real one. And to pursue this path he must enter into crime and dreadful deeds. And still his crime is a noble error.

He is a youth who through purity and humane virtues, through the noblest aspiration toward the right, loses his God. He is one of the best of the children of men, yet he becomes an enemy of mankind, and all the while his soul is filled with the purest love of goodness. This is the tragic essence of Karl Moor—virtue in despair. And virtue in despair is the most dreadful evil.

Here we have in its strongest expression Schiller's characteristic fashion of seeing men and life. Suddenly, at the outset of his career, his inborn talent makes him the inventor of a new type of tragedy. In the fate of the single life he sees the fate of mankind. It is mankind whose moral foundations Karl challenges. The very hero who could have exemplified the full nobility of true manhood must rebel against it. It is the very love of humanity changed into hate.

Now for the first time we see the great tension of the conflict, — Franz against Karl. It is like personified evil striving against personified good; but the good has gone astray. These two have parted company with their fellowmen, the one because he denies the moral law, the other because he cannot recognize it in its present manifestation. In their conduct each is dealing with the moral rights of man. For both characters the same final motive is decisive. "I have heard them talk and talk about so-called family love." "When family affection

has become a betrayer, when a father's love has turned to fury, . . ." Since family love has ceased to exist in him, Franz becomes a monster. Karl's warm humanity depends upon his strong family feeling. Plainly the thought that family love is the bond that connects the individual with the race arose from the young poet's deepest feeling.

The family tragedy, which he develops from its central motive, family love, grows on his hands, through an inner necessity, into the tragedy of mankind.

The work now progresses in two powerful actions that go on side by side. They move onward in strongly contrasted moods, the one cold, secret, dark, the other glowing with passion, stormy, and full of force. From the purely technical point of view it is a defect that these two actions are so independent of each other. Only towards the end is the tragic issue between Franz and Karl brought to a decision. In the meanwhile the poetical significance of the scenes is greater or less, according to whether they are furthering the mere intrigue or are concerned with the great moral issue which is the central idea of the work. And all along the action is heavily burdened with too much extraneous circumstance. The essence of the tragedy is revealed in all its force only at the end. The young poet has not yet progressed far enough to feel and present the whole with all its parts as a living and organic unity.

Even the great scene between Franz and Amalia, with which the first act closes, is only a stage of the intrigue. It was a sound idea to leave the loving bride in the ancestral castle, so that Karl may still be, as it were, ideally present. Also it was natural that, in order to make the conflict of the brothers deeper, they should be in love with the same girl, and that the contrast between them should appear in the rapturous love of the one and the base sensuality of the other. But the crudity of the intrigue is too manifest. Again, as any inexperienced youth may fancy regarding the girl who is to love him, Amalia has no existence apart from her love for Karl. She loves whoever praises him; whoever blames him, she hates. She has no girlish life of her own. Our poetical hermit does not yet know what an innocent girl would say or listen to, and so he misses the proper tone. In the end she stands in an unpleasing oratorical pose. "If he is a beggar, then the look with which he begs must be grand and kingly," etc.

The poet, so at home in the life of thought, whose power is to bring to light great moral problems through the defiance and erring audacity of men, finds for the time being his limits when he tries to represent womanly nature in its purity and simplicity.

2. *The Progress and Increasing Intensity  
of the Action*

Throughout two long acts the same state of things prevails. Each of the two separate actions, quite independently, proceeds in its own way. The ponderous scenes contain rather an epic description of the situation thus far reached than an advancement of the main tragic issue, although even here the poet makes us better and better acquainted with his characters and their world. He brings the action slowly to the decisive point,—Karl's determination to hurry home. Now the brothers must meet. All the conditions are ready for the last tragic judgment.

The increasing interest of both actions lies in this fact, that the character of the tragedy, which is at once philosophical and social, constantly comes out more strongly. Thus even at the beginning of the second act we hear Franz, while he is irresistibly pressing forward on his way, subtly discussing how his father can best be killed. A philosophical murderer is he. Like a master of psychology he reviews the deadly effects of the various emotions. He makes a practical application of Schiller's physiological psychology. Thus, in Franz, the poet attacks his own time with its pernicious errors, its mistaken philosophy, its godless and heartless materialism. With its contrasting views of the



world the epoch thus enters into the work, which arraigns it with stern though impetuous judgment.

But meanwhile the mere intrigue is diffusely and unnaturally spread out. The mechanical figure Hermann, the bastard, who is here utilized and soon discarded; the narrative of the disguised man, who really cannot remain unrecognized, about the battle of Prague, and finally the monstrous invention of the last will of the dying man written in blood upon a sword — all this affects us, like a chapter from a bad novel, as unlikelike, unreal, a poor interlude, mere paper literature.

However, the scene is worked out with great care, so that it would be wholly false to think we have here only a wild and confused play of “storm and stress.” Rather might one say that it is too laboriously “worked up.”

Many things have been most admirably contrived and fitted together. There is, for instance, the homelike picture of the happy family, as it was before sorrow came. There are the two poor weaklings, the father and Amalia, in their ineffective fondness for Karl. The sweet young girl tries to comfort the old man by singing to him, but in the song, “Hector’s Farewell to Andromache,” Karl is for her the hero. Now comes the terrible news of Karl’s death, with all the power of dramatic portrayal, which the “Hymn of Battle” in the “Anthology” also showed. We hear the loud wail-



ing, then the quiet that follows it. Amalia reads from the Bible the story of Joseph and his brethren, which seems to be a type of Franz' evil deed. And Franz in fact has to go out, and cannot listen to the reading. The fresh outburst of grief, the apparent death of the old man — all this too is well done.

But we do not find again any real development of one of the principal characters until Franz stands alone beside his father's body, as if he who had put himself beyond the pale of humanity could only express himself when wholly alone. The patriarch is dead. The cold-blooded despot is to rule in his place. “My father made a family circle of his whole domain. . . . I will make you feel the jagged spurs in your flesh, and I will use the cruel whip. . . . Slavish fear and the pallor of poverty are my favorite colors: They are the livery that you shall wear!” Since he denies all human feeling, his social obligations are especially despised. In him the social vices of the times, cold-heartedness and tyranny, are brought before the judgment seat. Wider and wider spreads the network of universal relations that give meaning to this story of individual fortunes. Man, God, and the moral world come into question. Creeds and social theories are in conflict. The drama of “The Robbers” is at once a philosophical and a social tragedy.

It appears in both these aspects in the following scene in which Karl figures. Into his part of the

action also this deeper meaning now enters. Karl's career reaches a point that corresponds to and wholly contrasts with that of Franz. We comprehend the noble though wayward idealism of his thought and perceive the social task to which he has given himself.

The tragedy — from the beginning a study of human problems — now becomes a powerful and tragic picture of the times.

We left Karl thirsting for revenge and satisfaction. His purpose is to punish the false and serve the true humanity. For the nobility of his nature found expression in the great thought of giving men their rights, of bringing into existence a better and truer race of men.

Here too we feel the tension of a great conflict. On the one side is Franz, who has trodden the rights of man under foot; on the other Karl, who devotes his whole life to them.

What in the case of Franz appears indirectly is in Karl's case directly expressed. In a powerful tragic satire the time and its crimes against mankind are assailed.

And here the scene is well fitted to the thought. Franz appears in a room, limited to the affairs of the family, in the quiet and seclusion of a lonely man. Karl is at home in the forest, amidst nature. A restless crowd surrounds him. He is a born leader and master.

But the tragic accent is never absent for a moment. His is a heroism that brings with it only death and despair. Though Karl longs to come as an angel of light, the host of the damned attend him. This is the leading thought of the scene, which is unfolded with increasing artistic power.

Spiegelberg begins by narrating his repulsive fraud. So much baseness does the undertaking entail. As a contrast, Razmann tells in awestruck astonishment of Karl, the avenger of society. "He does not kill to rob, as we do. . . . But if he can fleece a proprietor, who abuses his peasants like cattle, or if he can get hold of some gilt-edged rascal who has falsified the laws and has used money to close the eyes of justice, or any fine fellow of that stamp — Man! he is in his element then, I can tell you." And a few incidents of this sort are then told.

We feel how self-destructive his project is. As a man of great deeds he uses his band. But the robbers are not only as a weapon in his hand, they are as heavy chains upon his feet.

In general, in "The Robbers" there is too much that is narrated to us. This must surely be a result of the training at the Academy. How often may the young men, cut off from actual life, have reveled in a dream world and told each other all sorts of fantastic inventions!

But as the scene goes on, what has so far been but word and report is at last expressed in action.

A marvelous rescue takes place. We see the end of the affair, with tumult and wild cries of triumph. From the theatrical point of view it is a master stroke. Roller, a great favorite among the robbers, is reported dead. He has been caught and is already hung. But here he comes, brought in by Moor, surrounded by his jubilant rescuers, almost as if he were his own ghost, set free from the very gallows.

This is a striking picture, showing the whole romance of the robbers' life,—how they are encamped in the woods after their victorious encounter, while behind them smokes the town that they have fired. The great leader is in the midst of the company, and the after shock of the fear of death seems still to vibrate in Roller's words.

But the poet's hand is still firm upon the helm. At the moment when the spirit of complete comradeship, of loyalty, makes us feel the moral nobility of the wild troop, side by side with all this stands the shameful act of the villain Schufferle, who throws the wailing child into the fire.

And now a sudden light flashes through Karl's brain—the perception, swift as lightning, of the folly of the work that he has dared to undertake. This is a truly great moment.

We learn of it from his own mouth. He has grasped in his hand the sword of divine justice. He has appeared as the judge of the world. But “you are not the man to wield the avenging sword

of the higher tribunal. You succumbed at the first trial."

In this passage we feel the whole depth of the tragic problem. Karl had wanted to set all things right, to do it entirely himself, since he had found the time out of joint. The end of such a struggle must be despair. But this knowledge brings him no rescue. He can no longer save himself. The force of circumstances urges him on. This is the meaning of the close of the act.

We must be left with a full impression of the hero's greatness. Hence the hypocritical message brought by the priest, in whom we see a caricature of the existing social order. Compared with him, how great does Moor appear in his pride, in his denunciation of the baseness of the age. How potent seems the pure moral force with which he binds and holds the robbers to himself. His offer to give himself up is answered by a loud outcry of allegiance, an outcry started by the best of the band, then taken up by all.

There is here plenty of posing, and of somewhat artificial declamation. But tumult and assault, battle and warcries, bring us into quite the right atmosphere to suit the heroic mood of youth.

And so this scene too is well thought out, so far as concerns the interweaving of its motives. We see Karl on his tragic path, and we look into the seething caldron of that age.

### 3. *The Development at its Height*

Once more, in the third act, the two independent lines of action throw light upon each other. The deeply human sorrow of Karl is thrown into relief by the brazen hardness of Franz. Both reach the highest point of their career, and already we have, as it were, the beginning of the end, — for Franz in the uncertain presages of his downfall; for Karl, who now binds himself forever to his band, in the yearning of his heart for his native place, — a yearning which is to decide his fate.

The highest point of Franz' career can be only the height of rascality. When he is drunk with the wine of the feast wherein his accession is celebrated he lays hands upon Amalia. What a strikingly theatrical idea it is that Amalia snatches Franz' own sword from his side, when her innocence makes her bold to resist this despicable man! The thought of Karl lends power to her arm, and for the first time this bloodless creature seems to us alive, since by her own act she defends herself against the villain. "Ah! how strong I feel." Franz has for the first time stumbled. And now through Hermann comes the first indication that Karl and the old man are living. The avenging spirit is drawing near.

It is a notable peculiarity of "The Robbers" that up to the very climax the sneak Franz goes on unhindered from one deed to another, while Karl, the



leader, the hero, appears most commonly in moments of distress.

And this is true also of the following scene, where Karl's soul is laid open before us, and where his deepest feelings at the climax of his destiny are expressed with lyric beauty.

This lyric tone, so characteristic of Schiller's poetical works, rings full and true. Wearied with heroic toil, Karl loses himself in the contemplation of the beauty of nature. The greater and more superb nature is, the more does the sorrow of humankind overwhelm him. And with the general sorrow of mankind he feels his own, the hopeless longing for a unity and purity as spontaneous as that of nature. His heart is torn with grief for the irrevocably lost happiness of childhood and innocence.

Schiller himself in his later essay, "On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry," characterized this type of feeling as the sentimental and more exactly as the mood of elegy. Here we have a pure example of this type. The later theory came from a deep consciousness, especially of his own poetic manner. The practice that was behind the theory was deeply rooted in his mind.

How finely does he use this mood to introduce his climax! We hear the fateful sigh of one who has shouldered the burden of humanity, who has made the concerns of the whole moral order his own. Alone with the calm nobility of nature he feels most



painfully the contrast between the actual and the ideal. He bears in his breast the sorrow of all mankind. And so here too he is the embodiment of all humanity.

This sorrowful feeling of being abandoned by God is the true expression of the inner discord between his nature and his calling.

There is much psychological subtlety in the way in which Schiller carries out the two further steps that decide Karl's fate — the oath with which he binds himself to the band and his decision to return home. "I will never abandon you." That word seals his fate forever.

But that belongs to his character. What had happened in the second act, when in a moment of weariness he had been tempted to flee, but immediately came to the front when he had to fight and to rescue his people, this same motive is repeated at this point with more depth and power. Although he is weighed down with a feeling as of everlasting perdition, he has to be a man and stand up for those who have trusted in him. With all his sentimentality, he is still a hero, even in the face of everlasting ruin. At this point the robbers become a heavy weight hindering his steps. It is a delicate little touch that his heart is turned to them by the fidelity of Schweizer, who, weary unto death himself, and at the risk of his own life, brings the drink of fresh water to the thirsty man.

The memories of childhood have softened his heart. Then the enticement of Kosinsky's speech comes to his ear. He lures Karl back to the land of his childhood. For in his own youthful figure he shows the worn and weary man the likeness of the former Karl.

The sins of the time against the holiest of human things have driven this youth, as formerly the great robber himself, along the path of fate. He is to Karl as a renewal of his own vocation. And there is a still deeper bond of union between them which Karl has as yet found in none of the robbers. Kosinsky is in love, and his beloved is named Amalia.

The name goes to his already yearning heart and the decision is made. "Up, at once, every one! To Franconia!"

In Karl's bearing towards Kosinsky he shows more or less cold and conscious posing. But the skillful and masterly touch is again seen in the way in which the broad outlines of the act are shaped.

#### 4. *The Catastrophe*

In the opening scenes of the fourth act we feel the consequences of that technical defect of which we have spoken. For the two separate actions, which have been so long carried on independently side by side, must now be united. This is accomplished by a whole set of brief consecutive meetings, scenes wholly unnatural in their character, in which people

who are intimately acquainted pass each other like strangers. There is the little entrance scene where Karl arrives at his father's castle, — a sorrowful scene which is somewhat like an echo of that by the Danube, though its tone is rather lighter on account of its representing a home-coming. There follow the conversations between Karl and Amalia and between Karl and Daniel. In the midst of all this there are the gloomy meditations of Franz, the sudden enlightenment of Karl, and finally the scene between Karl and Amalia in the garden, in which there is a perfect orgy of sentimental raving. The interest flags. The piece is getting out of joint.

But amidst much that is slow, heavy, and forced we find two great moments — the moment in which Franz perceives that it is Karl, and the corresponding moment in which Karl comprehends that it is the villainy of Franz which has caused all his misfortunes. The day of reckoning between the brothers is at hand.

Once more Franz behaves in his own way. Another murder is necessary. Once more we hear his godless form of philosophy, but now as mere raving. To be born, to kill, all is chance, signifying nothing. The moment of horror is coming in which his powers are to abandon him. His thoughts drift away into the incoherence of insanity.

But Karl awakes to a terrible understanding of the destiny that has driven him into crime, and all

for nothing. The real tragedy of his fate comes out most movingly. He had despaired of love, and love was only waiting for him. "A murderer, a robber through the wiles of a villain!" "It would have cost me only a step, it would have cost me only a tear — oh what a blind, blind fool I have been!"

And only now, after all the long-winded preparations and slow developments, does the tragedy that in the first act had been predetermined fully come to light. Blood relations, father, brothers, sons, are seen in deadly feud. They are brought to account by the moral order itself. God triumphs. The demands of justice are fulfilled.

As there are first-act poets, virtuosos of dramatic introduction, so there are last-act poets. And Schiller is one of the latter class, for his great soul comes to its own only when all the preparations are made. And he has that strong sense of the inevitable outcome which characterizes the tragedian. It is marvelous how in this long-prepared catastrophe he gathers together all the many confused threads.

One might almost say that up to this point the whole had been mere exposition. And indeed the insecurity of the young Schiller's dramatic skill betrays itself in these long delays. Now only comes the tragedy. But the end is fully worthy of the beginning. It is in the very same spirit as the first conception — in its plan one of the most powerful tragedies ever written.

The catastrophe is unfolded in three great scenes. In the first Karl comes to a full consciousness of his transgressions; in the second Franz meets his downfall; the third finally decides the fate of the aged Moor, Amalia, and Karl. Here Karl leads the whole action, while Franz succumbs to the consequences of his own deeds. This is why Karl's scene takes precedence this time.

The author employs all the resources of his art. Again he gives us a stirring scenic effect suited to the material,—these wild fellows at night filling the forest with their robbers' song.

And now comes a sign that the end is near. Before this Spiegelberg's spiteful words have often threatened the ruin of the robber captain. One might have thought that in such words there was the hint of another plot or action which Schiller afterward abandoned. But all this, it now appears, was for the sake of the touch which he here gives to the picture. Spiegelberg bribes an assassin to kill Karl, is detected, and is judged and killed by the faithful Schweizer. Then Karl approaches his body.

This is a purposely symbolic effect. The betrayer, who has led them all along this road, falls, overtaken by vengeance, when the end of all things is drawing near. "Oh incomprehensible finger of the avenging Nemesis!" "I understand—a Ruler in heaven—the leaves are falling from the trees, and my autumn has come."

The whole scene is pictured in this spirit with a feeling of approaching doom. And this doom is a fulfillment.

Then, deeply burdened in spirit, Karl tries to regain his self-control. He sings the Roman song of Brutus and Cæsar, for whom together the world was too small. It is just the song for one who wanted to make himself a world of his own, so as to give his soul room.

Then he communes with himself. The thought that helps him to find himself is the thought of a personality that he feels within that cannot be destroyed by all the blows of fate. As an upright man he will go to meet his doom even if his heart must break.

Thus results this marvelous combination of youthful sorrow and heroic courage.

Like Hamlet, he is full of thoughts of death. Hamlet's sorrowful words find an echo in Karl. But he is no Hamlet. He is a hero, a philosophizing German youth, a youth of the epoch of sentimentality.

This in fact is the chief trait that appears in his speech. While he is weighed down by his own sorrow, he speaks in general of the fortunes of mankind, of the questions that concern the fate of humanity. Thus before the tragedy comes to an end its great motive appears, the philosophical motive one might say, in which humanity itself is dealt with in the form of the individual characters.



Questions that will never be silenced pass through his mind. "Why have we this hungry longing for happiness? Why the ideal of a perfection that is never reached?" "Time and eternity — dread key that closes the prison of life behind me and opens before me the dwelling of eternal night — tell me — oh tell me — whither — whither wilt thou lead me?"

A spirit of deep thought characterizes the erring hero. After the manner of German youth, he conceives even the future life as a philosophical task. "If there were left to me nothing but a world in ashes — I would people the silent waste with my fantasies, and I should have the leisure of all eternity in which to examine the confused picture of the universal woe."

But still he remains a hero, who conquers and overcomes. "Whatever may be the nameless future life — if only I can to mine own self be true. . . . Outer things are but the garments of the man — I am mine own heaven and mine own hell." And again: "Torture shall be helpless against my pride! I will endure to the end." Thus in full sight of eternity he finds himself as one who relies on his own power.

And now the whole horror of the moral end of the world sweeps over him. Here what in the beginning was only seeming becomes actuality. Humanity has broken its bonds. Here then there is for once scope



for the vocation of one who has assumed the task of the judge of all things.

What a picture! Night near the dark tower, the outcasts sleeping all about, the uncanny light of the moon. It is a sight to make the blood run cold. The grewsome voices of Hermann and the old man have a ghostly sound. From the dungeon of the tower comes forth the ghost of the father — no, the father himself, reduced to a skeleton. Franz has thrust him down there, Franz who had cheated his brother out of his very soul. All humanity has been belied. "Franz, Franz? Oh everlasting Chaos!"

And now God has given the judgment into Karl's hands. His pistol shot awakes the robbers from their sleep. "Kneel down in the dust and rise up purified." "The tangled skein of our fate is loosened! To-day, to-day, an unseen power has ennobled our deeds!"

For the first time as God's helpers, as vindicators of the moral rights of man, they go to Franz' castle, to deliver him over to justice.

The tragedy is here unfolded in the full power of its original outline, at the point when, according to its first plan, it is closing as a family tragedy. Here the whole significance of the tragic idea becomes a present fact.

5. *The End*

In the two great scenes of the fifth act there comes, first for Franz and then for Karl, their accounting to God himself, not in words, but in the judgment that takes place in their souls, as the necessary consequence of the life they have led.

This judgment is for Franz simple annihilation, the admission wrung from his last defiance that evil wreaks vengeance upon the evildoer, that good is a conquering power. The fact that his brother, the avenger, is near produces in him this helpless torture of conscience.

He makes one last attempt to proclaim, to God's very face, that there is no God. But his downfall announces that God is. And God needs no helper in doing justice. He brings the betrayer himself to nought.

With what a mastery of psychological and scenic effect, with what wealth of poetical imagination, does Schiller here contrast this scene, in the dark night, of the lonely man who, in his deadly terror, clings to the simple and despised servant, with his picture of the robbers!

Franz' cry of fear resounds through the night! We seem to see the lurid pictures of the last judgment. A dream is narrated, a doubly immaterial phantom, as it were. And yet it makes not only

him, but us, shudder. How great then must be the power of these fancies.

If he can only reason it all away, with his clever subtleties! Reason away God, whose hand is grasping him even now! This is the last wish of such a nature as his. This is why the conversation with Moser is needed at this point. And in the words of this simple man with his literal piety, Franz' sinful soul must meet the very thought that is his despair, the thought that death is coming. And with death defiance ceases. And to death he must go with two mortal sins upon him, sins for which there is no forgiveness — the murder of his father and the murder of his brother.

The very prayer which he forces from his lips is as a blasphemy in his mouth.

The possibilities of spiritual climax, or rather of further spiritual downfall, are exhausted. Material devices must now be tried. Riders with torches, fiery riders rush upon the castle, the robbers, the judges. These are the riders of the apocalypse.

Franz falls by his own hand. For him, who had betrayed the holiest instincts of humanity, there could be no other ending.

For Karl, however, who has erred through the nobility of his nature, the outcome is that he finds his place in the moral order, in submission to eternal law. His arrogance is gone, that had thought to usurp the office of God. His last deed

is his grandest. His downfall becomes the seal of his greatness.

Here too, in the case of Karl, it is the moral order that triumphs, coming again to its own. Events have so come to pass that he is not obliged to be his brother's executioner. Now the father, Karl, and Amalia are left. All errors and wanderings are past. There is a chance for love and happiness.

But our past deeds cannot be done away with. And Karl's murderous past leads him to be the murderer of his father and of his promised bride. This is the penalty of his sins. "God forgets nothing. For him all things are as the links of a chain." The knowledge that his son is the captain of a robber band kills the father. Karl's bride comes to him glowing with love. To her he is the Karl of old. In all her purity she offers herself to him. Schiller emphasizes this touch. Will not Karl himself become pure in her arms?

But the oath that binds him to his band sunders him from his love. So now Amalia's joyful meeting with her lover becomes her death. And since no robber must lay hands upon her, he kills her himself. The young poet conceives this as a wholly symbolic sacrifice. It is the sacrifice of the best of the hero's life, of the one thing in it that still remains pure.

And it is at this price that he regains his right to control his own destiny. He delivers himself up to justice.

"Forgive the boy who attempted to forestall Thee. Vengeance is thine alone. Thou needest not the hand of man."

God, whom Franz in his shamelessness denied, whom Karl in his audacity forestalled, has conquered. In their downfall the moral order itself appears as a living and ruling power, that one may not blaspheme. The coherence of this conception is marvelous in a tragedy written by so young a man. As he first planned the work, so he finished it, so that in the fate of his characters the whole moral order is in question.

In this we see Schiller's leading trait, — his inborn idealism. He sees in man and his fate the great movement and conflict of ideas.

#### 6. *Schiller's Poetic Type as seen in "The Robbers"*

Of all the first tragedies produced by young poets, "The Robbers" by Schiller ranks highest as a work of genius. It still remains astonishing that an author twenty-one years old, and one who had been so wholly thrown back upon his own resources, should have shown in his first work so strongly marked and individual a character. This work is in principle a new form of tragedy.

The greatest feature of the drama is the way in which the poet makes it typical of universal problems. His topic is not (as would have been the case with Shakespeare, and again with Hebbel) the way in

which a slight deviation of the individual life from that narrow path, along which it must move if life and happiness are to be preserved, leads inevitably to ruin. To these tragic poets the portrayal of the self-destroying individual soul — of the soul that is quite shattered when it loses its inner support — is everything. Their task it is to picture the life of the individual in its endless wealth.

Schiller's gaze was fixed from the beginning upon the great sins of the age, its false views of life, its political and social crimes. His personages stand before us as if to reflect the great concerns of the epoch. The age itself, with its stir and ferment, lives in them. The work becomes a picture of the times, painted in hues of flame.

Only great creative power could have succeeded in embodying in a tragedy the conflicts of thought, the social protest, and the onward march of truth itself. But this power is the fundamental trait of Schiller's style. He had found a new method of depicting human beings. This method, one might say, forms a truer picture of mankind as a whole than of individual men. In his creative work, moreover, his philosophic mind is fixed upon radical thoughts, upon final problems. He sees his personages in their relation to humanity itself. In them humanity is betrayed, or else in them it yearns for new life. The eternal laws of the world of men are



directly in question. And this is not a mere portrayal of cold thought. He feels and sees in his people the fundamental moral basis upon which they stand, the permanent law of humanity to which we must submit, unless the world and we ourselves are to go to destruction. In "The Robbers" Schiller refers everything, with deep insight, to the very root of life — family affection.

And thus his very first work deals with the tragedy of the human and the typical. In this sense, then, all temporal things become eternal problems, and instead of abstractions we find everlasting life struggles. This is no longer philosophy, but great poetry. The author's instinctive sense for dramatic construction is as strong as his power of poetic vision. The one is bound up with the other. Schiller's radicalism is an aid to dramatic form, as is also the strong antithesis with which he contrasts the two brothers, as if they were the two opposite poles of humanity. And the directness of this contrast is maintained throughout all the stormy action of the work. For we can only wonder at the almost schematic simplicity with which the form of "The Robbers" is planned.

How simply the personages are grouped! First the family — the father, the two brothers, Amalia, and a merely mechanical figure, Hermann. Franz is always alone, while Karl has his followers, the robbers. And the robbers themselves are charac-

terized by the simplest conceivable motive, — their greater or less nearness to Karl. On one side is the captain, on the other Spiegelberg. Next to the captain is first Roller, then Schweizer, and then Grimm and Schwarz, who have almost no individuality. And now Schufferle and Razmann lead gradually over to Spiegelberg. The Monk is portrayed in some detail, but as an incidental figure. Then come those characters who might be called mirrors, by means of whom, in the later development, something of the inner life of the chief personages is brought to light. The characters of this sort are: Kosinsky, who mirrors Karl's earlier life and carries him back to his native place; the old retainer Daniel, a remnant of the patriarchal life in the old mansion, whose simplicity is a foil for the downfall and ruin of Franz; the pastor Moser, who is a mouthpiece for the thought that torments Franz. How simply all this is put together. But is this all? Yes, it really is. With such simple means is the illusion obtained of the movement of gigantic masses of people and of a world that is collapsing and falling to ruins. To be sure the power of fantastic description adds its effect to that of the personages. In the room of the great castle and in the tavern, in the forest, by day and night, at sunset, in the ghostly moonlight, at the ruined tower, in the flames of the burning castle, in slumber, in battle and in slaughter, in quiet soliloquy and in

the turbulent attack of the robbers, what a wealth of sentiment and of life is displayed as the scenes change.

And the young poet knows how to make his people speak. The language, full as it is of immature exaggeration, is still full of individual life and is also adapted to each new purpose. Schiller controls the expression of cynical, hair-splitting thought, just as he does the expression of the strongest passions, that spring from the very depths of manly nature. It is only the simple innocence of a woman's heart that he unconsciously translates into turgid rhetoric. Such a wealth of gifts had this poet, who thus far had been forced to draw everything from sources wholly within himself!

On the other hand we find here certain defects which show the need and certainty of further development. The traits of the picture impress us as being somewhat abstract. The feeling for the possibility and probability of things in actual life is often wanting. But where could he have obtained such a feeling? Also he selects, with the unscrupulousness of a play writer, exactly the traits that he needs for theatrical effect — the helpless weakness of the father, Moor, the carelessness of everybody, which is the only thing that makes Franz' shameful deed possible. For no one inquires into his intrigue. We must not compare the play with "Götz von Berlichingen," with its wealth of

convincing life, if we are trying to be just to "The Robbers."

However strongly the poet's sense of dramatic form urges the simplicity of arrangement, Schiller does not yet work with a sure hand. The second and third acts move slowly and with difficulty, being epic rather than dramatic. In the beginning of the fourth act the movement is especially lame. Only in the second half of the fourth act do we come to the tragic decision.

Even in the moral views we find traces of youthful indefiniteness. In Karl the poet depicts the tragic greatness of a revolution, of the man who by his own endeavors seeks to found a new humanity. This road can have no other ending than the sacrifice of the audacious hero to the majesty of the eternal moral law. Here the young poet is fully right. However, that eternal justice should be identified with the laws that are in force in the chance social order of the present, this impresses us ill in a work which is so wholly planned for the purpose of depicting the fundamental rottenness of all existing social conditions.

There is then quite a distance still to be traversed before Schiller can reach his final goal, — the unity of his poetical insight, of his technical knowledge, and of his comprehension of the moral order. His goal is to create tragedies finished in form, framed and conceived with sure ethical insight, and true and convincing as pictures of life.

Thus this first child of Schiller's genius points out to us how much the poet still can do, and must do, in order to fulfill his powers. To portray all aspects of life in a way that expresses the inborn quality of his own mind, this is his intensely individual task. For a great mind differs from a trivial one by experiencing the whole wealth of things afresh, instead of merely accepting traditional conceptions. In fact the extent to which the world in which he lives is his deed is the measure of the greatness of a man's mind.

In this first work the spontaneity of Schiller's mind outweighs everything else. So far it appears in an over-vehement guise. He must learn in the school of the world and life. And in his own way he must learn to be just to them.

But because the world gives him a task that is new and that is quite his own, and because he knows this fact, he ranks with those who are of unique significance to humanity. Before him, if before anyone, lies the goal of a self-reliant man, of an independent personality.

The way to such a goal lies, as it has always lain, through sorrow and trouble, work and toil, sin and guilt. But happy is the man for whom all this finds its justification in the spiritual results obtained — results which would have been possible in no other way. For we justify ourselves before our fellowmen through the work that we accomplish. But the

nobility of mankind consists of those few who have left behind them, as their lifework, spiritual creations, from which men can gain new strength, upon which they can live, and from which they can constantly draw nourishment.

## II. THE GROWTH OF THE POEM AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF ITS PRODUCTION

When we follow the way in which "The Robbers" grew up, we learn much that is of importance regarding our poet. We will briefly tell the tale. The first beginning of the plan is attributed to the year 1777. Schiller's friend Hoven claims to have pointed out to him a tale of Schubart's in the *Swabian Magazine*, a tale which seemed to him a good subject for a drama, because it would enable one to show how fate often reaches good ends by evil means. Schiller, however, according to his own words, made the robbers the chief thing in the piece.

We know of various earlier dramatic plans of Schiller's. They all show the use of models, and it is especially interesting to see how these models change. The earliest attempts were biblical tragedies — "The Christians," "Absalom" — these being as early as his thirteenth year. Thus we see, as has already been pointed out, that his fancy was rooted in religious ideas. Klopstock's influence was also a factor. A newspaper notice of the suicide of a student provided the motive for "The Student of



Nassau." At this point the Werther mood predominated in Schiller's mind. He planned his "Cosmos von Medici" in a sort of rivalry with Leisewitz and his "Julius von Tarent." In "Cosmos" Schiller deals with the murder of a brother. "He later used in 'The Robbers' various pictures, traits, thoughts, and devices from this work." It thus appears that he grew "more modern," through the influence to which he was subject, and his thought and feeling were approaching nearer and nearer to the world of "The Robbers."

The work was completed in 1780, at about the same time that he left the Academy. It had been long interrupted by Schiller's heroic attempt to confine himself to medical studies. Thus long years and much growth came between the first outline and the final completion of the play — a circumstance which may account for the lack of continuous unity. The development of the piece took quite another turn from that intended by Hoven, who had conceived it in wholly moral terms, with merely the added interest of romance, or anecdote. Schiller made the youthful instinct of revolt the dramatic watchword of the piece. Precisely because it was his first quite original plan, the piece was finished in spite of all interruptions. It forced its own way. Hoven's scrupulous objections clearly show us how Schiller, in this work, was outgrowing his youthful companions and himself.

Through the narrative of his sister Christophine we have the tradition that Schiller gave out that he was ill, so as to be able to work at night without interruption. When the Duke visited the hall, the manuscript disappeared beneath a thick medical book. "The Robbers" was a product of the night, and indeed of stolen nights — a circumstance which surely explains much of its fantastic character. It came into existence under the burden of forced lies — a compulsion such as arouses in a proud and high-minded young nature a burning thirst for revenge. Every line must have been written with a consciousness of rebellion and with a hatred of the world which would so hamper a poet's development.

In still another respect the tragedy of "The Robbers" was a true outcome of the life at the Academy. The affair had to remain a deadly secret, yet all his comrades knew of it. They all felt within themselves the same spirit of insurrection that was depicted in "The Robbers." The work became a sort of manifesto of comradeship, and just such comradeship gives its character to the robber band in the piece. We recognize again, in this relation to his comrades, a trait of the true dramatic artist. He constantly tried the effect of his piece upon listeners. That was his chief reason for reading it to them. And moreover he worked under constant criticism. This remained his custom throughout life, and showed how he valued clearness during his creative

work. Especially with Schiller creation is the expression of the artist's conscious and high intelligence.

We must not confuse this with too conscious artificiality. That he felt his work as a revelation that overmastered his whole being and drove him to restless activity, we certainly know. His inspiration was a sort of Corybantic frenzy. "When he wrote he put his thoughts on paper amidst stamping, snorting, and roaring." We will let the little story rest in peace that the good Peterson adds for illustration, the story about such an outbreak of excitement at the bedside of the sick man whom Schiller was watching. Much of this sort becomes plain to us if we consider Schiller's need to feel the colorless written word on the smooth paper as the spoken word, and indeed as something that should give the impression of deeds and action. In his feeling he thus thaws out the stiffness of the mere phrase.

We must thank Hoven for pointing out to Schiller Schubart's tale "Zur Geschichte des Menschlichen Herzens" (A Document of the Human Heart), which appeared in the *Swabian Magazine*, January, 1775. It is as if Schubart's words were predestined to kindle new life in Schiller's mind. Schubart calls for a philosopher who shall penetrate the depth of the human heart and trace every action to its source. Thus the false show of conventional wholesomeness can be washed away like paint from

one's neighbor's face, and one can vindicate in his neighbor's sight the rights of the open heart. Thus Schubart appeals to our psychological and philosophical interest in the wayward workings of the mind. Meanwhile he is guided by a strongly moralizing tendency. This was precisely Schiller's interest. And Schubart further makes a free gift of his material to any genius who wants to write a romance or a "Comedy." He even brings national pride into play. One must show, he says, that even in Germany, although a despotic form of government condemns men to inactivity — and not only in France and England — real men and real passions are to be found. If only the genius whom he invokes may lay the scene on German soil, and not, through timidity, in Greece or Spain! Schiller took this advice to heart and wrote his "Robbers" as a German piece, in the fullest sense of the word. The value of Schubart's tale was only that of an anecdote serving as material. A nobleman of B—— had two sons, Wilhelm and Karl — Wilhelm ostensibly a model youth, but at heart a base deceiver; Karl warm, humane, and open-hearted, but impressionable and easily led. Both go to the University. Wilhelm remains just what he was before, as does Karl also; that is, he is extravagant and gets into quarrels and escapades, which Wilhelm takes pains to report. Karl is threatened and blamed and becomes a soldier. He is wounded at Freiburg and writes repent-

ant letters home, which Wilhelm intercepts. When peace comes, the regiment is disbanded and Karl becomes a servant in the neighborhood of his father's great estate. One day he hears an alarm, sees his noble father attacked by murderers, and rescues him. One of the miscreants, who have been caught, begs for mercy and confesses that the young nobleman Wilhelm had hired him to commit the murder. "I have no longer any son," wailed the nobleman. Then Karl made himself known. They fall into each other's arms. At Karl's request the miscreant is only sent away "and lives thenceforth in a city of some note, where he and his steward are the leaders of a sect called the zealots. But Karl lives with his father and is the joy of his life and the idol of his own future subjects." Here is the origin of the false report of Schiller's Franz, that Karl had fallen in the battle of Prague. One more detail seems worthy of mention. Speaking of Karl Moor, Razmann says that he uses his third of the booty . . . to give "to poor and promising youths the opportunity to study," a passage that, in its connection, seems absurd enough. This is due to Schubart. Excessive generosity to poor students has gotten his Karl into debt.

Schiller handled this material with unhampered freedom. First of all he adds the motive of primogeniture. He alters the outward form of the story by sending Karl alone to the university, while Franz



stays at home with his father to breed trouble. He changes the presuppositions of the story, for in Schiller's play Franz works his way towards his goal as a conscious villain from the beginning. In Schubart's tale the son's villainy is unskillfully tacked on after insufficient indications have been given. But with Schiller the story develops, from the first, as a necessary consequence of the contrast between the men, and thus gains dramatic life. In the same way the forged letter comes in at once, as an abrupt though unmistakable means of expression, while in Schubart's tale the letter is intercepted after the catastrophe is practically inevitable.

How much the whole is thus changed appears most plainly in the ending. In Schubart's tale how flat seem the sudden misdeed, the swift joy of recognition, the pardon, and the callousness of the other brother. But with Schiller the ending brings the whole play to its solution, with the great and appalling knowledge of the way in which men who are the closest to each other have robbed one another of life, happiness, even of the very soul itself.

The principal distinction lies indeed in the higher significance that Schiller gave to the story. In Schubart we meet a minor expression of personal opinion in his preference for openness and simplicity, even though sensuous, and in his dislike for zealots and hypocrites. Schiller gives a picture of the world and of the times, a powerful protest against life as



it is. He frames this protest in the name of the ideal, with a deep insight into the eternal moral foundations of existence. Out of the mere anecdote he makes an experience that throws light upon the depths of human nature.

The tale was only crude material for him. In art the form is everything. And in this case the form is reached by making the story manifestly grow from a single group of motives, and in such fashion as to attain universal significance. Only by means of this form does the tale gain importance, while as Schubart's mere anecdote it carried no artistic message. We will pass over the various other models that in the search for Schiller's prototype have been suggested, as they are not important for an understanding of "The Robbers." We will mention a single case that seems a little more significant than the rest. Among the various pieces of Reinhold Lenz there has been found a rough dramatic sketch, "Die beiden Alten" (The Two Old People), in which also a father is thrust into a dungeon, and in ghostly fashion reappears. But who would compare this dramatic trifle, a work seeking only for immediate effect and never getting beyond the mere material for poetry, with a work like "The Robbers"? It is also to the point that various events in the actual history of Würtemberg have been found as prototypes of this or that detail of Schiller's satire. Even the story of Kosinsky has a close parallel in reality. This

shows that the drama of "The Robbers" is far more founded on fact than one would think from its wildly fantastic character. We can feel the deep meaning of Schiller's words to Scharffenstein: "We will make such a book as must positively be burned by the executioner."

The work appeared in May, 1781, as "The Robbers. A Drama." Schiller was making corrections even at the last moment. Three sheets that were already printed he replaced by newly written portions; namely, the second, the last, and the next to the last. Just how he altered the catastrophe at the last moment, we should be only too glad to know. But only the second sheet has been preserved in its first form. The alterations show the author's talent. In the earlier form the scene began with Spiegelberg. Dreary want, the need of money, and knavery had the first word. Only at the last moment did Schiller determine to make the great ferment of youth the underlying motive of the whole. The details do not concern us further. For only at this point was the young Schiller's masterpiece finished and able, as it were, to stand on its own feet. For even its more direct relations with its literary prototypes, such as Milton's Satan, the story of Catiline, and the tale of the prodigal son have fallen into the background.

The first form of the preface has also been preserved. The fact that Schiller withdrew it and

replaced it by another has a certain interest. In the earlier preface he is still the free artist, alone with his work. In the new one we find the first signs of considering the public. In the earlier form the principal point was that the play would never win its way on the stage. An objection to this effect, it seems, had been made by his companions. He, however, upheld the right to use the dramatic form, even in the case of a work that is not actually for the stage, — a valuable indication of Schiller's artistic consciousness at that time. The dramatic method has the advantage that it can represent the world as if actually present and can depict the passions and the hidden impulses of the heart by means of the utterances of the people themselves. Therefore the drama is as much more powerful than descriptive writing as the actual sight of events is more vivid than historical knowledge. He applies this principle by siding with Shakespeare, as against the French school, speaking as a faithful pupil of Lessing, a disciple of the "storm and stress" school, and a follower of Goethe. He stands for the spirit of Germanic art as against the decadent French literary tendency. He also claims the freedom of the artist from the restrictions of the stage, and especially does he refuse to be hampered by the stupidity or unreasonableness of the theater-going public, which he here sketches in a truly delightful masterpiece of youthful satire. And he tells us from

a full heart how he views his characters, proudly feeling how extraordinary they are — a personal confession of his attitude toward his work: "Miscreants who shall compel amazement, high-minded wrongdoers, monsters who are majestic in their evil; spirits who are attracted by hideous crime, because of the greatness that it requires, and because of the dangers that accompany it. One meets with men who would embrace the devil, because he is a being without peer; men who on the way to the highest perfection fall into the lowest abyss; men who dream of the highest happiness and become the most unhappy."

In the published preface the sense is considerably altered. There is little more to be found of the opposition of the masterful artist against the public, the actors, and the theater, but rather the author shows the most modest wish to conciliate his readers. The moral point of view wholly preponderates — as if he had only gone so far with his evildoers in order to "overthrow crime and to avenge religion, morality, and law-abiding citizenship upon their enemies." And thus the preface goes on through many phrases. It is a thoroughgoing work of accommodation. His first contact with actual affairs brings the artist down from the heights of free creation. He feels the heavy resistance of the real world, and like the practical and adaptable man that he is, he seeks to fit himself to the conditions. With these words we

express at once the general trend of the story of the further fortunes of "The Robbers."

How rare is a full understanding of a unique artistic work! We will mention the most important of the reviews of the play — that by Christoph Franz Timme, which appeared in the *Erfurtischen Gelehrten-Zeitung* of July 24, 1781. It is full of admiration for the work of genius. "If we might ever expect a German Shakespeare, this is he." He shows more sympathy with the scenes of somewhat turgid emotion than is possible to us to-day. He is quite carried away by the scene in which Karl and Amalia meet again and recognize each other. But dramatically the critic's knowledge has remained exactly on the plane of Lessing. With a decided preference for the older conventional manner, he would everywhere prune away the superfluous, under which heading, together with other matters, he classes most of the robbers. In this opinion he only shows that, being wholly possessed by his notion of what a play should be, he had no sense for what was most characteristic and original in Schiller. But the event showed how ready Schiller was to take advantage of every criticism which showed any degree of understanding at all. In adapting "The Robbers" for the stage he took heed of all Timme's strictures, while he scarcely touched the places that he praised, or if he altered them he gave them a more extreme character.



It is not our intention to tell again the sad tale that has been so often told, of how the "drama," as it was called in the published book, turned into a "tragedy," how the great poetical work became a theatre piece, how the impassioned work of genius, full of the ring of genuine reality, became an historical drama of the time "when permanent peace was established in Germany." To be sure, this transition period is invaluable for an understanding of Schiller. We do indeed hear at first in his letters to Dalberg the heavy sigh of one who has dwelt in the realm of fancy and who must now adapt himself to hard facts. But presently we are surprised at the unscrupulousness of the playwright, and still more at the prudence, even the craftiness, of his dealings with Dalberg. His longing for the stage was quite too strong for him. If, however, we consider his alterations, it is wellnigh incomprehensible how he relinquished his deepest and most artistic ideas, how he mutilated and suppressed the great meaning of the drama. Thinking only of the stage, he cruelly shortens Franz' monologues and the passages of lyric beauty. Here and there, indeed, he smooths over some unevennesses, as in carrying out Hermann's rôle of an intriguer somewhat more carefully. On the whole, however, the alterations almost amount to a suppression of the deep significance of the work. Nothing but a striking theater play is left. What can one say to the alteration in the last act, in which



Franz is actually brought before Karl as his judge and then is thrown into the tower? This moralistic dealing out of penalties breaks the whole force of the tragedy, with its pettiness. Great was the sacrifice that the stage demanded.

Apart from such of these changes as were forced upon him, the explanation for those that he made of his own accord lies in a trait that is not a little surprising in so young an author; namely, his almost boundless contempt for the theater-going public. For him artistic creation and the stage seem to be two wholly different things. However, the great success that he now gained, was to him only an incitement to new undertakings.

In two papers in the *Württemberg Repertorium* Schiller appeared as his own critic, dealing both with the stage version of the play and with its production. He pointed out the historical importance of the work by calling it "the only drama produced upon the soil of Württemberg." No self-criticism could be more honest or more remorseless. No one could speak more severely than Schiller himself of the unnatural character of the language, which was too unequal and on the whole too poetic, now lyric and epic, now metaphysical, now biblical, now tame. "Where the author felt most strongly and where the action was most stirring, he spoke like the rest of us. We shall look for better things in the next drama, or else we shall advise him to stick to his

odes." We get the impression of a restlessly productive and yet self-critical mind, which can forego vanity, because it really has great possessions. Schiller would still have plenty to spare even if he threw away what he had thus far offered to the world.

These severe alterations did not succeed in smothering the singular life that there was in "The Robbers." We know from two eyewitnesses the effect that the work produced on the stage. "The theater was like a mad house. There were rolling eyes, clenched fists, and hoarse outcries throughout the house! Strangers fell sobbing into each other's arms, women staggered to the door nearly fainting. It seemed as if a dissolution into chaos were near, as if some new creation was about to arise from its depths."

It was in fact a great excitement — an excitement such as occurs when with a sudden shock something carries us quite out of our usual sphere. In such cases it is the tremendous novelty that takes hold of us. Schiller's hearers felt keenly how their whole moral world was threatened. They felt the boundless audacity that searched their own life to its very foundations. This work overstepped the bounds of what had hitherto been considered morally possible, or at least possible for the stage, and so began a new world. Such is the effect of great events in the history of the drama, of works that open a new epoch of literature.

### III. THE PLACE OF "THE ROBBERS" IN UNIVERSAL LITERATURE

At the beginning of the path that we are to follow with Schiller, we are tempted, in the case of his first work of genius, to give space to questions regarding the extent to which he may have been influenced by the literature of the past, and to ask how far the trend of his fancy may have thus been predetermined. Every man is in a certain limited sense the product of the ages. No matter if a work of genius seems to spring from non-existence, like a new world, still it must take its place, as an attempt to depict human life and its deepest motives, beside previous attempts of the same nature. Such a work is always a continuation of the history of the class to which it belongs. In the present case it is the history of high tragedy that is in question. In this sense we must wish to learn something of the background against which Schiller's work stands out.

But considerations of this sort call for great care and prudence. It is of slight interest to point out actual borrowing, if such there is. It is because it is unique, a thing by itself, that a work of genius keeps its place through the ages. Our task, therefore, is to understand what such a work has of its own. And if we compare a poem with its predecessors, we only intend thereby to make its own nature plainer. Moreover, just here there is a special diffi-

culty which besets investigations into the history of art and poetry. Perhaps in no other province does the empty sound of words rule so undisturbed and deceive us with the appearance of insight. But nowhere should we more earnestly strive for a full and sufficient comprehension than here, where everything turns upon a clear understanding of the individual work. Are Milton, Klopstock, Klinger, Leisewitz, even Shakespeare or Rousseau, more than mere names? Are they, if we limit ourselves to a brief mention, anything but the sound of words? By the mere name is there aroused in our minds anything of that sure artistic insight without which our investigations must remain mere empty talk?

We must not only look beyond the parts and see the whole. We must contrast the whole work and Schiller's artistic character with the works and the artists of the past. To this end we must make these works and personages themselves alive, must remind ourselves clearly of what they are, in order to make sure that we are not dealing with empty shadows. We must not grudge the trouble of entering into the spirit and the greatness of the earlier productions. Thus only can we form a standard by which to estimate the new. Let us deal as little as possible with ready-made ideas! A great process of spiritual achievement and of artistic work is to be set before us. Whoever wants to follow the artist into the hidden recesses of his studio must feel the artist's

enthusiastic interest in the facts upon which he depends.

In this sense we shall speak of the great literature that exercised a living influence upon Schiller's fancy. And we shall attempt to give to "The Robbers" the right place in the dramatic movement of the time.

### 1. *The Bible and Religious Poetry as a Background*

We will begin, as is proper, with the Bible. In one place it actually comes into the play. Amalia is reading to the old man. She chooses an Old Testament story. The New Testament parable of the prodigal son has affected the whole plan of the play. Of biblical origin also are the visions of the last judgment, which are due to the prophets or to the Apocalypse, that offshoot of the prophetic literature of the Old Testament. The diction, as is well known, is quite full of biblical influence. But apart from all these direct relations, we find the deeply religious tendency of the poet in the tremendous emphasis that he lays upon moral considerations. In case of both the principal characters, the chief thing is their intensely personal attitude toward the moral order, and therefore to the great question of religion. And through the whole work runs the question: Is there a God or is there no God? The action is carried on in the constant presence of God. "He knows well how to link," "He can so easily spare one," "A

Father in heaven, not my Father," "Vengeance is Thine alone, Thou needest not the hand of man." And on the other side, Franz utters his terrible "No!" Here is the work of a poet who has ideas derived from the Bible constantly in mind, and who finds these ideas the natural medium of all deep inner experience. For him God and the moral law are one, so that when he maintains the dignity of the right he feels that he is helping on God's work at least a little. We also perceive that the religion of our poet is protestant. For him the personal conscience as it is felt within is what overwhelms men and brings them into God's presence. The poet's feeling seems almost more in accord with the Old Testament than with the New. God as we see Him in this drama — and God really does appear there — is indeed sometimes called Father, and Schiller sometimes speaks of Him in a tone of childlike sentiment. But the idea of an avenging God preponderates. This trait is the outcome of Schiller's own temperament, of his tendency toward lofty, powerful, and heroic things, as well of the form in which religion first appeared to him in the little German middle-class home, with its patriarchal customs. He always succeeds in depicting manly vigor, but he has to force himself in portraying tenderness.

From a mind of this sort we expect an especial susceptibility to the kind of poetry that treats biblical material and that adapts it to modern feeling. Mil-



ton's "Paradise Lost" was not only a favorite book with the youthful Schiller, but it notably influenced his creative fancy. In that second sheet of his play, which was suppressed and replaced in a new form, Schiller refers to Milton's Satan. He mentioned the relationship in his preface, and in his own review of "The Robbers" (*Württembergisches Repertorium*, 1782) he tells how "Milton, who so glorified the powers of hell, turns even the most tender-hearted reader into a fallen angel for at least a few minutes." Milton's imagination and Schiller's really are akin.

"Paradise Lost," which appeared in 1667 and again in 1674, was especially a Protestant, indeed a Puritan epic. It was the work of one of the leaders of revolt against the Catholic Stuarts in England. The poem is almost a religious document of that great revolution whose aim was to shape life upon a foundation of Protestant piety, to carry faith into action, and to bring Christ's new age at last into being.

Therefore the work became a theological poem. The conception of the personages was also influenced by the religious ideas of Milton, and hence these personages do not come so directly before us as do Shakespeare's heroes or the mighty men of the renaissance period. The modern spiritual crisis of Protestantism takes on poetical form.

This type of poetry depends upon an extensive previous literature. It is a poetry of erudition,

indeed of the classical erudition of the Renaissance. There is no question of single influences, but rather of a conscious attempt to renew the antique epic style and to bring it into relation with modern material. The poetical creation is under classical influence.

But all that Milton has learned, whether from antiquity or from theology, becomes quite personally the poet's own. The warlike spirit of his own Puritanism permeates the whole. God and his angels, as well as Satan and his throng, heaven as well as hell, all appear as at war. The spirit of a harsh and warlike age speaks through the blind old man, who was meanwhile made gentler in spirit by the antique muses.

The battles are fought for God and about God. The consciousness of striving for lofty and final issues appears throughout the work. Here are God and the chorus of the blessed, there the fallen angels, with their unbending pride, and between, the first man and woman. Thus human life is viewed in the light of the eternal question of good and evil. For the whole metaphysics of the falling away from God is but a mythical form of expression for the sundering of the ideal and the actual in human nature. The poem is too much "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The dark ponderings over the justice and goodness of God, over the origin of evil, the fall and the redemption of man, the last judgment, carry

the poem at times almost into the realm of a theological treatise. But the power of the poet's stormy heart triumphs over all defects.

This is the keynote of Milton's whole literary character. He is an idyllic poet of the highest power. Yet what a strange idyl this "Paradise" is! He writes feelingly and with tenderness of the innocence and beauty of the first man and woman. But it is the tenderness of sorrow. In the innocent joy of love they know as yet nothing of the assaults of the hell that lies in wait for them. They do not know that they are but dwelling in the brief respite that as yet lies between them and endless wandering in misery, not only for themselves, but for all humanity. This portrayal is anything but naïve, rather is it colored by the agitations of thought. The sentimental idyl is Milton's great achievement.

This type of poetic feeling Schiller shares with Milton. The truly Germanic character of such poetry lies in its delight in religious conflict, in its truly Protestant wrestling with God, which fills the poet's whole heart. For this reason Milton's name was a watchword in the struggle for a genuinely Germanic revival of literature in Germany. We refer to Bodmer's prose translation of Milton in 1732 and Zacharias' hexameter translation in 1760 and 1763. Schiller's place is in direct line with this movement.

The special point of connection is Milton's Satan, of whom Schiller says, in that sheet of "The Rob-

bers" which was later suppressed: "He who could not endure that anyone should stand above him, and who dared to challenge the Almighty to the sword — was he not a marvelous genius?" We have quoted the expression in the suppressed preface about "People who would embrace the devil himself, because he was peerless." It is quite Milton's Satan whom we see when Schiller continues: "Men who, while seeking the highest perfection, fall to the lowest depths, who dream of the highest happiness and become most miserable."

Milton's Satan is one who will not take the second place, who even in his fall keeps his overweening pride and will not bow even before the Highest, — the noblest of the angels before he fell, — mighty even in his ruin, unbending still. We quote the lines in which this character is brought out:

"Hail, horrors! hail,  
Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell,  
Receive thy new possessor — one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

What does Karl Moor say? "Outward things do but veneer a man — I am my own heaven and my own hell." We find quoted in Zacharias' translation an old commentator upon Milton, who says that the exaggerated notions of the Stoics became laughable when uttered by Satan. We do not in fact find these

notions laughable. But this allusion reminds us how far back into history such moral ideas lead us.

Milton's pictorial expression for Satan's nature is that having been gloriously brilliant, he suddenly grew dark:

"His form had not yet lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess  
Of glory obscured."

or:

"Darkened so, yet shone  
Above them all the Archangel."

So with Karl Moor, also, the glory of his former nobility shines through the clouds of evil.

What draws Schiller, like Milton, to these characters is the misguided wandering of a lofty nature, in which, although indirectly, the nobility of the moral world is more movingly and vividly portrayed than in the exemplary but commonplace figures that the moralists use. In its very downfall the true force of character appears.

Here we have natures that have broken loose from all traditions, that are stubbornly determined to go their own way, the way of their own powerful individuality,—to everlasting misery. In contrast with the figures of philistine morality they are really superior. We follow them with a mingling of aversion and admiration, just as Schiller points out, and our divided feelings keep up our interest.

Whenever, in the name of the right, some general assault is made upon the conventional morality of a hidebound age, these Satanic figures arise in literature as the typical figures of passionate satire. Such characters are made up of moral passion and of the revolt against the deadness of the present. They bear the imprint of depravity, but they are self-determined, uncanny, and through the very greatness of their nature are driven toward demonic evil. Light still shines through their darkness.

Thus, in the name of humanity, Karl Moor stands in protest against the hollow legality of the age. Even in his crimes he is always a mighty youth struggling towards the light. But the tragedy of which we speak nowhere appears more strikingly than in him. For in him it is the very power of the right that is turned into despair. And from virtue in despair evil develops in all its horror. Karl goes to perdition precisely through the nobility of his nature. This conception is one of the purest moral pathos. The tragedy which Milton felt but dimly is here unfolded. It is a catastrophe of permanent human meaning, with the cloak of theological mythology removed.

Karl Moor forms a transition from Satan to a whole group of heroes in the nineteenth century; namely, to the heroes of Byron, who follows Milton and Schiller as the third representative of the same mental tendency. He declares war against the



whole existing order of the world from a deep and haughty feeling of its moral stupidity. He is the greatest poet of passionate satire in the nineteenth century. And at once the abandoned appear again, who are great in their depravity, unsatisfied in their search for self-reliance, for uniqueness and solitude. Satan himself appears once more in the Lucifer of Byron's "Cain." And the others, even to Don Juan, all are variations of the same type. Milton's Satan and Schiller's Karl Moor and these other characters form a single series. Goethe was the first to recognize the relationship between Byron's talent and Schiller's.

We can quite understand how the three are related in their nature and origin. They are modern poets, for they sing of modern men and their needs and distracted condition. They are especially Germanic in their warlike courage and their challenging spirit, as well as in their loyal devotion to the true values of life. The training of all three was founded upon the Protestant religion, and their moral feeling gives them the task of judging human life. In Byron's case these characters have a dash of self-complacency and of posing. It is the pose of the poet himself. That which in Milton was religious earnestness and in Schiller the great tragedy of the moral order, in Byron becomes subjective caprice. In close relation with this capriciousness lies the fact that his power of objective portrayal disappears in

the moods — titanic indeed — of a man who expresses himself in lyric form. Thus the satanic type passes from the epic, through the tragedy to the lyric form, but always in works concerned with an ideal, which are thus interrelated as epic, dramatic, and lyric expressions of conscious thought. Karl Moor marks the highest point of this development. Through him we get a glimpse of the very foundations of life, an objective picture of universal human truth.

But we must not confound the Satan motive as it occurs in poetry with the Prometheus motive. Prometheus appears as the man who, shaping his own life, refuses all dependence. Boundless creative power, not merely revolt, is the essence of this character. The Prometheus motive turns more upon confidence in life. Only in our own day does the conception of the "Ueberschensch" attempt fantastically to join together the ideas of Satan and of Prometheus. But this is an innovation of to-day, and in the further development of the Satanic character, which still preponderates, we have scarcely any significance that resembles its earlier stages. The power of artistic portrayal recedes into the background. In the poetry of abstract thought nothing but thought remains, and the whole development comes to an end in rhetoric and prose.

Milton's poetry reached Schiller through Klopstock, the one who introduced an especially Germanic

religious poetry into Germany. Schubart became the prophet of Klopstock in Würtemberg. As a child Schiller caught his first glimpse of great poetry through Klopstock's works. That this influence had its effect on "The Robbers," Schiller himself well knew. In his review he shrewdly says of Amalia that she had read too much Klopstock. He mentions Adrammelech as an example of the arousing of a feeling in which admiration and horror are blended. Standing by the Danube, Karl Moor exclaims: "I . . . amidst the flowers of the happy world, a howling Abaddon."

Whoever wants to see how Klopstock's characteristic moods influence the poet of "The Robbers" should compare the two works in their curious likeness and unlikeness.

The "Messiah" is, in all its vastness and indistinctness, nothing but an ode. Epic and narrative are made quite secondary to the guiding purpose of directly moving our feelings, by the force of an overwhelming mass of ideas such as Klopstock regarded as especially religious—ideas of the sanctity, the wrath, the grace of God, of the horror of sin and the immortality of the soul, of the last judgment and the torments of the damned. This is the poetry of abstract thought, even more than in the case of Milton. One might almost call it the poetry of dogma. Luther's doctrines and their truth are throughout presupposed as the sole inter-

pretation of life. The virile and strenuous religious temperament of the Englishman, which seeks expression in the dramatic epic, gives place to the lyric contemplativeness of the German. He does not write as the spokesman of a great historical movement. He speaks as one absorbed in an entirely private and German life, remote from public affairs,—a life in which one finds contentment only through a purely inward consolation. But Klopstock's significance as a poetical reformer is explained hereby. Once again he made poetry the language of the deepest and most sacred feelings of the heart.

Meanwhile this poetry, which so movingly dwells upon ideas of eternal things, expresses a mind whose especial interest was in the sublime. In this characteristic also Schiller shows his inborn likeness to Klopstock. Still more striking is the relation between the two in their portrayal of characters. The story of Christ, which, regarded just as a human story, is the greatest that has ever been enacted on earth, Klopstock does not take in that human sense which is also its most deeply poetical sense. He kneels before Christ as a mediator and as the only begotten son of God. When he thinks of Christ he is awestruck by the sacredness of God. And in a similar spirit he deals with all his personages. He does not portray their characters by letting them act and express what they are. But he tells us how he feels about them. He rejoices over their striving

for the right and shudders when they are hardened in sin. His people walk the earth like transparencies, through which the divine or the devilish, holiness or depravity, become visible. The technical expression for this is that every man has a guardian angel, who rejoices when he does right and weeps when he falls. Judas Iscariot has two angels. The good angel turns away from him weeping and gives him over to the bad angel.

It is true that Schiller's personages have characters of their own. But they too embody the contrast of ethical powers, Karl and Franz being opposed as good and evil. And thus too the thought of the judgment day runs through the whole work, as in the case of Klopstock. We here see indeed what advance in character study German poetry made between Klopstock and Schiller. But we still can perceive that Schiller's poetical interest is a further development from that of Klopstock, a further expression of the religious mood that lies at the foundation of the new German literary movement. But in this province also, Schiller stands for the overcoming of theological narrowness and for the emphasizing of the purely human.

A plastic figure set before us speaks for itself. But one who seeks to make us understand his characters by working upon our feelings can never be sure that he has hit the mark. He has to repeat, underline, exaggerate. Thus Klopstock overdoes Milton's



Satan by representing his own Adrammelech as still more depraved. But what preponderates is the sort of religiosity that does not show its power in a militant life, but stays at home in small conventicles, — a religiosity of tender hearts, of pathos, and of tears. That character of Klopstock's which really adds something to the circle of Milton's ideas is Abaddon, who was also the favorite of his German followers. This fallen angel has kept, even in his lost estate, the feeling of what is sacred, of what is truly right. Though he has fallen into evil, he is eternally homesick for the good. No other figure marks so plainly the transition from the epic manliness of Milton to the lyric effeminacy of Klopstock. Karl Moor compares himself with Abaddon, and justly. In him also we are touched by the fallen angel with his undying remorse. In the second canto of the "Messiah" (verse 780) Abaddon stands at the gate of paradise. "In centuries he had not seen the world and God's own heaven, because o'erwhelmed by his own misery, in solitude he dwelt." In his words we find the same tone as in Karl's soliloquy by the Danube, and still more in that before his father's castle. Only Schiller has translated this tone from the supernatural to the human world. If in Schiller this tone now and then strikes us as overwrought, we must remember from what heights it had come down. It was no easy task for German poetry to learn how to portray man in his complete humanity.



Nothing is stranger than Klopstock's portrayal of love. Two of his lovers are Semida, the young man of Nain, and Cidli, the daughter of Jaïrus. They love each other with all their hearts, but since the Saviour has restored Cidli to life, her life belongs to God, and she must not become an earthly bride. Here the devout borders upon the unwholesome. A cloud of great thoughts floats between the lovers, eternal loyalty and the attainment of all that is good and beautiful on the one hand, eternal sacrifice for the Saviour's sake on the other. Religion thus becomes the denial of nature. Amalia had indeed read too much Klopstock. There is between her and Karl a wave of floating and indistinct thoughts. And these thoughts still the voice of nature. Karl and Amalia are another pair of lovers after Klopstock's own heart.

2. "*The Robbers*" in the *Dramatic and Literary Movement of the Time*

We will now try to see the effect of "The Robbers" on the dramatic and literary movement of the time. What was in readiness for the work and what did it bring that was new? What degree of power had been already attained? The hopes of the nation's leading minds were chiefly fixed upon the drama. We find, at that time, the principal signs of a new life in three works; namely, in Gerstenberg's "Ugolino" (1768), Lessing's "Emilia Galotti" (1772), and

Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" (1773). But Shakespeare's influence affects all the three.

It is here especially necessary not to be satisfied with mere phrases, but to consider these works in their very essence.

"Ugolino" appears as wholly an artistic experiment, both as to the persons and the plot. Ugolino and his three sons are slowly starving in a tower in Pisa. In the five acts nothing happens except that in the first two there is still a hope, while from the third act on there is none, since Franzesko, who has made a dash for freedom, has been brought back dead. The whole is but a painful development of changing moods and emotions, scarcely of personages. The characters are but slightly contrasted, though the pathetic figure of the child Gaddo is a little more brought out by contrast with his elder brothers. Gerstenberg portrays very finely the boys' lovable traits, their reverence for their father, their heroism. But even in the father the portrayal of personal character lacks force. His nobility of which we hear so much is mere posing. Even the changes of feeling are all of one order, despair added to despair, even to the longing for death, even to the delirium of starvation. In this delirium the boundary between fancy and reality is blurred until, in the last gruesome climax, the father strikes down his son, whom he mistakes for his hated enemy, the monster Ruggieri.

All is night! There is one same situation from beginning to end, one constant picture of gloom, — one single tone that is modulated, but is never developed into a melody. One might say that it is like Shakespeare seen through the medium of Ossian. Its effect upon the time lay in the power of the horrible, in the merciless reflection of dreadful reality. Such works lie at the very boundary of art. The daring nature of the play made it a powerful incentive to other writers of the time.

Lessing's "Emilia Galotti" was a genuine work of dramatic pedagogy. It served as an artistic education for our young dramatists.

This play came not to destroy the law of dramatic art, but to fulfill it. It was, like the canon of Polycletus, a work wherein a master's whole knowledge of his art was displayed and expressed. In Lessing's case the work was a tragedy, the master one whose life and whose thought were devoted to the drama, and who had just created, in his "Hamburgische Dramaturgie," the leading treatise on the technique of dramatic art. Aristotle, the ancients, and Shakespeare are in his mind as he writes every line of the play. It seems eminently worth our while to consider what sort of instruction a young writer of tragedy found here ready to meet his needs.

In "Emilia Galotti" what most attracts our attention is *not* (as is the case even in the very earliest of Schiller's plays) the inborn sense for art, but rather

the art that is due to a highly trained good sense. In accordance with opinions that he had carefully thought out, Lessing transferred the Virginia motive to the action of a modern tragedy of middle-class life. He places the scene in the present time, but still at a distance; namely, in Italy. So he subjects himself to a certain restraint with regard to what he really has at heart. This reserve is the ruling trait of his drama.

How does he stand related to the rules of the French tragedy, from which he has, in theory, set us free? He gives up the unity of place, though not entirely. The last three acts, which are the most essential part of the work, are enacted in the same place. He preserves the unity of time. The tragedy occupies one day, from early morning on. One actually follows the motion of the clock hands. The master knows how much it facilitates the comprehension that is so indispensable to the drama when we see it played before us as an immediately present and visible thing. Therefore there is no question of Shakespeare's freedom, the propriety of which Lessing himself had maintained. He also uses the greatest economy as to the number of characters. There are no superfluous figures, and the explanatory speeches during the scenes are of the briefest. Only twice are there four people on the stage. In other places he allowed himself three at the most. In the majority of the scenes there are only two, and there

are many monologues. In fact the whole is highly concentrated.

The entire work is governed by the classic dramatic rule of the unity of action, in Aristotle's strictest sense. Only through the action of the piece do we learn to know the characters. But this action is a unit. That is, after the action that takes place amongst the characters has once begun, it proceeds in a necessary and irresistible way, by unavoidable stages, until the final catastrophe is reached. With such men as these are, the outcome could not be otherwise. Two different social orders come together, and this interaction is the fate of all the personages concerned. The whole impresses us as a bit of the tragedy of human life itself, because among men such as they are it has a necessary and undeniable truth. We feel a human fate which is also our own, and as Lessing depicts that fate we are deeply moved by pity and fear. This is no mere use of dramatic form. It is real dramatic poetry. And here, then, Schiller could find true instruction.

With this in mind, let us study the first two acts, which set forth the conditions of the piece. They are brief, clear, and always concerned with the main action. Each act belongs to one of the two social groups that here come together. The first act moves in the world of the Prince. He himself stands before us at once, and just as we need him for the sake of the play. He is still unwillingly mindful of



an old love, while strongly possessed by a new one. For him, to be a prince means to be able to follow without scruple each fickle mood. He fully discloses himself in the admirable opening scene with the painter Conti. The thought becomes a picture. The pictures of the old and the new love are contrasted, as also are the artist, yes art itself, and the Prince, the artist taking a purely æsthetic pleasure in what he beholds, the latter carried away by mere desire. How he boasts of his interest in artistic things, and how hollow that interest is! There is a wealth of skill in this scene, but nothing that does not belong there. A suggestion of future events already throbs in it. Let the concealed ardor of the Prince now burst forth, and then the tragedy will be in motion. This in fact soon happens, because the Prince learns through Marinelli that this very day Emilia, whom he loves, is to be married. And the Prince resolves to hinder the marriage.

The invention of Marinelli shows Lessing's masterly skill. He is a mechanical figure, and as far as he is concerned the piece is a play of intrigue. But it does not produce that effect. In himself he appears true to nature, as a man who finds intrigue to be his natural element. In such a picture of life he seems real, necessary, and fitting. For only through him does the picture of the Prince become complete and significant. He is necessary to the existence of the Prince, for the caprices of his master are his



only law, indeed his very conscience. For this reason he does not need his own conscience, but only his cunning. Being quite absorbed in someone else, he has no personality of his own and is cowardly; for courage implies risking one's self. He is secure and powerful so long as his master's caprices meet with no resistance, but he goes helplessly to pieces and becomes actually stupid whenever, in his dealings, manly dignity and uprightness are required from him. For these qualities do not enter into his calculations. The Prince has in him the making of a man who could have been amiable, and in a way noble, though loose-lived. But Marinelli is only a social product, or misproduct. If, in addition, we take account of the somewhat too conscious little closing scene in which the Prince appears to feel no responsibility even when a death sentence is in question, we find at the very beginning of the action a true and expressive picture of the Prince and of his world.

But in order that the further development may go on without a break, Emilia must learn of the Prince's love, and so he decides to see her at Mass. The plot must be further prepared. This takes place in the second act in the scene between Pirro and Angelo. Furthermore, this scene displays still lower regions of the Prince's world. One who knows no law but caprice will not hesitate to associate with robbers. The Prince, Marinelli, the bandits are as the links of a chain.

With the same clearness, always for the sake of preparing for the coming action, and with definite relation thereto, the poet sets, in the second act, the world in which the Galottis move in contrast with that of the Prince. The Galottis indeed are counts, but the family is typical of the middle class seen at a fortunate moment. The only daughter is about to marry an excellent man. It is on that day that the Prince addresses Emilia. We become acquainted with the family one after another. The mother is an honest but commonplace woman whose vanity is not unsusceptible to seeing her daughter noticed by the Prince. Like a woman, she closes her eyes to the danger and conceals from the men what might disturb the peace of the house. Therefore the father remains quite without suspicion of the threatening wrong. And this makes the tragedy possible. The father is stern and upright and is infuriated when he finds that the evil intentions of the Prince may affect his child. The noble figure of Count Appiani shows how Lessing arouses the mood and sets the key for the pathos of the hero who is so soon to be carried away. With all his boundless love, he stands before us sorrowfully on his wedding day, in the midst of his happiness already doomed to die. Finally we see Emilia herself. She is coming from Mass, for she is very pious, and the enticing words of the Prince are still in her ear. With a shudder we foresee her ruin and the tragedy that is to come. The unconscious

child speaks of the Prince as “He, himself!” — he fills her thoughts; the sweet enchantment hovers over her. She is so honest that she thinks she ought to tell her father and her bridegroom. But her mother dissuades her and, like a child, she trusts her mother. And now she forces herself to a sort of playfulness for the sake of her bridegroom. Already she is almost more like an obedient wife than like a promised bride. The innocence of her pretty coquetry is suited to the moment, for Emilia is being decked as a bride. And all this is the expression of great and pure love. We well believe that she will be resolute if any one should lay hands on her, for her nature is all purity; and if she falls, it is a tragic sacrifice. If only the others have high principles, she has, concealed beneath her maiden innocence, heroism, as well as true womanly nobility. The Prince’s world and the Galottis’ world are in the strongest contrast. The former is the realm of lawless caprice, the latter that of men whose lives are controlled by honor. If strife arises between the two, right and justice, great and significant things will be at issue. Not a stroke could be spared from this picture. The author here uses the fewest words possible, but exhausts the subject.

With the same clearness, in the following acts, Lessing develops the catastrophe from the conditions that have been set forth. In each act he gives expression to a single necessary stage of the

action. In the third act Emilia falls into the snare. Every word the Prince utters, though apparently inspired by respect, really leads nearer and nearer to Emilia's betrayal. How pathetic seems the helplessness of these poor women, when the mother in her despair cries out "Murderer!" We shudder with her, for the cry is wrung from the woman's guilty conscience. That cry expresses the feeling of the moment, the woman's helplessness, as nothing else could have done. She has no language but this cry.

In the fourth act a man comes upon the scene, the father, Odoardo. How are things to be explained to him, who knows nothing of what has happened? Here begins Lessing's greatest tragic invention, the really brilliant invention of Orsina. Now the old love — required by the conditions of the piece — is no longer a phrase. We see the woman. By a skillful device her appearance is explained. In the excitement of his new love the Prince has not read Orsina's letter. Therefore she comes, as a vengeance already prepared by the sin itself. There is a certain tragic wit in this. It is still rather the device of an acute mind. But it is a great poet who speaks to us through the sermon — we dare to use the word — that this character constitutes. Before us stands in living form, the fate that will overtake Emilia if she yields to the Prince. What we have hitherto viewed as light-minded trifling is now plainly shown to be crime. Souls, great and strong, have been lost

in this way. For in her rich and originally noble nature, Orsina shines out above the world of the court. How she behaves towards Marinelli, and again, what a tragic incident it is that she, the abandoned woman, treats him so! Such madness as hers is possible only to a great nature. Hers is the despair of love abused. The sin against humanity that is beginning again with Emilia stands visibly before us in the form of Orsina.

Through her Odoardo learns all. The way in which the poet brings these characters together and sunders them again is an especially artistic touch. In their misery they draw near each other, the honorable man and the wanton woman whom he has hitherto despised. For the Prince has robbed each of them of the most sacred possession. Odoardo could not until then have thought that they had anything in common. The old man still has something to learn and life becomes a horribly new thing to him. As a sign of their bond she gives him the avenging dagger. This broken woman in her sorrow can indeed hate, but can no longer act. But now in contrast with her somber figure we see the strength and manliness of the father. The dagger which in her hand was the instrument for the revenge of a forsaken sinner becomes for him the weapon for the defense and rescue of virtue. The honor that is about to be trodden underfoot defends itself and thus brings to pass the final catastrophe of the drama.



The old man has no choice left but to kill the Prince or to sacrifice Emilia. The former would plunge both him and his into crime. The latter is the last resort of a desperate man. Again the poet brings the action to a critical point. Those who have made their way by murder and betrayal now enact a pretentious comedy of judicial proceedings in order to separate the father and the daughter. And poor Emilia, too early forced to painful knowledge of herself and of the world, is now fully awakened. Then the father frees himself and his daughter from the snare by an act which is in form a crime. Through a cruel irony it must be judged by the tribunal of the Prince himself. But this deed is an appeal to God's judgment seat, a rescue in extremity. Such a deed is beyond Marinelli's comprehension or calculation.

The clearing up of the situation as with the swiftness of lightning brings the necessary close by means of a dazzling antithesis. The just man is found in the position of a criminal, the criminal in the robes of justice, which he even uses to further his caprices. Therefore Odoardo must not kill the Prince. Through an unworthy act of revenge he would put himself on the same level with the Prince, while by his actual deed, even in the most dreadful conflict, he follows the strict commands of duty and only rescues his sacred charge. And he thus saves also his own soul. But justice does not allow the rule of



mere caprice. The Prince's robes of justice become as the rags of a beggar which cannot cover his nakedness. And this is the necessary conclusion. Through all the maze of lies the truth at last comes to light; and this is really the judgment. Marinelli is unmasked. What good does it do the Prince that he tries to shift his responsibility? They have driven a good man into crime, and that condemns them before God. Herein lies also a stern arraignment of despotism. Ye upholders of justice know no rule but caprice. The souls of the just whom ye have made desolate cry out against you. Thus "Emilia Galotti" is also a work of social protest.

From this work the young dramatist may learn the strictest and most careful art. This art pictures different social classes by means of individual characters. It develops these characters in an action that is throughout united. Every trait is suited to the whole, and the different traits are fitted together without a break. The action deals with the meeting of two social classes, whose contact necessarily results in tragedy. And with fully conscious technique the artist gives a truthful picture of actual life and an arraignment of the times. And in all this, so full of import, there is never a word too much. The whole is extremely condensed. Everywhere there is the greatest control and economy of form. We find but a single scene between the Prince and Emilia, and but one between Emilia and her father. The

action belonging to each act is clearly dominated by one person. In the third act Marinelli is the leader, the net of intrigue is drawing closer. In the fourth act Orsina is the central figure, the full horror of the events is seen and preparation is made for the last blow of Fate. The fifth is dominated by Odoardo, the righteous though murderous deed is accomplished. Equal skill is shown in the treatment of the monologues and in their distribution amongst the various acts.

To be sure, feeling and passion find no direct expression in this play. We do not get the impression of a full rich life and a spontaneous flow of poetical power, but rather that of conscious art and of a nature that, within a narrow range, has a wondrous understanding and control of its own powers. The language is characterized by keen-edged words which lay bare the thought, by dazzling antitheses of tragic wit. We find these antitheses even where we expect an outburst of feeling, as in Odoardo's speech when he learns of Appiani's death: "Madam, that is against the agreement. You meant to destroy my reason, and you have broken my heart." "Emilia" is a tragic epigram, but not a drama of poetic inspiration. Let greater talents be employed, if that is possible. But everyone ought to learn something from this model of dramatic form.

The great poet, and the one who was to introduce great poetry also into the drama, made his appear-

ance with “Götz von Berlichingen.” In this work it is not the thought of the drama and of its form that controls everything, but it is as if a new awakening came whereby men learned afresh what poetry in its deepest essence is; namely, life itself translated into language. Careful construction ceases and a whole realm of life is spread before us, in all its limitless wealth and truth. The pictures seem to spring spontaneously into being, each with its own special coloring. There are the peasant tavern, alehouse, and the forest at night, and life in the castle. There is also a scene at the court, with the Emperor present—only a single scene, but how plainly he stands before us, well meaning but weak, powerless in the midst of boundless need. And then there are attack, war in all stages, gypsy life, the peasants’ revolt, the secret court of justice [of the Vehm]. We have the life of nature from early morning through to the moonlit night, and nothing is merely cold narrative, everything speaks and is full of human life. In contrast with Lessing’s smooth, clear-cut, skillful phrases, which all his characters use, these characters too speak the same forcible German, but as if with a thousand tongues. Their speech runs through the whole gamut from the witticisms, the pomposity, and light frivolity of the bishops’ court, through the roughness of untrammelled nature, through the wholesome wealth of a strong and manly soul and the youthful joy of the child of nature, to the deep

intensity of sinful passion, which speaks in breathless words as if weighed down by the burden of the night. This is not only a complete life, it is the life of a complete epoch. The intimacy of the past life of Germany lies over all, an intimacy that goes to the heart.

What gives most poetic fire to the piece is the fact that this poet possesses the language of the heart, of passion, more fully than any previous German dramatist. We find in Maria the innocent expression of a young girl's timid love. We see the calm devotion of Götz and Elizabeth, the troublous apparition of the alluring enchantress Adelheid with Weislingen and Franz. And in this episode we find a secondary plot, which might by itself have served for a whole drama, and indeed one worthy of the greatest poet. Thus once more the voices of nature speak in German poetry.

In a way that could hardly be expected we find the whole so marvelously true, and withal so clever. We have here the old, old story of human life: a weak man entangled in the snare of the senses, the honest man betrayed in his faith and in his loyalty, slandered by lying tongues in the presence of princes. For life is full of baseness. But all this does not seem bitter, rather perfectly simple and in the natural order of things. Only the highest poetical talent can succeed in truthfully depicting this ever-recurring theme.

The poet subordinates the whole to one prevailing thought, which in every epoch, and especially amongst the young, insures to the work itself perennial youth. He depicts, as the tendency of the times, the suppression of freedom, the oppression of the people—"nothing seems more dreadful to me than that men should be denied the right to be men." Princes and new and outrageous forms of law are grinding down the free man everywhere. But Götz' deepest longing, his mightiest struggle, is to be free. Let us choose the word that best shows the spirit of the times. He wants to live his own life. As the youth by whom Goethe was surrounded strove to rescue the simplicity of the soul from the compulsion of circumstances, Götz in his own way strives towards this end; for he is one who helps himself, a German, honest and true. This freedom is like that of the birds that sing in the forest, and yet it is here a political ideal also, the ideal that all go-betweens should vanish, so that there should be only the Empire and the Emperor. Thus the downfall of Götz betokens the rise and prevalence of a designing and artificial un-German spirit, which is also a self-seeking spirit of disunion, over against the loyal German spirit that wants one Germany. From the noble spirit of freedom that characterized Goethe's generation sprung a literature that was in the highest degree national, the poetry of a German land that seemed to be the past, and was the future.



Unlike "Emilia Galotti," nothing in this work can be deduced from the general laws of dramatic writing. It is a law unto itself, and must so be understood. The light of poetic vision — and that is always the one thing necessary — comes majestically to its own. Yet even from the point of view of tragedy it is a brilliant invention that Götz, who has once erred and broken his word, though with good intentions, is now pursued by the whole pack of those who had felt his uprightness as a thorn in their flesh. Beneath their onslaught he must fall. Still the whole effect is rather that of a dramatized romance. So different is the influence of a great master upon different minds. Lessing learned from Shakespeare how to make his characters appear as the source of their own fate, and to use for this purpose the iron linkage of the action. From the same teacher Goethe learned to set forth a whole life in all its fullness. Both taken together might form, as it were, a Shakespeare. From Lessing the poet of Germany received the admonition to use the strictest self-discipline according to the laws of form, while from Goethe he received the impulse to pour himself forth freely in a stream of sincere poetical inspiration. There could be no doubt as to the direction in which youth would turn.

Among the works called forth by the spirit of the immediately following "storm and stress" period of drama, we will call attention to only two, which are



really to be considered as a transition to "The Robbers." These are "The Twins," by Klinger, and "Julius von Tarent," by Leisewitz, both written in the year 1776 and both called forth in the competition for the Schröder-Ackermann prize, offered for an original German drama. "The Twins" won the prize, although Lessing preferred "Julius." Both dramas dealt with the same subject, the murder of a brother.

As in "The Robbers" Franz is jealous of Karl, so in "The Twins" Guelfo is jealous of Ferdinando on account of his priority of birth, which in this case seems even to be doubtful. Guelfo is also jealous of Camilla's love. Here, however, Guelfo, the younger, is the strong character. It is strange that to him also his friend Grimaldi reads from Plutarch in the first words of the play. Cassius appears to his mind as a figure that at once attracts and repels. The whole piece is founded upon the wild and stormy passion of Guelfo. He rages as if nearly out of his senses, and because he decides the mood of the piece the language throughout is stormy and gasping, the sentences brief and crowded. Guelfo's friend Grimaldi stands beside him, a figure well adapted to complete the scene. They are like storm and night together. Grimaldi is languishing in his unhappy love, and he too is half frantic, but with gloomy dejection. His very presence has a fateful effect upon Guelfo, like that of an evil spirit. Just so Carlos goes with

Clavigo and Mephistopheles with Faust. Like a dread but fascinating fixed idea, the thought of killing his brother haunts Guelfo from the beginning. It seems to be the only means of relief for this fearfully overwrought spirit. The dreadful deed is in the air from the beginning — a strong tragic conception.

The tragic picture of Guelfo's passionate mind is the whole piece. The events appear before us only as the reactions of his soul. In contrast with Guelfo the other members of the family, who are skillfully portrayed in a few strokes, disappear in the background almost like phantoms. We have the unhappy bride with her loving heart, who wishes both brothers well; the mother, who is always trying to reconcile her passionate son with his brother and who, a few moments excepted, is only wounded to the heart for her pains. Then we have the gentle and harmless brother, who is drawn with a delicate and sympathetic touch, and finally the father, the strongest of this group of figures, in the calm wisdom of his years. Under the influence of his wife he is ready for an adjustment, although like Guelfo himself he is quick to anger and is an avenger of injustice. The hero rages too long without acting. This is a defect. The events that bring the tragedy to pass are enacted behind the scenes. We are only to see the results of passion. Guelfo is struck by his father, all his wrath is turned against his brother and he murders

him. The father's act as family judge here ends the piece. He judges and kills his son. This is also a family catastrophe, but it is as the tragic self-destruction of the hero. The father's judgment serves only as the needful final word.

In the passionate outpourings of the hero Klinger finds the manifestation of a lion, a titanic being. Take for example the following characteristic "storm and stress" outburst (III, 1): "And when I think, Grimaldi, what life is, how one whose soul is mighty is pressed down to the very ground, while another who is vain, idle, and a time-server outstrips him and gains a high position! I am only Guelfo — a man who for his deeds is abhorred by friend and foe alike. There is Ferdinando, a vain, weak, wretched puppet, who prates about fine feelings and has only the weak spirit of a girl." This also shows how the contrast between the brothers is viewed. Klinger has moments of real climax. For instance, even in the presence of death there appears the jealousy aroused by that love which was for Ferdinando only. And there is here a powerful use of the Cain motive which suggests rather the "Bride of Messina" than "The Robbers." Here also there is no lack of reminiscences of the great stories of the Bible as the first type of such poetry. "Here I stand," says the old Guelfo, "like Adam when his righteous son was slain. Eve laments, the bride weeps, and Cain curses the old man."

Since the whole piece, as one might say, is arranged as a single great monologue of Guelfo occasionally interrupted, the tragedy shows, together with great passion, much control and unity of form, so that, with all the "storm and stress," Lessing's influence seems not to have been forgotten. Since the action is wholly one of inner passions, since we have at once a family catastrophe and a tragic climax, we recognize the completion of what "Ugolino" attempted. And in a masterly way Klingler knows each time how to find and to arouse the mood by which the whole is to be colored. Ferdinando, while he is bringing his affianced bride into the castle, suddenly sees, so he says, his own ghost. Or again, it is night and the storm is raging about the castle, while Guelfo's passions are raging within him. A deadly sadness weighs upon the women while they are preparing bridal ornaments. This unity of mood is a trait that had been learned from Shakespeare.

The comparison of "Julius von Tarent" with "The Twins" is to-day as interesting as when they first were created. Here too the struggle for mastery plays its part between the brothers. The decisive thing, however, is their love for the same girl. It is as if the different possibilities of dispute were tried one after another. Jealousy separates the brothers, who now — a skillful invention — each live out one of the two motives that the conditions make possible. Julius is all love, Guido all

ambition, and because of ambition he seeks to win his brother's betrothed. When love and ambition meet we have the angry strife of giant against giant. These are the deepest motives of high-minded youth; therefore this struggle has a permanent human meaning.

We do not find the extreme concentration of interest in one person. The drama is concerned with the fate of both brothers, indeed with the fate of the whole group of characters, who are all important and lifelike in their own way. First of all we have Blanca, the affianced bride, who becomes a nun so as to quell the strife between the brothers, then the father, the Prince von Tarent. With a certain schematic regularity, they all have their companions, — a renewal of the confidant of the French plays. But what a different renewal from the demonic revival of this character in Grimaldi. By the side of Julius we have Aspermonte, beside the Prince his brother the Archbishop, whose ideas are those of the churchman in high office. The warmly affectionate Blanca has for her companion Cecilia, the cold and loveless virgin soul. Only Guido, the wild, harsh, lonely man, stands by himself.

In this circle—father, sons, uncle, brothers, betrothed bride—a real drama is enacted, which we experience with the characters in a lively series of events. The father, in his anxiety about his declining years and his children's future, tries to wean



them from their love and to reconcile them. Julius, who is ready to abandon his princely heritage, plans to rescue his bride from the convent. Guido, angered against him, spies upon him. Swiftly, suddenly, the murder is accomplished, in striking contrast to "The Twins," where it appears as a fate that has been long impending. The Cain motive comes out in short, sharp tones. The father, after a hard struggle, here also acts as judge, but then gives over his rule and becomes a Carthusian monk. *Memento mori*. Throughout we notice, in comparison with the violence and rush of emotion in "The Twins," more gentleness and moderation, qualities which are indeed characteristic of this work, since it is, in the old-fashioned sense, a carefully composed work of art. In a word, it is Lessing rather than Shakespeare.

And nevertheless one hears the new tones throughout. For there is the attempt to depict in the case of Julius a boundless passion. It is curious enough that meanwhile instead of warm feeling, reflection often speaks, yes, even philosophy, and Platonic philosophy at that. Side by side with all this we have girlish emotionalism, with its warmth and sweetness. Leisewitz conceives the life of the cloister quite in the sense of Rousseau and of the sentimental period. The linguistic form, however anxiously correct and refined, is still capable of emotionalism. A rich warm life is struggling for



expression, but cannot quite find it. It is like a putting together of "Götz" and "Emilia" — a warmth of life in a form that is strict and schooled by tradition, really the work of a transition period.

Schiller's play "The Robbers" also deals with two brothers, their love and their desire for mastery and their relations to their father. But Schiller's predecessors chose brothers, for the sake of strong effects. Therefore for them the murder of the brother and the judgment by the father are the climax to which all tends. Schiller first shows us the full horror and significance of the family tragedy. In the course of a lengthy development he lets all the different characters work one another's ruin. The spiritual catastrophe is the really significant thing. Therefore Franz is shattered against his brother, while poor Karl becomes the executioner of his father and his promised bride. Therefore his self-deception vanishes when he is brought face to face with them both. Schiller is the first of this series of German dramatists to give to the tragedy of blood relationship its deepest human interest. The contrast between the two brothers, which was to be found in all his predecessors, Schiller transforms into the most complete opposition that is possible. They are as the opposite poles of the moral world. His tragedy goes far beyond all the former battles for love and mastery. When in "The Robbers" the "monster" pursues his dread

and gloomy path and Karl, who is in the true sense a "man," innocently falls into crime, Schiller brings out the full force of a tragedy in which the interests of humanity are at stake. There results the vast conflict of two distinct tragedies, which are in a sense united, since together they complete the circle of the moral world. The real family tragedy, the real contrast between the brothers, is completely expressed. Thus, in spite of all the influences of its predecessors, a work of genius still remains a genuine novelty.

In "The Robbers" we do not find the abounding life of "Götz," a life that rejoices in itself and that always finds in lyric accents the most fitting expression of its mood. In "The Robbers" the figures, instead of being endlessly individualized, are all brought into the unity of one simple and really tragic motive, through which even in this youthful work they gain a certain typical validity. The use of contrast as a means of dramatic simplification is strongly marked in Schiller from the beginning. However, here as in "Götz," a whole world, a complete life is developed, but in what a different sense! The leading motives of the whole moral order are brought into play, not in the fullest manifestation, but in a few figures only. The tragic intuition is fed by the moral pathos. Finally, "The Robbers," like "Götz," is as the voice of youth, of a new generation, rejoicing in freedom, rejoicing with one

who helps himself. But the manner of this too is so different. Where Götz' self-help is only self-expression, Karl's is the rebellion of an active conscience, thus constituting a moral judgment passed upon the whole age. Here once more the dramatic temperament goes hand in hand with moral pathos. We have not merely a youthful outpouring of genius, but the work of one who is thinking over the moral issues of the world.

In his sense of dramatic form Schiller shows a far closer relationship to "Emilia Galotti." A certain peculiarity of form is common to both works. As in "Emilia" the actual tragedy follows in the last three acts, after two acts used for preparations, so Schiller brings out the real tragedy in the catastrophe, which occurs only in the fifth scene of the fourth act, all the previous portions of the play having served as a preparation. We see in this a lack of the true sense of proportion. To Schiller's still imperfectly developed sense of form we owe the halting action in the middle part of the play. But "The Robbers" shows far more real force of poetical genius than does "Emilia." We have here great poetic power entering the school of tragedy. There is also a similarity of mental tendencies. Lessing's piece, too, expresses a moral arraignment, with a byplay of political satire. This is, however, but briefly indicated. In Schiller the pathos of the moral arraignment comes out

powerfully; the social satire is added to the political. Here too it appears that Schiller was the first to bring out fully what the others had only dared to hint.

Like Goethe, but in this respect differing from the others, Schiller laid his scenes on German soil. Like Lessing, and differing from the others, he wrote tragedies of the present. His marvelous skill in handling large numbers of characters is peculiar to himself. This power shows him to be a born playwright. He respects the laws of the drama sufficiently to insure effectiveness. But for all that his daring surpasses that of any of the writers of the "storm and stress" period. This is because he sounds depths that they never touch, for his is a greater nature. After all that his predecessors had done, Schiller appears as the greatest in the realm of dramatic art, as the fulfillment, as a born tragedian.

### 3. *Shakespeare, Rousseau, Cervantes*

Schiller towers above all the lesser spirits as the first who once more reaches towards the full height of Germanic tragedy, the first who is worthy to join hands with Shakespeare. But the English tragedian was really his master. We will now point out what he owes to him. Certain distant relationships to great literary works will then still remain to be mentioned.

Franz Moor's relationship with Richard III is undeniable. Both are phenomenally ugly and the evil nature of both is in plain sight. The distinction lies in the highly historical feeling of Shakespeare's tragedy. Richard III is a giant, at whom we can but marvel. He shows the statesman's love of power in such an intense degree that he gives us almost the impression of a necessary law of nature. He alone could read the signs of that bloody and terrible time. The others have sinned through murder and treachery, but they must suffer the torments of a guilty conscience. What the others were in part he was completely — an advantage that always counts. Set off against this great and terrible historical background he is the expression of public life as it is. This whole public life is at stake, together with his own. The piece is a sort of end of the world tragedy, a world that is so overburdened with blood and treason, with falsehood and injustice, that it must be swept away to make room for a new one. This new order makes its appearance at the end of the piece, where the new light dawns in the person of the young Richmond. Only an Englishman, living in a great kingdom, could draw such a picture. Shakespeare's superiority over Schiller is in this point the superiority of English life.

About the hero is grouped the large circle of characters, briefly and strongly characterized and



of public significance, each being really a representative type. But everything is centered in him. His development encompasses them and signifies to them their very fate. We too experience this inevitable fate and feel how all the moral forces, — friend, brother, uncle, nephew, mother, wife, — all move together towards the last great crisis — a crisis similar to that of Franz Moor. In Richard's case the crisis is the despair of the evil man and his terrible arraignment of himself. We refer to Richard's monologue in the third scene of the fifth act. His conscience awakes and cries as with a thousand tongues. His sins are heavy upon him and he fears and hates himself. The destroyer has destroyed himself, and so he trembles in his own presence. In the theater edition of "The Robbers" we find Franz suddenly overcome by a like horror. And sometimes there are verbal similarities not only to "Richard," but also to "Macbeth," as when Franz says (IV, 2): "Even without that I have already waded up to my ears in deadly sin, so that it were but madness to attempt to swim again back to the distant bank. Therefore I must go forward like a man."

The dread development of the action is accompanied by the chorus of women. And some of them too, like Margarete, are burdened with guilt, though they are more sinned against than sinning; and as women they always have at least human



feelings. As the lament of suffering humanity they accompany the piece, but by no means always in purely lyric tones. At the decisive point, when Richard is approaching his last battle, they take active part as the first cause, or rather the first sign, of the weakening of his spirit. Through all the horrors of which the men are guilty their womanly sympathy plays its part. The circle of humanity is completed almost with the consciousness of antique art. One cannot read the different passages without thinking of the chorus. Schiller himself later found, in "Richard III," the spirit of the Greek tragedy. When compared with the wealth of life, which the work with all its concentration possesses, Schiller's abstractly conceived villain indeed fades out. And this play too was a youthful work, dating from 1593.

Stronger than the influence of "Richard III" appears that of "Othello" (written about 1602). It was the first play of Shakespeare's that Schiller read, and from that reading dates his enthusiasm for Shakespeare. Professor Abel used this play as an illustration of the conflict of duties,—a theme which played its part in Schiller's youthful philosophy. Iago, like Franz, is nothing but an intriguer. As in the case of Franz, through his intrigues an unsuspecting and noble nature is shattered. And its ruin is the tragedy. Even the structure of the work is similar to that of "Emilia" and of "The

Robbers.” The first two acts are merely preparatory, while the last three, containing the development of the catastrophe, are really the essence of the play.

Shakespeare’s fully developed art is shown in those points which distinguish “Othello” as well from “The Robbers” as from “Richard III.” In the latter the villain is an epitome of a whole world that goes to destruction with him. In “Othello” the tragedy lies in the noble nature of the hero himself. The villain is conceived as a contrast to the hero. The unsuspecting Othello reacts with an elementary outbreak of terrible passion. In his opponent therefore we have, almost as in Schiller’s drama, a cold, unnatural intriguer, meanly destructive. But in Schiller’s case the villain stands out as of equal prominence with his brother. The whole amounts to two pieces put together in one. Shakespeare knows how to keep his intriguer in the background, although making him determine the whole course of events. The work remains a tragedy of pure passion and does not sink to the level of a mere play of intrigue, as does the first part of “The Robbers.” And the object of Othello’s rage is not an abstract thing, as is the moral order of the world for Karl. It is warm, human life, Desdemona, Othello’s other foil; for her passion is devotion, as his is power and possession. Her sweet innocence, her heavenly beauty are but intensified by her unde-

served suffering. Shakespeare does full justice even to the subordinate character, Roderigo, and does not lose sight of him as Schiller does in Hermann's case. He conceives Roderigo as the common average man, who blindly and unsuspectingly pursues his way, amidst the titanic blows of Fate which shatter the more highly endowed natures. Roderigo marks, as it were, the lower limit of the piece. As a tragedy of the passion of the natural man the work can never grow old. Karl Moor, although almost two centuries later, has far more the color of a special age, and is therefore farther away from ourselves. Among the great works of Shakespeare "Othello" is the most regular in form and is the closest to the modern type of concentration.

Besides Richard and Iago, another character, the bastard Edmund in "King Lear" must have affected the character of Franz. Once more the similarity goes further. Edmund too injures his brother, gives over his father to a shameful death, and is the cold lover of two sisters. He too begins his intrigue, like Franz, with a forged letter. Here again we see how finely balanced the Shakespearean art is. For Edmund's character too is only a contrast, by so much the wealthier as the tragedy is wealthier. And this contrast is developed in a whole episode. As compared with the terrible events of the principal tragedy, this produces the effect of a framework of lesser happenings, but yet of such as under

other circumstances would make our blood run cold. We have here a gradation of the terrible.

Edmund therefore is only to be understood in relation to the whole work. A moral chaos is here depicted, such as Schiller too portrayed,—the destruction of a family by its own members. The difference is that the father is here the central figure of the tragedy. The family is brought to ruin by the ingratitude of the children. Thus the holy bonds of reverence are broken. The fate of the old man is that, the deeper he sinks into misery, even to a very delirium of pain, the more fully does a new man develop within him. He shows the depth, nobility, and wealth that belong to a truly kingly nature. And so his experience leads to an arraignment of all human life (IV, 6), and even to the deepest of questions: What is Man? (III, 4). And whatever the grewsome indifference of events can do to drive one mad is done. At last his faithful, beloved child dies. For death is no respecter of persons. The play brings mankind to judgment. It is a peerless song of human woe. The whole, with full artistic consciousness, is placed in the midst of a wild and barbarous world. There men do not pray to God, but to nature and the heathen gods. We find ourselves moving in a legendary past. And nature itself speaks to us through the tempest.

Edmund is especially a product of crude nature, born beyond the pale of custom and of the moral

order, free from law, and himself but one of nature's forces. Yet in this world of might and of the wealth of natural life, he stands out as a strong and admirable being. Once more the traits of a single character are determined by the tragedy as a whole.

How remarkable and characteristic is the difference between Shakespeare's and Schiller's view of such a problem. Shakespeare, in the wisdom of his maturity, makes the tragedy of the family center about the fate of the father. The name of the father is the sacred symbol of the family. When his children thrust him out into misery, the moral ruin is complete. But Schiller is young, and his work involuntarily turns into the story of the young men, the brothers. His father is only a shadow. But the inner force of truth is great. The universal moral interest appears only when the father's fate becomes the central fact at the end.

But in comparison with the wealth and depth of Shakespeare's art, it would be difficult for anyone to hold his own. In "Richard III" Shakespeare succeeds in portraying a crisis of the whole political life of the epoch. As no one else could, he expresses everlasting human passion in nature's own speech. He is the greatest master of dramatic structure. He groups and shades his characters so that in the color scheme of the whole each one has his own appropriate tint. By this means he is able, in every work, to unroll a whole picture of life.



At the outset Schiller learned from Shakespeare how to create great villains. But however many traits of his Franz point back to Shakespeare, he knows how to give him the coloring of his own time. The way in which he uses Franz as a foil to Karl is also Shakespearean, although he makes it wholly his own. He too views his characters, from the outset, in their relation to the whole work.

In Schiller's work also, in spite of its narrower topic, he gives us a complete picture of life. But just in this point we see his individuality. When he places Franz and Karl in contrast, as the opposite poles of the moral world, and brings the struggle over the eternal laws of humanity to an issue in them, the real question in their case concerns life itself and the moral order. The cause of all mankind is in question. The universal moral issues are judged after Schiller's fashion.

This style of art and tragedy, with its thoughtfulness, is quite Schiller's own. That in this fashion great tragedies can be brought to life he has shown us. The result that we here find is of great significance. The whole development from Gerstenberg to Schiller shows Shakespeare's influence on every page. But Schiller was the only one besides Shakespeare who, even in his first work, by virtue of a kind of poetic insight peculiar to himself, was able to frame a new and independent form of great tragedy.



A fainter and more distant relation to the French and the Greek tragedy cannot, however, be denied. No doubt a little of Corneille's spirit lives also in Schiller's heroes—in the way in which great things charm them and admiration is their spur. They are not without the element of naïve self-admiration. There are at least verbal indications of the Greek world of tragic poetry in the many references to the power of fate, as also in the allusions to the signs of an avenging Nemesis. But the very soul of Greek tragedy breathes in Moor's insolence, the audacity with which he interferes with the purposes and justice of God, with the judgment of the world. His ὕβρις, his transgression of his limits is his ruin. Again—and this is the deepest tragic motive—he goes blindfold on his way. Every step that he thinks is helping on the right is really leading toward the most terrible crimes and toward his own undoing. A mighty revelation of the truth is the final catastrophe. And all this recalls not only Greek tragedy in general, but the “*Œdipus*” of Sophocles in particular. The fact that Schiller later had such a boundless admiration for this work may have a deep-lying reason.

Karl Moor, who is not Shakespearean, has other sources in the world's literature, and for this very reason appears as an especially modern creation of Schiller's. He himself admitted the suggestions gained from Rousseau and Cervantes. In his own

review he quotes a word that Helfrich Peter Sturz takes from Rousseau's mouth, but which we will quote more correctly than Schiller: "Plutarch wrote such fine biographies because he chose no half-great men, such as exist by thousands in any quiet land, but rather great heroes and sublime transgressors." And this is why Karl Moor speaks of Plutarch. If the transgressor is to be sublime, this assertion already involves a protest against the stupid moralizing of the conventional mind. Schiller, radical here as always, goes still further and makes crime the outcry of outraged virtue. In other words, one might say, Karl versus Franz is Rousseau versus Voltaire. Rousseau's yearning for freedom and nature are reëchoed by Karl and by his poet after the fashion of a strong and high-spirited German youth.

"Everyone," says Schiller the reviewer, "knows the noble robber Roque in 'Don Quixote.'" Thus in a word he carries us over to this episode, full of the truest bandit romance. The strong man, above middle height, with his dark skin and earnest gaze, on his powerful horse, with four huge pistols by his side, appears surely to be a forerunner of Karl Moor, and still more so through his sympathetic nature. He too is a noble avenger of himself and others. The charm of the robber's world is there, even though we do not find the modern overwrought feeling that would seek in him, as the scourge of God,

a moral judge of all things. In his despised calling he still shows the moral nobility of a great nature. After Schiller we find similar characters, not only in the lesser poetry that deals with robbers and with horrors, but also in such characters as Balzac's great robber in "Père Goriot" and in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," where the sentimental portrayal makes of the criminal an ideal of morality.

Let us consider the deeper relationship of "The Robbers" to "Don Quixote." With complete self-sacrifice the noble knight risks his life for an ideal, but that ideal is an impossibility. It is the specially modern problem of men who are no longer naïve, who no longer find within themselves the ideal content of life, but must seek it in conflict with the world that surrounds them. The case of Karl Moor is very similar, for he too wants to live out his moral ideal and make it real, because, as he thinks, the life that is has denied it. We have the same topic, in the former case with humorous treatment and in the latter as a moral tragedy. In Cervantes the idealist is a harmless oddity, whose ideal is impossible, because it is historically antiquated. In Schiller's drama it is the moral will itself that rebels, but the ideal is still impossible for reasons which have to do with the nature of the moral order itself. It is not fitting that the individual should try to judge the world. In Cervantes the real world responds in its harsh fashion, in all

too real a way. The humorist is on the side of the real world and upholds it, as against fantasy. But the tragedian of moral pathos is on the side of the idea. The idea it is which puts the individual back into his place and becomes his fate. Humor and pathos are the two forms of expression for that humanity which has lost its naïveté. And there is a deep relation between the two. And here, too, Schiller is moving with the great tendencies of modern literature. In his own way he continues not only Shakespeare, but also Cervantes. In the preface we find the words: "And so was created that Don Quixote whom in Karl Moor we loathe and love and admire and pity." We will close our whole study with the words of Schiller in his review: "If I am not mistaken, this singular being owes his chief characteristics to Plutarch and Cervantes. These two are here united by the poet's own mind, and after the manner of Shakespeare, in a new, true, and harmonious character."

## SECTION II

### FROM "THE ROBBERS" TO "DON CARLOS"

#### CHAPTER I

#### SCHILLER'S LIFE FROM HIS LEAVING THE KARLSSCHULE UNTIL HE FIRST WENT TO LIVE IN WEIMAR

SCHILLER'S dramatic works, which are his principal gift to the nation, fall quite naturally into two great groups. The first includes the works of his youth from "The Robbers" to "Don Carlos," the second the works of his mature years from "Wallenstein" to "William Tell." Although "Don Carlos" brings us with the poet into a new and higher world, yet the works of his youth belong together as an expression of the same spirit, just as the fully self-conscious artistic spirit permeates the whole group of dramas beginning with "Wallenstein." In this sense Schiller's first removal to Weimar is the great turning point of his career. There in Weimar those developments begin through which he outgrows his youth and gains the actual maturity of his nature. But this whole period, from his leaving the Academy until he went to live in Weimar, can only be seen in its unity

by one who finds in it the ever-renewed spectacle of a young man whose schooldays are ended and who now has his own life to shape, who seeks again and again, thinks that he has found what he wants, and is disappointed. It is a time of restless searching hither and thither, while the waves of life have him in their power. Only when he goes to Weimar as a man who must find a sure foothold among the people of importance there does he hold his life firmly in his own hands. We narrate the circumstances of Schiller's life, so far as may be important for the comprehension of his work, and include the whole period until his departure from Dresden in one comprehensive description. To give the dates, we narrate the course of Schiller's life from December 15, 1780, up to July 20, 1787.

This period naturally falls into five divisions: Stuttgart, the flight, Bauerbach, Mannheim, Leipzig and Dresden.

### 1. STUTTGART

The most notable outcome of his stay in Stuttgart is the publishing of "The Robbers" with its consequences, the most important of which for Schiller's development was his increasingly strained relation with the Duke, which finally drove him to flee from his fatherland.

From the very beginning he had had serious doubts as to the "fatherly kindness" of his patron. When Schiller began the study of medicine the Duke



had promised his parents that he would be able to do more for him in that department. Now the provision made for Schiller consisted of his appointment as regimental physician to the Augé regiment of grenadiers, a regiment of dissolute fellows, whose name had become a byword in Stuttgart, so that "to go to Augé" meant much the same as going to the dogs. The salary was eighteen gulden a month. The father's request that his son should be permitted, during his leisure hours, to carry on a private practice in civilian's dress was flatly refused. "Your son must wear uniform." In this unbecoming uniform, which was unnaturally tight for the tall, thin man, he appeared as a caricature, as his friends felt; whether a caricature of Schiller or of the Würtemberg military service does not appear. The sword without the tassels of an officer was to him a hated and despised symbol of subordination. The man, as he appeared on parade, was a living contradiction.

Still the life was something like freedom after the long restraint of the Academy. Wretched looking was indeed the lodging on the Little Moat, into which Schiller moved in January, 1781. It was on the ground floor. The furniture was a table, two benches, two camp bedsteads in an alcove, a stove for heating and cooking. There were clothes hanging on the bare walls. There was a heap of potatoes in a corner and often broken bottles and dishes too. And by and by there was a pile of copies of "The

Robbers" in another corner. This paradise he had to share with one Lieutenant Kapf, a man of gay adventures. Still, with all its drawbacks, this was a dwelling place of his own. There he could receive his friends at pleasure or they could gather with him about the big round table of the tavern, at the sign of the Oxen on the Hauptstätterstrasse. These little banquets were extremely modest. Schiller's allowance of wine rarely rose as high as one and a half measures, and was usually but one half. In Stuttgart that was enough to give him the reputation of a wild fellow. The talk and the conviviality were quite in the style of "The Robbers." Schiller's fiery personality dominated the whole circle and held it together — Lieutenant Scharffenstein, the friend who had come back to him, the librarians Petersen and Reichenbach, the excellent physician Hoven, the court sculptor Dannecker, and the court musician Zumsteeg. They all looked up to him and felt for him the most admiring friendship. There was in them all a little of the youthful conceit that goes with highly gifted natures, although along with it there was, curiously enough, the Philistine narrowness of the Stuttgart world.

The improvement of his precarious finances Schiller sought in the field of literature. He edited the *News for Pleasure and Profit* published by Mäntler. This journal was of no literary importance, and brought him in nothing but a few ridic-

ulous battles with the Stuttgart censor. Strife also marked the progress of his other literary undertakings. With full consciousness he brought out his "Anthology" in 1782 as a rival work to Stäudlin's "Swabian Anthology." In the same way he later founded, at Easter, 1782, together with Abel and Petersen, the *Württemberg Repertorium of Literature*. In starting this magazine his declared intention was to supplant Professor Haug's *Swabian Magazine*,—a publication which had been useful, but was languishing with old age,—and so through the agency of a really good journal to bring Swabia into the literary movement of Germany. Greater stakes were in question in "The Robbers," in every line of which we find battle and tumult. For the rest, the publication of this too was decidedly a speculative enterprise. Friend Petersen was to find in Mannheim a publisher who would pay. "Listen, Man! If the thing succeeds I will crack a couple of bottles of Burgundy in its honor. And so good-bye!" Schiller did not get a chance to drink the Burgundy, his favorite wine. He had to make up his mind to publish the work himself. Instead of any profit it brought him only debts. These increased in the bad years that followed, and proved a most wearing care.

Schiller sent the sheets to the bookseller Schwan, probably secretly hoping that he would take business charge of the work. Schwan read it to Baron von

Dalberg, the manager of the Mannheim Theater. He entered into relations with Schiller. The prospect thus opened of having "The Robbers" played on the stage of Mannheim.

The book appears. Mighty is the echo that resounds in the literature of the day. How completely is Schiller's situation changed all at once. The eyes of the world are fixed upon the young Swabian genius. Famous and inquiring strangers seek him out,—Leuchsenring, Nicolai,—not without a most astonished glance at the weird house-keeping of his groundfloor room. Wieland wrote him a cordial letter. Poor Schubart in his imprisonment, who as the weaker man had been crushed by the chronic misery of Swabia, from which Schiller's more robust spirit emerged triumphant, thought himself happy in being allowed to embrace Schiller, who as a Dr. Fischer was brought to see him at Hohenasperg. And the poor man sent to Schiller's mother such a greeting as Elisabeth gave to Mary. And now, on January 13, 1782, came the first performance of the theater edition, with its enormous success. Schiller, who with his friend Petersen had come away without leave of absence, was present. The young poet, who saw what a powerful effect he had produced, must have fallen irrevocably under the influence of the theater. At that moment the die was cast that settled his lifework. After the performance Schiller met the actors at a gay

supper, with animated talk over the wine. He found gathered about him the people to whom he had given the opportunity to show their power worthily. He saw them with a twofold illusion. For a creative poet, directly after producing a powerful effect upon his fellows, is always prone to believe that he has brought other minds into an intimate relation with himself and the work that he holds sacred. And Schiller felt also that other illusion of credulous youth, which led him to rely upon those so won over and to believe that they were trustworthy enough to stand by him according to his merits. Even in his first letter to Dalberg he signifies that he would be glad to go and settle in Mannheim. What dreams of the future he must have carried back with him!

His conflict with the Duke began at once. The latter was not indifferent to the fame that, as he thought, might come to him and to the Academy through Schiller, who was the first pupil to attract public attention. Moreover, as is well known, autocrats, when they are quite sure of themselves, tolerate free speech better than do weaker and more liberal governments. Nevertheless, the inscription "*in tyrannos*," which adorned the titlepage of the second edition of "The Robbers," was scarcely needed to arouse in him the resolve that such a man must feel his power. If the life of every Würtemberger must be regulated by the Duke, then above



all this man, who so resolutely shaped out his own path, must be brought under subjection.

In May, 1782, the Duke was absent. Schiller chose this favorable time to beg Dalberg to give a performance of "The Robbers," and he went — again without permission — to Mannheim, with two ladies, Frau Henriette von Wolzogen and Frau Hauptmann Vischer, who was reputed to be the Laura of Schiller's odes. The affair became known. The Duke summoned him. "You have been in Mannheim. I know all about it. I tell you, your colonel knows it too." Schiller denied this. He was then put under arrest for two weeks. In his exasperation over this brutal exercise of power, burning with the sense of wrong, after those glorious days of freedom, brilliancy, and fame, there came to him the first conception of his "Louise Miller." He saw how much encouragement of his creative work he might expect in his fatherland.

The rest that followed appeals to us now as a sort of tragical comedy. In the third scene of the second act Spiegelberg calls the Swiss Canton of the Grisons "the Athens of the present day tricksters." Some meddlesome Westphalian felt himself insulted in his own Swiss sympathies by this speech and attacked Schiller in a Hamburg journal. Dr. am Stein in Chur carried the accusation further. One Walter, inspector of the ducal gardens at Ludwigsburg, was mean spirited enough to bring the matter



to the Duke's attention. The latter, who, like most autocratic natures, was especially sensitive to being troubled by outside vexations, annoyances, or rumors, called Schiller to him once more. As "Father" Duke he took the matter entirely into his own hands. He forbade Schiller to write anything but medical essays. "I tell you that you shall write no more comedies under penalty of being cashiered." Schiller's efforts to obtain a repeal or any lessening of this sentence only exasperated the Duke still more. The regimental doctor was to be put under arrest if he attempted to write to the Duke again. Karl Eugene was a man who would accomplish his will. Hohentwiel and Hohenasperg, Moser and Schubart were eloquent witnesses of the fact.

Then and there Schiller determined to escape. In Karl Eugene's Würtemberg there was no place for the poet Schiller. He would have been obliged to give up the work he was born for, because of the arbitrary whims of a despot. He fled from this fate, merely because it was his duty to obey God rather than man.

The great celebration in honor of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, whose wife was a niece of Karl, offered a favorable moment. While, in the excitement peculiar to a small residential town, all Stuttgart thought of nothing but illuminations, hunting parties, and processions, Schiller determined to leave his native place under the cover of

night. He did not confide his plan either to Baron von Dalberg or to Frau Meier, the wife of the stage manager, who had come from Mannheim for the celebration. He told his mother and his sister Christophine, but his father remained ignorant of his plan. During the night of September 22 the two friends, Schiller and Streicher, under the names Dr. Ritter and Dr. Wolf, passed out of the gates unmolested.

As early as June and July he had written earnestly and cleverly to Dalberg, begging his help to get away from Stuttgart and to find a position. Dalberg had not exerted himself in the matter. The letters give us a hint of the hard times that lay before Schiller. As yet he sees men and life through the medium of his own wishes. He believes in the nobility of men, and of those in power. He believes that they will consider it a self-evident duty to help a genius. As yet he regards civil words as the expression of practical intentions. With his flight began for him the hard, cold school of life and of the knowledge of men.

## 2. SCHILLER'S FLIGHT

During his life Schiller suffered much through the untrustworthiness of those in high places, upon whom he had thought to rely. But on the other hand he often experienced striking instances of the simple human kindness of the poor and lowly. Perhaps no such instance was more touching than

that of the young musician Andreas Streicher, the companion of his flight. No book ought to be written about Schiller without framing some memorial to this noble-hearted being who deserves the gratitude of all Germans.

Theirs was a youthful friendship, which was determined by an irresistible impulse of the heart at their very first meeting. Streicher attended an academic disputation at the Academy. Schiller spoke as the opponent of a certain professor. Schiller's personality made an ineffaceable impression upon Streicher. His reddish hair, the inward bend of his knees, the swift blinking of his eyes when he answered eagerly, his frequent smile while speaking, but especially his well-shaped nose and his deep and fearless eyes, that gazed from beneath a full and well-arched forehead, were not easily forgotten. At the table the Duke talked very graciously with Schiller, with his arm resting on his chair. And Streicher noticed the same smile, the same blinking of the eyes that he had seen when Schiller was arguing against the professor. The young musician afterward expressed the wish to meet the author of "The Robbers." He was introduced to Schiller and he was equally pleased and surprised to find that this was the same young man to whom he had taken such a fancy. He was both delighted and astonished to find that the poet of "The Robbers," whom he had pictured as a stormy and insupportable genius,

was characterized by a most unassuming and expressive face and the greatest gentleness both in words and manners and, as is self-evident, the greatest wealth of unusual thoughts. His soul bowed in reverence before this great spirit and was spell-bound from that moment. This quiet and simple soul possessed a wealth of that love which those in high places could not give, that love which alone can bring about a true intimacy with genius. It was the love that modestly keeps self in the background while it recognizes, admires, and honors the gifts of others.

From this day forth Streicher remained faithfully by Schiller's side. Schiller read him the finished parts of "Fiesko," the work whereby he hoped to make his way in the world. He confided his plan of flight to Streicher. The latter was to complete his musical education with Bach in Hamburg. He was ready to go with Schiller at once. He stood by him throughout his flight and with the little money that he had he helped his still poorer friend and encouraged him with his own loyalty. He sacrificed his own plans for Schiller. When Schiller found a refuge with Körner, Streicher stayed behind in Mannheim in an uncertain position.

Then they lost sight of each other. Schiller's only letter to Streicher, written in later years (Jena, October 9, 1795), depicts in Schiller's fine way and with a touch of sorrow the contrast between his present success, which could only be obtained by

the sacrifice of health, and the stormy past. The letter is full of thankfulness for Streicher's loyalty. It does not, however, seem as intimate as we might have expected.

But when Streicher, who had meanwhile become a successful piano maker in Vienna, heard that Schiller had not even a grave of his own, he wrote, forty years afterwards, an account of the experiences that he had shared with the poet. He wanted to secure a quiet grave for the friend whom he had aided in his youth. His heirs dedicated the profits of the manuscripts that Streicher had left behind to the Schiller memorial. Thus this modest little book appeared under the title "Schiller's Flight from Stuttgart and his Stay in Mannheim from 1782 to 1785 (Stuttgart and Augsburg, Cotta, 1836)," one of the most touching books in the German language. Every German should read it. After a genius has won his triumph we easily forget how often some mere chance might have caused his ruin. We appreciate the comfortlessness of those early days when we hear that even late in life Streicher could not bear to attend a performance of "Love and Intrigue" or "Don Carlos." The remembrance of his friend's pitiable condition in those days would overcome him and bring the tears to his eyes. But it is a comforting thought that such a true heart shared all the poet's troubles and lightened them with his faithful sympathy.



The beginning of Schiller's flight was not without droll episodes. Everything was to be ready at about ten o'clock on the last forenoon. Streicher came and found his friend, without the least thought of his journey, writing a poetical counterpart to an ode of Klopstock's, which he had come across while packing, and which had stirred up his opposition. Streicher, trembling with impatience, had to listen to both odes, and of course find Schiller's far the better of the two. As capital for the great undertaking, Streicher possessed twenty-eight gulden and Schiller twenty-three. But Schiller also brought along two old pistols, one of which, having a whole cock but no flint, was put in the trunk, while the other, which had a broken lock, was carried in the wagon. Two trunks and Streicher's little piano or clavichord went in the wagon. As they set forth at night, the "Solitude" was brilliantly illuminated. Schiller could thus see the outline of his parents' house. He sank back sobbing and exclaimed "My Mother!" Between one and two o'clock in the morning they stopped at Enzweihingen for coffee. Schiller at once pulled out another budget of unpublished poems — this time they were Schubart's — and the friends grew ardent over the "Fürstengruft." At about eight in the morning they reached the boundary of the palatinate. "See," said Schiller, "how friendly the sight of the boundary pillars, painted in blue and



white! The spirit of the government must be just as friendly."

But in Mannheim things at once became earnest enough. On the twenty-fourth of September they went to see the clever stage manager Meier. Instead of showing any joy or hopefulness, he seemed much shocked at their escapade. He regarded the step as a desperate one and viewed Schiller's position, as it then appeared, as without any fair prospect. He begged Schiller to try immediately to get his colonel to intercede with the Duke for the repeal of his harsh sentence, and to get the Duke's permission for Schiller to return without punishment.

Two very important decisions took place during the next few days. Schiller received unfavorable answers to both his requests. "Since his ducal Highness is graciously disposed during the visit of his noble relatives, just come back." Therefore there was nothing to be looked for in that direction. Schiller's connection with his home was thus severed. And furthermore, any sort of persecution might be expected from Karl Eugene's resentful anger.

The only valuable thing in Schiller's luggage was the manuscript of "Fiesko." This was to win at once the admiration of the actors, of Dalberg, and of the public, and thus Schiller was to get help. On the twenty-sixth of September he read the work to the actors at Meier's house. There was no applause after the first act, and after the second the whole

company left. To be sure Meier later found the cause of this unfavorable impression in Schiller's Swabian pronunciation and in the "accursed" overpathos of his style of declamation. In any case the reading of the play was a failure and no help was to be looked for from the only source whence it could come.

In order that the fugitive might be safer from the Duke — and perhaps also to get rid of the poet for a while — Meier recommended that he should continue his flight as far as Frankfort. On the twenty-ninth or thirtieth of September Schiller set out on foot with the faithful Streicher. He wandered along the beautiful hilly road lost in silent brooding. On the following bright and lovely morning they were still six hours from Darmstadt. They had to rest again and again, for Schiller's strength was giving out. Pale and wretched he lay down to sleep for an hour in the woods, while the faithful Streicher kept watch. "For the suffering of these last days was great."

They took lodgings at the tavern "The Three Oxen" in Sachsenhausen, opposite the Main Bridge. They carefully bargained over the price of their room and board by the day. Schiller's anxious heart now felt somewhat at peace. But he immediately played his last card, the one on which he had relied: Dalberg. He must help. He had led Schiller into the path of the drama and had thus made him home-

less and a wanderer. He was convinced of Schiller's genius and gave himself out as a great Mæcenas. He was a man of wealth and standing, to whom it would be but a small matter to give such aid. And what Schiller asked and needed was so little.

"With moist eyes and a troubled soul" he wrote to the Baron on the following morning. "When I tell you that I am a fugitive, I have laid my whole condition before you." The request that he makes is absurdly modest. He wants an advance of three hundred gulden on "Fiesko," which in his momentary embarrassment he cannot alter and prepare for the stage. Of this sum two hundred gulden were to be used to clear the debts contracted in Stuttgart, which disturbed the fugitive's honest heart more than his own wants. He only meant to keep one hundred gulden for himself, to hold his head above water for a few weeks. This is a strange world. Rembrandt, whose pictures still make fortunes for the dealers, died a bankrupt. Even though "Fiesko" is Schiller's poorest work, in the course of years it brought in hundreds of thousands to publishers and to the theaters. And the author begged in vain for an advance of three hundred gulden.

But for the moment the load was lifted off his heart and Schiller gazed cheerfully upon the busy traffic of the wealthy town, upon the changing picture of the boats passing to and fro upon the Main. From the booksellers he heard with satisfaction of the

great success of "The Robbers," and in the joy of his heart he even revealed himself to one of them. His creative powers were once more awakened. After supper Streicher watched with silent admiration his friend, who sat without speaking and gazed long and steadily upwards. Later in the evening Schiller told his friend of his new plan of "Louise Miller." New hopes sprang up and new plans were formed.

Finally came letters from home and from Mannheim. Dalberg's answer was that he would make no advance, because "Fiesko" in its present form was not available for the theater and that the alterations and rewriting must be done before he could give the matter further consideration.

No complaint, no hard or bitter word came from Schiller's lips. But the end of his illusions had come. Dalberg only cared for him in so far as he could make direct use of him for the profit of the theater. It was far from the intentions of the man of high standing to do anything for Schiller for his own sake. And this had been Schiller's only hope. Now the only prospect lay in the profits of Schiller's work. The question was, where and how he could live for the longest time with the least money. Mannheim was cheaper than Frankfort. Moreover, he had friends there who could help him in the utmost extremity.

Therefore now, after a fortnight, he must go back! But all his money was used up. Therefore

Streicher's thirty gulden, that he had reserved for his own expenses to Hamburg, must be used to help out. Streicher gave up his own plans for Schiller's sake.

They went from Frankfort to Mainz on a produce boat. From there they walked to Worms. As true Germans, when they got to Nierstein they could not resist the temptation to taste its famous wine, though they could ill afford it. This cost them a pitiful thaler. They did not think the wine equaled its fame. "But when they were once more outdoors, when their feet felt lighter, their spirits more cheerful, when the future lifted its dark veil and they could go to meet it with more courage than before, they thought that they had discovered a true comforter, and rendered full justice to the noble wine."

With some difficulty they reached Worms. There they received an invitation to meet Meier, between Worms and Mannheim, in the "Farmyard (Viehhof) Tavern" at Oggersheim. They took lodgings there, and for the sake of greater safety Schiller once more changed his assumed name. He called himself Dr. Schmidt, and Streicher Dr. Wolf. Thus they were near Mannheim, and yet somewhat better concealed than had they been in the very town. It was a wretched life. They both slept in the same bed. The cost of food and lodging was very carefully arranged for. Their money might last three weeks.

Schiller at once wrote out the plan of his new tragedy. Only in early November was the difficult



rewriting of "Fiesko" ready for Dalberg's theater. Now he thought he was saved. Dalberg's answer was delayed. In the greatest suspense he wrote again on the sixteenth of November, begging for a decision. The answer was as abrupt as possible, "that this tragedy, even in the present altered form, could not be used, and therefore could not be accepted, nor would any payment for it be made." A proposal of Iffland's to give the poet a complimentary present of eight Louis d'ors was flatly refused.

The last bright prospect had disappeared. The October and November days were damp and dreary. Schiller's continued poverty and his stay in the house of the rough and blustering host were as uncomfortable as possible. And furthermore he was still afraid of the Duke. When a lieutenant from Württemberg and, as it later proved, an acquaintance of Schiller's asked about him quite eagerly in Mannheim, the poet and his friend were so alarmed that they were hidden for one night in the palace of the Prince of Baden. And now all hopes vanished.

Schiller's friend, Henriette von Wolzogen, the mother of a young pupil at the Academy, had long since offered him, in case of dire need, an asylum on her estate in Bauerbach near Meiningen. To this refuge Schiller now decided to flee. He sold to Schwan the right to publish "Fiesko." The price was sufficient to wipe out the chalk marks that stood against him at Oggersheim, to enable him to fit him-



self out a bit, and to take with him a small sum for his journey to Bauerbach. His friends met him at Oggersheim and accompanied him to Worms. They found him brave and resolute, now that his determination was once made. In the Posthouse at Worms they saw “Ariadne in Naxos” acted by a wretched company of strolling players. The actors laughed and made fun of the performance, but Schiller, serious and thoughtful, looked on earnestly and quietly. The pitiful outward manifestation mattered little to him in comparison with the work of art that he saw in fancy, and so even in its poorest representation the work was sacred to him.

The actors bade Schiller a noisy and jolly good-by, while Streicher’s farewell was a long and silent pressure of the hand. And while Schiller, too lightly clad, walked onward through the bitter cold—it was the thirtieth of November—his more worldly friends, on their way back to Mannheim, were criticising the unpardonable light-mindedness of the young poet. Why had he not stayed in Stuttgart? Why had he not stuck to medicine? They nearly gave him up as lost. Iffland alone made some excuses for him. Streicher wrote after all those long years: “Even yet it grieves me to think of that moment when I had to abandon a truly royal soul, Germany’s greatest poet, alone and in misfortune.” Streicher himself, since he could not now go to Hamburg, struggled along in Mannheim.

The greater knowledge of life that Schiller gained at this time is expressed in one of his first letters to Streicher, written from Bauerbach: "Whatever you do, my dear friend, bear in mind this practical truth, which has cost your inexperienced friend only too much: when you have need of people, either you must be a scoundrel, or else you must make yourself indispensable to them. One or the other, or else you must go under."

### 3. BAUERBACH

No outward want, no possibility of being deceived in people, no anxious suspense as to the success of plans almost despaired of, but country-like peace and stillness, with plenty of love and kindness! This was Schiller's life in Bauerbach. It was like a magic island in a stormy sea. When later his life was secure, he cast a thankful glance backward to those days. Even just before his death he longed to revisit the place where for the first time he had tasted freedom and happiness.

In fact a good deal of innocent self-deception played its part and bore witness to the youthful adaptability of Schiller's nature. He could not take root in any new environment without growing wildly enthusiastic over it. Each one became his ideal. He for whom this country life was perfectly impossible in the long run, he who needed men, life, and the world, really imagined that he was going to live and die in Bauerbach. Perhaps, so he thought, it was in accordance

with his philosophic mind, which, being weary of men, wanted only to live for itself and a few friends and, let us add, especially a few friends of the gentler sex also.

After a week's journey, after sixty-five hours' travel in the bitter cold, he reached Meiningen on the seventh of December. The first man he met was a friend, or rather Schiller made him his friend. In his own imagination he turned the man to whom by chance he had an introduction into such a friend as he had need of. This man was the librarian Reinwald, an erudite and punctilious official. Though without talent, he wrote poetry. He was forty-five years old, had been embittered by a life of disappointment, was of a petty, narrow, and despondent nature, and also touchy and hypochondriac. Even at that time his tendencies were those of a thorough Philistine, and as such Schiller later recognized him. But now he seemed the friend who was to reconcile Schiller with the human race. With the utmost enthusiasm he entrusted himself to Reinwald.

Late in the evening he reached Frau von Wolzogen's house in Bauerbach. It was much like the better sort of farmhouses. When he had delivered his letters, he was shown into a warmed and lighted room. And there he sat, miles away from people of literary interests, all alone. And so he bade good-by to the world, and welcomed lonely industry as a true companion of his solitude.

From September 8, 1782, until July 24, 1783, he stayed there, more than seven months. And although he came into touch especially with the pastors of the surrounding country, still he remained much alone. His trips to Meiningen and his meetings with Reinwald elsewhere made no great change in the situation. For Schiller was also obliged to remain hidden as much as possible. His frequent cessation from letter-writing, in order that his whereabouts should not become known, gives us a picture of the situation.

And so he proceeded to get, through Reinwald, an endless list of books from the library. For his dramatic work he chose works on the theory of art, on history, philosophy, a few on medicine, Shakespeare's plays, St. Réal's novel "Don Carlos," romances, and books of travel. The Jewish errand woman Judith took charge of his errands in Meiningen. The work he had in hand was "Louise Miller," which progressed far more slowly than he wished. Then he hesitated between writing a drama called "Maria Stuart" and one called "Imhof," the material for which may have borne some relation to the "Ghost Seers" which was composed later. Finally, in March, 1783, he decided in favor of "Don Carlos." He was inspired by the feeling of the first approach of spring, by the joyful emotions of friendship and of young love.

He felt sufficiently connected with Meiningen to write a funny satirical poem which could only be

appreciated by the local patriotism of the people of that place. His other poems for special occasions are inspired by his thankfulness and love towards his new foster-mother. About her all his sentiments clustered. Toward her he felt the warmth of a friend and the gratitude of a son. She was of noble birth, but was poor, and was only able to bring up her children by the aid of much princely protection. Towards New Year she came to Bauerbach with her daughter Charlotte. Schiller's mind was at once full of these two women. Everything else fell into the background. He escorted them when they made visits in the neighborhood, and as soon as he got home he wrote delighted letters to them, and then went to see them again. Meanwhile he had also, as an episode, a sentimental friendship with a young baron, Ludwig von Wurmb. When the ladies went away, on January twenty-fourth, he counted the days until their return. When they came back with the spring, on the twentieth of May, he planned a grand festive reception, and in June when, after a brief absence, they were again in Bauerbach, he laid aside all work in his joy. He already felt that it would be but a little thing to give up the laurels of a poet for their sake.

Charlotte von Wolzogen was sixteen years old, a gentle and pleasing girl, blue-eyed, innocent, and blond. As things were, it was quite impossible that Schiller should escape falling in love with her. As



a matter of course nature tried her ancient trick. By means of jealousy she fanned Schiller's passion to a flame. Schiller rightly suspected a rival in an elegant young officer, Herr von Winkelmann by name. He wrote to Charlotte's brother, Wilhelm von Wolzogen, a younger fellow student at the Academy (May 25, 1783): "I know Lottie as innocent as she came from the creator's hands, the loveliest, gentlest, most sensitive soul, without a breath of vulgar evil to tarnish the pure mirror of her spirit. Woe to him who clouds this innocent soul." And again in painful suspense, yet with a flash of triumph: "We have seen, with the greatest pleasure, that there is a large part of her heart that has not fallen into the power of the well-known idol." Schiller's young manhood had been roused and excited by many a passing fancy. But this was his first love. And now we can see why it seemed to him that to live and die in Bauerbach would be the most delightful fate.

But the native logic of things is irresistible. As early as March Dalberg had "very cordially" opened relations once more with Schiller and had inquired about the progress of his dramatic work. Schiller's answer betrays his pleasure in now being able to uphold his dignity by keeping the great man waiting. But since Dalberg persisted the matter was quickly settled. However sadly he had once been disappointed, the present promises seemed surer, and however doubtful the future might be, the



theater was once for all the field in which Schiller's powers must be developed.

On the security of Frau von Wolzogen the Jew Isaac lent him the necessary money. On the twenty-fourth of July, 1783, Schiller left suddenly—as he thought, for a brief excursion and a speedy return. But anyone with more worldly knowledge could see that the result would be a lasting farewell. Frau Henriette indeed could not wish that the young people should again be together, considering how hopeless Schiller's passion was. However much she herself might lose, she clearly saw that her duty was to let Schiller develop his genius in his own way, while she should make no claims upon him.

On the evening of July twenty-sixth he reached Frankfort. On the twenty-seventh he was in Mannheim.

#### 4. MANNHEIM

Schiller could not have come to Mannheim at a more unfavorable time. Dalberg was in Holland, Iffland in Hanover, and because of the unbearable heat and the dampness of the Rhine valley, nearly every one that Schiller wanted to see was out of town. With the ten or fifteen six-franc pieces that he had left, he must try to manage his stay in Mannheim and then get back to Bauerbach. He found a very cheap lodging with Madame Hammelmann in the Hubertshaus near the castle square, where he rejoiced in the loveliness of the view. He only expected to

stay three weeks. Two weeks of this time were wholly lost.

On August tenth Dalberg came back. He treated Schiller, who came to speak with him in the theater, with great respect and wanted him to stay in Mannheim. "Louise Miller" was read before a large company. The theater drew Schiller back like a siren. Dalberg offered him a position as theater poet for one year, from September 1, 1783, to August 31, 1784. The salary was to be three hundred gulden and Schiller was bound, during this time, to have "Fiesko" and "Louise Miller" ready for the stage and to produce one other piece besides. Schiller accepted the offer. In addition one performance of each piece was to be for his own benefit. And he began at once to indulge in optimistic speculations. He thought that he could bring his income up to twelve or fourteen hundred gulden. He would have to use five hundred of that to pay his debts. But on the eleventh of September he received two hundred gulden and on the nineteenth of December the remaining hundred. For two hundred gulden Dalberg purchased Schiller's right to the profits of one performance. The five hundred gulden were the whole proceeds of Schiller's activities as theater poet.

This year, during which three great dramas were expected for the stage, began badly. On the first of September he was taken ill with an epidemic

which had laid low six thousand of Mannheim's population of twenty thousand. This was a "bilious complaint" with chills and fever, which left behind it a terrible prostration and weakness in the head, a true brain exhaustion in fact. The whole month was lost. There followed endless relapses even into the next summer, and besides this the senseless treatment, which prescribed for the enfeebled patient water gruel morning, noon, and night. At most, carrots or potatoes were allowed. For a fortnight he had neither meat nor meat broth. "I eat Peruvian bark like bread, and have had it expressly sent me from Frankfort." In such plans of life, when the very existence must be wrung from the creative work of the brain, the greatest risk lies in the fact that the freaks and demands of the body can never be estimated in advance. This illness was, for the young poet, a sad reminder that in planning his life he had to reckon without his host. For the soul is the body's guest. His true friend, the stage manager Meier, had died on the second of September of the same complaint. Schiller's tendency to use powerful remedies was also a complication. For he sometimes took as much quinine at one dose, two hours before his attack as would commonly be used in twenty-four hours. This wretched year at Mannheim ruined his health forever.

However, with many apparently well-justified hopes, he entered upon his new activities. He had

reason to be proud, for he had won this special position by his own merits. There was at that time in Mannheim a certain awakening of intellectual life. The theater was the center of this new life. Thus while he was improving his own gifts he was also a highly respected member of a great company of workers.

This movement originated with the elector Karl Theodor, who founded in October, 1775, the German-Palatinate Society. The purposes of this society were the purification of the mother tongue, the improvement of spelling, the dissemination of good taste,—matters which are a trifle suggestive of Gottsched. Enlightenment was for this, as for all such well-meaning institutions, the watchword of the times. The important thing was that all the available intellectual powers and workers should be brought together for the common good. German operas and plays were brought out at the theater. All this threatened to be interrupted when in 1778 Karl Theodor removed to Munich. But Baron Dalberg, as manager, stepped into the breach. The permanent National Theater at Mannheim was established on September 1, 1778. The attempt, which in Lessing's hands had failed in Hamburg, was repeated. The effort to enlist Lessing in this enterprise did not succeed. Fortune, however, brought Dalberg excellent actors, who had become free through the failure of the Theater of Gotha, whose reputation had been

made by the work of the great Eckhof. The most gifted among these actors were the ones who first filled the rôles of Schiller's heroes. They are said to have been his friends. Certainly they took up a large place in his interests and affected his destiny. One of them was Böck (born in 1743), who first took the parts of Karl Moor and of Fiesko. He was a true virtuoso: a short stout man with a short nose. He was vain to the finger-tips and full of the artist's egotism. He trusted in routine, and his indispensable goal was the applause that he won at the close of each scene. The other three, who were younger, were united in their efforts for truth, simplicity, and nature. Iffland the Hanoverian (born in 1759) had forsaken the study of theology to devote himself to the stage. The delicacy and flexibility of his mind, together with the lack of individual independence of character, fitted him, from the outset, for the position of a good stage manager. He won by his cleverness and carefully studied art. His acting appealed to the intellect. He created the parts of Franz Moor, Verrina, Wurm, and King Philip. On the other hand Beil (born in 1754), who first took the parts of Schweizer, Mohr in "Fiesko," and Miller, won success through the power of his stormy temperament. Every one of his rôles was a fresh inspiration and produced the effect of nature itself. To this he added an abounding humor and a winning personality. The excellent Beck was born in 1760. His genuinely modest and



self-forgetful enthusiasm for his art was the more appealing because his gifts did not fully equal his enthusiasm. He took the parts of lovable young heroes, such as Kosinsky, Bourgognino, Ferdinand, Carlos. For years he retained an admiring friendship for Schiller.

Such were the artists whom the illustrious manager gathered together for the service of the National Theater. He granted them a sort of democratic government. Once a fortnight the whole company met together and discussed not only questions of theater management, but general literary and dramatic problems. The whole undertaking was to be raised to the level of a high and free culture. Since Dalberg kept himself clear of all considerations of business profit, and even paid for his own box at the theater, he considered himself as a high-minded patron, in whom it was specially noble to take so warm an interest in the theater and in the intellectual life of Germany. In fact, however, he was only a dilettante without true understanding of artistic matters. He was one who took a condescending interest in affairs for which he had no real vocation. But the prospects of a gifted young dramatist might be all the better for this. Should it not be granted him to breathe the breath of life into this clod of earth?

Schiller now lived and moved in the atmosphere of the theater. We need not be surprised that the



actresses were not indifferent to him. And no doubt his interest sometimes grew into passion. The fair Caroline Ziegler, who had forced her family to let her go on the stage, won his sympathy. She married Schiller's friend Beck and died in July, 1784. And Schiller's passing and unreturned fancy for Katharina Baumann, his Louise Miller, was for a time the talk of the town.

But much more important as giving to the poet a feeling of security was the fact that he was a welcome guest in the best houses of the intellectual aristocracy. Dalberg often invited him to dine. Schiller was once more soothed by the feeling that Dalberg valued him for his own sake and for his creative work. Perhaps he took still more pleasure in visiting at the house of the bookseller Schwan, who, as a man of broad intellectual and literary relations, made his house a center of the life of culture in the Palatinate. He gladly opened his doors to the famous young poet. With all his literary enthusiasm, however, Schwan still remained a business man. His handsome and accomplished daughter Margaret was precisely the center of attraction that such a house should have. Schiller read the new scenes of his plays to this charming woman. Gladly, and not without good grounds, poets regard the impressions of pretty women as a fair index of the merit of poetical work. And it would have been strange if Margaret had not been

moved by the fact that the famous young poet was the strongest and most fiery soul amongst all the literary enthusiasts about her. A warm friendship grew up between the two, which probably developed into a still warmer feeling on both sides. In the same rooms where Schiller felt the attraction of her charms, her miniature, on ivory, is still preserved. The painting shows thin, firmly closed lips which give the impression of a cool nature, somewhat apt to feel its own superiority. The oval of the face is fine, the eyes are blue, and the hair beautiful. Schiller's father would have been only too happy to see the young people married. The rich girl would have secured Schiller from want. In the poet's first letter from Leipzig he did, in fact, ask for her hand. We do not know what followed. Schwan made a marginal note, probably years later: "Schiller would not have been happy with my daughter." And Schiller himself afterwards came to the same opinion.

In the environment of Mannheim Schiller sought out such people as Frau von Laroche in Speier or Baron von Knigge in Heidelberg, in fact any who belonged to the literary set. He was rewarded by the greatest respect.

His own housekeeping gave Schiller a great deal of trouble, even after he had gone with Streicher to live at the builder Hölzel's. The confusion of genius reigned. He even thought sometimes of

getting one of his sisters to come and keep house for him. Meanwhile his parents at home supposed that he was thoroughly comfortable, or at least that his circumstances were greatly improved. It was a pleasure when his dear old teacher and friend Abel, with a comrade from the Academy, knocked at his door and Schiller could welcome them at his table. Four bottles of Burgundy that a friend had given him were opened on this occasion. "You see, I have my own table now!" In his remarkable letter to Christophine, dated January 1, 1784, he declares proudly, notwithstanding the wishes of his parents, that he will not return to Würtemberg without the protection of some other prince, a recommendation, and a permanent appointment. He now believes that the star of his life is in the ascendant.

The performance of "Fiesko" on January 11, 1784, was not a very striking success. But on the tenth of January the poet was elected a member of the German Society of the Palatinate. This implied that he was received amongst the most notable people of Mannheim, and — what was of the most importance — he thus became a subject of the Palatinate. Then came the very great success of "Love and Intrigue" (*Kabale und Liebe*) on April fifteenth. This success was repeated at the theater of Frankfort on the occasion of a star-performance of Iffland and Beil, who went there with Schiller.

And now every one in Frankfort fêted the young poet who, a few months before, had wandered hopelessly through those same streets. He felt as if he were on horseback instead of on foot. Once more Schiller discovered a wonderful woman in the actress Frau Dr. Albrecht.

On the tenth of February came the official confirmation of Schiller's election to the German Society. But not until June twenty-sixth did he deliver his opening address. He could not present himself before the company in any better way than by discussing a question of the highest interest to one of his calling: "What can a good, permanent theater really accomplish?" He had long been accustomed to criticise his own calling. This is shown, for instance, by the preface to "The Robbers" and by the two critiques of "The Robbers" that he himself wrote, as well as by his treatise, "Concerning the German Theater of To-day," in the *Württemberg Repertorium* of 1782. But in this address he compared the business of the stage with the tasks of all the different callings that stand high in the respect of society. He showed that the drama supplements the work of moralists and of judges, since its judgments have still an effect where theirs must cease to influence. In the same way the stage advances the cause of religion and of its ministers. Even one who values utility alone must respect it. For the drama is a school where the

knowledge of life and of sin and folly is taught. It utters the last word of wisdom, for with impressive pictures it shows how providence accomplishes its purposes. Nothing can so awaken the unity of national feeling as the drama, which brings a whole people together under one spell. Besides all this emphasis upon the moral uses of the drama, we also find the word of the artist. All art, and especially the drama, gives us the highest enjoyment. Instead of the stupid pleasures of the senses it gives us the joy of the spirit, a joy that is both insight and understanding. By the play of fantasy it restores the wearied soul.

Many undertones run through this intensely personal document. We can trace the vexation with which Schiller must often have had to endure the scorn of the pedants and Philistines for his frivolous calling. Many of the words strike like a blow. "Shall men condemn a youth who breaks forth from the prison of a bread and butter calling and follows the call of the spirit that dwells in him? Is this the revenge of little minds upon that genius to whose heights they cannot climb? Do they perhaps rate their work so highly, because it was so difficult to do?" In other passages, too, breathes this pride of the creative mind in its work, a pride which always rouses the hatred of small minds. "I myself have more than once heard someone express his whole horror of wrongdoing in the

phrase, 'The fellow is a Franz Moor.'" All this shows, however, how much prejudice against Schiller there was in Mannheim from the first.

No wonder that his best intentions in the way of reform were at once hindered. It was, after all, of little importance that he took part in seven or eight committee meetings and perhaps criticised some poor drama. He planned a school of dramatic art at Mannheim, a monthly magazine of the drama that should bring before the public the progress and activity of the stage at Mannheim, and thus give it the reputation of being the first stage of Germany. But the German society would not give up their "year books" for this purpose and the funds of the theater could not afford the fifty ducats to pay an editor. Nothing came of the enterprise. Schiller experienced the passive resistance of a sluggish and uninspired social world.

Only too soon did it appear that the ground beneath Schiller's newly won honors was but hollow. The period covered by his contract was nearing its end. Dalberg was the first to show once more his complete untrustworthiness. At the end of June he sent the theater physician, Dr. May, to advise Schiller to go back to medicine—a plain sign that he did not intend to keep him in his present position. Streicher understood this at once. But Schiller showed almost too much youthful innocence. He sent the warmest thanks to Dalberg for his



interest in his welfare and assured him that he had long been wishing to gain a steady income by means of his bread-winning occupation, in order that he might only need to use his very best moments for poetical work. Thereto he added the request that Dalberg should maintain him for a year without requiring him to produce any stated work for the theater. "I am standing at the parting of the ways. Everything, perhaps my whole fate, now depends upon you." Dalberg did not respond to this request. He had been affected by all sorts of innuendoes coming from Gotter, a man whose taste was limited by the French school, and from Schroeder, a great actor and a man of much practical knowledge of the stage. Dalberg's vexation over the slight success of "Fiesko," the diminishing success of "Kabale und Liebe" (Love and Intrigue), and Schiller's failure to produce the third piece called for in his contract had angered Dalberg. He had no true feeling for great literature or for genius, nor did he feel bound by any duties in this instance. He was done with Schiller. Dalberg, in fact, proved himself to be a true Philistine.

The intrigues of the actors had a far worse effect. Iffland's feeling for Schiller was noticeably altered now that he was not only the wisest and best of the interpreters of genius, but had also taken his own place among the playwrights. His success with the public was, for the moment, on his side. As is well

known, we gladly agree with the public when its judgment is in our favor, while in the opposite case the stupidity of the crowd is quite clear to us. Iffland's "Verbrechen aus Ehrsucht" (Crime of Ambition) and Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe" were both dramas of middle-class life and ranked as rivals. It had been so managed that Iffland's piece was played before Schiller's. Yet it was not able, even so, to kill Schiller's work as dead as its supporters wished. It would be far more comfortable to get rid of the rival. For however touchingly he might manage to show his enthusiasm for Iffland's trash, yet he could probably never quite conceal his real feeling, that the work in question was not really literature or poetry, but merely a bid for momentary success.

On the third of August, 1784, Gotter's burlesque "Der Schwarze Mann" (The Black Man) was played. The "hero" was a theater poet by the name of Flickwort. He puffed himself in long-winded, tiresome monologues concerning his future plans for dramatic writing, and one could plainly see an allusion to Schiller. As tradition has it, Iffland played the contemptible part as a burlesque of Schiller himself. Poor Schiller, whose place among the Philistine worthies of Mannheim was already difficult enough, was thus made a public laughing stock. It gives one a strange feeling now to see the three statues in front of the theater at Mann-

heim. Schiller, in an impressive oratorical pose, is in the middle, posterity having decided in his favor, while on one side stands good stout Dalberg, on the other Iffland, the two men who made Schiller's career in Mannheim impossible. The unconscious lie of memory has placed them there in sweet accord. In any case, Iffland's behavior showed that Schiller had nothing to expect in that direction.

We can well understand his sighing when he thought of Bauerbach: "I still cherish the thought of living, remote from the great world, in philosophic calm, for myself, my friends, and the happiness of wisdom." "Amongst the busy throng, amongst the excitements of life that are usually called happiness, those moments were always the sweetest to me when I could silently retire into myself and wander in the happy land of golden dreams and pluck now and then a flower." The feeling of loneliness and the longing for love were growing in his heart. The young Schiller began to think more and more of marrying. "My heart longs to expand itself in intimate sympathy. The quiet joys of domestic life ought, yes must, give me happiness in my work and cleanse my heart of the thousand wild passions that continually torment me." And incidentally in the same letter he sues for the hand of Lotte von Wolzogen, only to express his horror, a week later in another letter, at his "foolish hope,"

his "idiotic notion." This was going rather far, even in the case of a tried friendship.

Over and above all this came the failure of his means of livelihood. Frau von Wolzogen felt obliged to suggest that he should repay his debt to her. It was impossible for him to fulfill his repeated promises. His Stuttgart debts became more threatening and insistent. But what made the matter so galling was that it brought Schiller into constant disagreement with his father, and thus bitter strife was added to material troubles. Three different debts came, one after another, to the knowledge of Schiller's father. He went surety for his son up to a certain time, but when this time was past Schiller could not pay. And now when he was at his wits' end came a paternal reproof. "My dear son, you have never rightly striven to conquer yourself." Schiller had to agree with his father and accept his warning to bow humbly before God and providence, to narrow his ideas, to learn to know himself. Surely (according to his father) all the trouble might have been avoided if he had not wanted to be an "epoch maker." Nevertheless, his father was not wholly right. For Schiller was concerned with the one thing needful, and that was something that Captain Schiller could not understand. And yet how doubtful was even this reply to the father's reproofs if it implied an assertion of rights rather than an expression of sacred duties. Noble in his

steadfastness, the old man thus stands with all the wisdom of quiet middle-class citizenship, trying to hold back his son, who is borne along by the flood of strange new powers.

Suddenly there is a catastrophe. The state of things becomes so acute that Schiller becomes "desperate," and this expression makes his parents' "flesh creep." The pious people dreaded the destruction of his soul. The son needs two or three hundred gulden at once. His father must raise the money. But he cannot. "I cannot enter into your views, hopes, plans, promises, and the like, and all the less because I have already been so often deceived in them." The friend who had given security for the most part of his debts in Stuttgart had fled from the importunities of the creditors and had been arrested and imprisoned in Mannheim. And now Schiller's very honor was at stake. In this predicament it was again the good-hearted plain people who helped him out of his trouble when he was abandoned by those in power. His hosts — and the mason Hölzel was by no means a man of property — had become attached to him and advanced the two hundred gulden. Schiller repaid them even before he left Mannheim. Later, when the family had fallen into want, he was able to return their kindness amply. Twice over he gave them substantial aid, at their first request. And in the year 1802, in the very Mannheim where



the young poet had vainly sought rescue, the great name of Schiller sufficed to open all doors and bring help to others.

We can see that Schiller's faithful sister Christophine must have passed through some dreadful hours with her distressed brother when she visited him with Reinwald at the end of July, 1784. She afterwards became Reinwald's wife. Schiller did not approve of this union, since he already understood his future brother-in-law too clearly. His manner was cool and haughty towards his visitors who were the unwelcome witnesses of his misfortunes.

And at the same time there was gently beginning and growing in Schiller's heart a terrible and consuming passion. On the eighth of May, 1784, Herr and Frau von Kalb passed through Mannheim on their way to the husband's garrison at Landau. Schiller made their acquaintance. Because the French custom did not allow officers' wives to reside in the garrison, Charlotte came to live in Mannheim at the end of July or the beginning of August.

She had married the excellent officer against her inclination and without being in love. Her soul was unfettered. This soul, early used to sorrow, susceptible to every emotion, was full of longing for the uncommon, the wonderful, for whatever lifts us out of the actual — which for her was always the trivial — into a realm of keener life. But all this must be without will or decision. There



must be no deeds, only dreams. She was one of those beings who are born to fascinate poets, but who can neither find nor give happiness. For happiness must be a reality. She was successively admired by all the great minds of the day, Herder and Goethe and Jean Paul, but she died old and blind and lonely.

But now she had her poet, young, brilliant, overflowing with ideas, who with the charm of his tenderness easily called forth love, since longing was his strongest spiritual force. And after having known frivolous actresses and good but rather dull young girls, Schiller met this handsome and impressive woman, mature and sophisticated, ready for any daring play of thought, a woman of high position, belonging to the great world. All this would naturally dazzle a poor young poet. They were both lonely. Happiness was a cold step-mother to them. What days and evenings they must have had!

With the worldly wisdom of a distinguished woman Charlotte gave Schiller opportunities for advancement. When Duke Karl August of Weimar was spending Christmas at Darmstadt in 1784, she arranged for Schiller to read the first act of "Carlos" to him at the court. The poet came home with the title of a Councillor of Saxe-Weimar, and felt that he had now won the favor of a prince who was the great patron of the intellectual life of Germany.

His whole bearing showed his pride in having become "somebody." After a poor performance of "Love and Intrigue" he even expressed his opinion to Dalberg with a sharpness that he would not formerly have ventured to show.

How the personal relations of Charlotte and Schiller progressed may be easily surmised by anyone who chooses to understand the poems "Freigeisterei der Leidenschaft" (Love's Revolt) and "Resignation." At least once passion broke through all barriers. He took her in his arms and kissed her lips and then tore himself away in a last difficult and, alas, often regretted resolution of renunciation.

During this troublous time he entered into relations with certain unknown friends, whom he had thus far unaccountably neglected. As long ago as May two young men of Leipzig, together with the girls to whom they were engaged, had sent Schiller an affectionate gift with a beautiful letter full of the warmest love for him and for his works. He had at the time regarded this as the most touching gift that his work as a poet had as yet brought him. But, as easily happens with anyone, he had, in the midst of many cares, again and again postponed answering. And even now he wrote on the seventh of December, 1784, during an unfortunate time of deep sorrow and loneliness. The writers of the letter were Gottfried Körner and his fiancée Minna Stock, and Ferdinand Huber and Minna's sister Dora.

Meanwhile Schiller had begun a new literary undertaking, from which, with his usual optimism, he again expected an annual return of one thousand gulden. This was a journal, the *Rheinische Thalia*. Even the very first number brought upon Schiller the violent anger of the sensitive and aggrieved actors, and this result disgusted him still more with the circle in which he had hitherto moved. The most important piece in the number pointed toward the future. The first act of “Don Carlos” Schiller dedicated to “his Duke.” The other contributions are no more characteristic of Schiller than were formerly the little essays in the *Württemberg Repertorium*. He was obliged to do all the work alone, and no one came forward to help him to get subscribers. The announcement, dated November 11, 1784, appeals with generous confidence to the public — as Schiller’s only hope. He writes frankly, with a strong sense of his own value as an individual. In order to win the German public over to his journal, he tells them his story. And so he now appeals to people in general with the same hopefulness that has so often been disappointed in his dealings with individuals. His hope is that, because of his inborn temperament and poetical gifts, he can rely upon men’s sympathy. How should he escape another disappointment!

The first of his letters to his far-off friends he addressed to Huber. The second went to Körner,

who was to be so near to him in future years. The letter is full of enthusiastic devotion and expresses a touching confidence in one whom he scarcely knew. "These men belong to you (I have said to myself) and you to them." "Your letters made us one in a moment." He speaks humbly of himself as one whose "heart is full of great things, while he can do but little things," a new epoch is preparing for him. The letter was interrupted on February tenth, and he only began to write again on the twenty-second. He bursts out: "I cannot stay in Mannheim any longer." "People and things, earth and heaven are detestable to me." And one expressive phrase tells much: "Convention and propriety force me to part with the one thing which perhaps might still be dear to me." He has parted from Charlotte and now he only longs to get away. "Oh how my soul longs for fresh sustenance — for better human beings, for friendship, intimacy, and love." "I long for happiness. I have never found it yet."

There is only this one heart-rending cry: "Here is no abiding place. Take me away! Take me away!" How terrible Schiller's loneliness must have been to have driven him to appeal to strangers as his last and only refuge, to have driven him to throw himself into their arms even in his second letter to them.

Körner justified Schiller's confidence. He answered "Come." He sent him the three hundred

thalers that were needed to clear his debts in Mannheim. And so Schiller went for the second time into Saxony, for the second time to a place of refuge. It is sad indeed to think what would have become of Schiller if he had not met with Streicher, Frau von Wolzogen, and Körner. At that time his life depended upon these chance rescuers.

And now he bade the faithful Streicher a last farewell, thoroughly cured of the desire to earn his living by poetical work. Any other way seemed easier to him — even to studying law from the beginning. They shook hands upon the compact that neither should write to the other until the one should be minister or the other Kapellmeister. When they again wrote to each other Schiller was a professor in Jena and Streicher a piano maker in Vienna.

On the ninth of April, 1785, Schiller left Mannheim.

##### 5. LEIPZIG AND DRESDEN

Before leaving Mannheim Schiller had fully explained to Huber how he intended to arrange his life in Leipzig. In the first place he did not wish merely to exist. He wanted, as far as possible, to live with his friends. After a hard journey through "swamps and snow and water" he reached Leipzig on the seventeenth of April — just at fair time — full of the restless desire to see his new friends. In Richter's coffee house he soon became acquainted with such literary personages as there were in Leipzig, and was



amused at the astonishment of the Philistines, who seemed to expect that the author of "The Robbers" would surely have close-cropped hair, top boots, and a hunting-crop. He spoke scornfully of the inevitable swarm that buzzed around the poet like flies, or gazed at him as if he were some strange beast, or gave themselves out as his colleagues because they had scribbled over a few sheets of paper. A few of these colleagues, such as Christian Felix Weisse, a friend of Lessing's youth, were relics of a bygone literary epoch.

Early in May, about a fortnight after Schiller's arrival, the friends, with quite a company, moved to the village of Gohlis, near Leipzig, "where there was a very pretty walk through the Rosenthal." Here they could fully enjoy the scenery, the spring, and the new pleasure of their friendship. Perhaps Schiller's father would have again admonished him: "I should be sorry if, after your severe mental labor, you could not rest and enjoy yourself in the company of other good people. But it would never do to spend more days resting than working." Schiller was working on "Don Carlos" and also for the "Thalia." Naturally nothing came of his plan of once more taking up his work as a physician.

Körner was not present during the first joyous days of this friendship, but none the less did he fill Schiller's thoughts. On the twenty-fifth of May they had a brief interview, but not until July first, did



they become really acquainted. But they already felt strongly drawn together. On Körner's side the friendship was quite tranquil and reasonable, but on Schiller's part there was an overflow of enthusiasm. His starving soul had at last found a worthy object of affection. The new experience was all in all to him. His long-oppressed nature, as he felt, was here to find all that was great and good. "Good luck then to the dear traveler who is to go with me faithfully as a brother, on my journey towards truth, fame, and happiness." And so what he had dreamed seemed now to have become reality. God who binds the universe together by gravitation also links the fulfillment of human destinies together through brotherhood, through love, and through the union of souls. This friendship began where most human relations leave off. "Fear no longer for its immortality. Its materials are the fundamental impulses of the human soul. Its realm is eternity and its *ne plus ultra* is the godhead."

From their first real meeting they used the intimate form of address, "du." This meeting was at the Kahnsdorf country seat. Schiller returned with Huber and the bookseller Göschen. The poet's life, past, present, and future, really seemed to be illuminated by this friendship. I looked "back into the past, which I had so unfortunately squandered. I now felt how great my powers had been, and how nature's (perhaps great) designs for me had so far

miscarried. Half of me was brought to naught by the senseless methods of education and by the discordant elements of fate, but the second and larger half I myself ruined." But now heart and head together have made a "Herculean vow" to make up for lost time. "My feeling was eloquent and flashed over electrically to my friend. Oh, how beautiful, how divine is the emotion of two souls who meet on the road that leads toward God." He feels that through this friend he is bound to succeed, to become great and happy. They drink the health of their absent friends. There comes over Schiller a sacramental mood. Just then it occurs to him that it is Körner's birthday. "My faithful friend, could you but have read in our faces our thoughts of you — could you have heard our tearful voices as we spoke of you, you would at that moment have forgotten even your bride. You would not have envied any man under the sun his happiness."

Schiller's dim feeling that his lifework was to be saved through these men was fulfilled beyond all expectation.

The "wonder" that the poet found in this friendship we find in the fact that upon such exaggerated expectations a permanent relation was actually founded. For this was, apart from family connections, the first bond of friendship that continued through the poet's life with the same warmth and intimacy. The reason for this was that Schiller did

not find in Körner the ideal of his fond imaginings, but rather a very real and genuine human being who, throughout the rest of his life, showed toward him the same benevolent loyalty of a sympathetic friend.

Christian Gottfried Körner was three years older than Schiller. He was the son of a professor of theology in Leipzig and had grown up in the dull atmosphere of dogmatism. He had been obliged to struggle constantly with his strict and narrow parents for the right to his own kind of mental life, as well as, later, for the right to love Minna Stock. He had studied all kinds of subjects earnestly, and by no means as a dilettante, while his inner discontent had always driven him to seek further. He had also traveled a good deal and had seen a large part of Europe. His career as Privat-dozent (licensed university lecturer) and as consistorial advocate had been abandoned because there was no prospect for him in that direction. He had been living in Dresden since May, 1783, as councillor in the upper consistory and as supervisor of the department of commerce, manufacture, and agriculture. Thus he was a man of unusually broad culture, who had found his way and looked about him with a clear and observing eye. When he gave himself up to making his way as an official, he did so as one who had striven for higher things, and who could lay some claim to creative activity. Now there are men whose whole mental make-up leads us to believe that only as poets

can they give voice to the most and the best that is in them, while their peculiar gift really is to show their poetical feeling by their understanding of great poetry and of its authors. Thus everyone who came near Körner thought that because of his fine education and the delicacy of his sympathetic understanding he must be exceptionally well fitted for independent authorship. But as a writer his own work remained fragmentary. His gift was the excellent sympathy that he showed for the works of others. Schiller, Goethe, and W. von Humboldt prized him for this quality. He displayed the greatest talent for the vocation that this gift brought with it. And this talent was genuine and inborn. It is a far rarer talent than it is supposed to be, and Körner, who possessed it, was favored indeed. It is the talent for friendship. The arduous task from which Körner never shrank was to help his friend again and again with all sorts of spiritual and material means, and yet to maintain always his own independence. Körner's happiness in his intimacy with Schiller consisted therefore in his having found a field in which he could make use of his own best power — a power to which Schiller in turn gave a special office throughout his life. More than once, in a new period of Schiller's development, Körner reminded him of certain thoughts that had formerly been transmitted from Schiller to Körner. But he always retained the will and the power to follow him

into new paths. He was always interested in the great and sacred tasks of Schiller's life. He kept the highest ideas before Schiller's mind. And he never resigned his independence of thought and judgment. Thus in his boundless unselfishness he stood beside his illustrious friend with the strong personality of a really significant man.

This relation would probably not have developed into so warm an intimacy had it not early become connected with family life. On the seventh of August Körner was married, and Schiller not only celebrated the occasion by the gift of two handsome urn-shaped vases, but also expressed his tenderest thoughts both in prose and in verse. Minna and Dora Stock were the daughters of the excellent artist with whom Goethe had learned engraving. They were therefore accustomed to artistic matters. Minna was handsome, a charming housekeeper, and also musical, while Dora drew very cleverly. These "dear little women" shared all the pleasure of the friendship with Schiller and acquaintance was easily made over the sparkling wine. The four true friends were later drawn all the more closely together through the fact that Huber proved a disappointment. He was indolent and accomplished nothing, in spite of many promising talents. He abandoned Dora, who was to have become his wife. When his fickleness became known, it was inevitable that his friends should cease to esteem him.

From the first Körner relieved his friend from anxiety about money. With a gentle reproach to Schiller for not having more fully confided in him, he begged the poet for the pleasure of relieving him from the need of earning money for a year. Since Göschen, in whose publishing house Körner had invested part of his property, took over the publication of "Thalia," the money that Körner destined for Schiller passed as an investment for the management of that journal. Schiller's acceptance was on the same plane as Körner's offer. He rebuked his own hesitation. "I might have said to myself, 'your friend cannot possibly value his property more than his heart, and his heart he has given you already.'" "There is only one way in which I can thank you for your noble and beautiful offer, and that is by accepting it freely and joyfully."

Schiller soon found it quite impossible to live without his friends. Gohlis became unbearable to him when the young couple had gone to live in Dresden. He followed them on the eleventh of September, and was delighted with the beauty of the place. "When for the first time I caught sight of the Elbe flowing forth between two mountains, I cried aloud!" "Meissen, Dresden, and their environment belong to the same family as the meadows around my home." Early on the twelfth he was carried through the pouring rain to Körner's house in a sedan chair. In the afternoon they went to Loschwitz, to Körner's



vineyard. This was a most beautiful place, with a spacious dwelling house at the foot of the hill and a summer house at the top. "The view from here, and the sunsets too, must be entrancing." He stayed here through the beautiful autumn days. At the end of October he went into the house of one Fleischmann, near Körner's home in Dresden. The warmth of the friendship between these two men and Schiller's complete happiness are plainly shown in the familiar and sometimes almost boyish humor with which he often expressed himself — even at Körner's expense — in verses, in droll dramatic sketches, and even in little watercolor pictures.

He felt that he had now found a resting place. The storms were all left behind. The winnings were with the stakes. What blessed security is expressed in his letter to Christophine, in which he approves her betrothal to Reinwald. He now feels that he is justified in having opposed his father. "He would have been better satisfied if I had followed his first plan and, in an unnoticed but peaceful mediocrity, had eaten the bread of my fatherland." But now the poet has won his own powers. What his father called rashness has made Schiller's name known all over the world. Many have paid for fame with both life and conscience. But three years of his youth have sufficed to bring fame to Schiller. "As I look back upon my life, dear sister, I am happy and full of courage for the future." The past events seem as

nothing compared with what, as he feels, he has now attained. Merely the winning of a few, perhaps many, noble-hearted friends "was worth the doubtful risk of my whole fate."

As a living witness of Schiller's happiness his "Hymn to Joy" remains and still is sung. It was first sung in the little circle of friends in October or November, 1785, as a token of their union. The philosophy of Schiller's youth, which regarded happiness as the goal of the universe and the joy of love as the eternal motive power of everything, was here expressed with the enthusiasm born of his happy experience! And so the spirit of his youth gets at last a triumphant and in some sense a final expression. Joy makes all men equal and unites them. Whoever has found love enters the kingdom of joy. The goal of all beings, the mainspring of all nature is joy. The meaning of the world, the final truth of all things is joy. It makes us good and helps us upward to God. It strengthens our souls for the noble resolves of courage, loyalty, pride, and justice. It appears as the hope of rescue from all evil and even from the horror of death.

With Schiller personal experiences are always interpreted with reference to his effort to make life and the world clear to our minds. His greatest need in all his philosophizing seems to be this. He must himself grasp great and inspiring ideals of life and, as a missionary, he must make these ideals known to others.

The episode of Schiller's life with Körner lasted from April 17, 1785, until July 20, 1787; that is, two years and a quarter. The great work of this period was "Don Carlos," which developed from the tragedy of a family into a poem involving the great interests of humanity. The rest of his work done at this time does not make an impressive showing. His industry as an editor was expended upon the "Thalia," four numbers of which appeared. These bore the dates March, 1785 (still as the "Rheinische Thalia"), February and April, 1786, and January, 1787. These numbers were then collected and made their appearance as the first volume of the "Thalia."

In this volume there is a distinct echo of the philosophical conversations in which Schiller and Körner loved to indulge, and also, as a natural result of this friendship, the youthful doctrines of his philosophy received their final expression in the "Philosophical Letters" of Julius and Raphael. Julius is Schiller, and Raphael Körner. Julius repeats once more his hymn about that love which is made manifest in the world, his theosophy in fact. God needed the universe in order that he might enjoy the full wealth of his love. All that appears is his vivified thought of love. Thus the spirit of God speaks in everything, even in dead nature. Everything is soul, active artistic power, the spirit of God. God and nature are absolutely equivalent conceptions.

Now in our appreciation of the perfection of things God gave us the power to take possession of all things and to become permeated by their meaning. We become one with the spirit of God as it dwells in things. They reflect back to us the love that we bring to them. There is a sort of artistic and creative procedure by which we project our own life outward into the *beyond*, and thus make our own life, as it were, objective in what is beyond. A complete man loves himself in the whole world just as the artist loves himself in his work. We can embrace all things in this universal love.

It is curious to see these thoughts actually growing during Schiller's development. Possibly the chief outlines of this theosophy date back to his academy days. At that time the idea flashed out, as his own original thought, in his letter to Scharffenstein, that in our friend we really love the image of our own souls, a creation of our own. He might already have said: We love ourselves, our own fulfillment in the friend. Longing for love and happy in his work, he expressed this idea in a letter to Reinwald, dated April 14, 1783. He here applied the notion, tentatively and with an uncertain touch, to the creations of a poet. In his heroes the poet loves himself. Therefore great poetical power always implies great power of loving. And he who does not live with his heroes as if with intimate friends will never be a great poet. What Schiller then held to

be the nature of poetical creation he now represents as the essence of all moral and spiritual development. All spiritual life would thus be a sort of artistic creation. Everywhere it is the power of love, which recognizes itself in another, which leads the soul to ever higher heights, and so at last to God.

Once more these enthusiastic youthful thoughts, thoughts such as Schiller needed for his own inspiration, thus get their expression, and indeed their final expression. The poet luxuriates in the lofty feeling of calling others to higher things. With his peculiar gift of antithesis and with his radicalism, he develops out of his ideas a rule for classifying different natures. The human race is divided by egoism and love, into two completely dissimilar types whose boundaries never become confused. Egoism places its central point within the self. Love places it without the self and upon the axis of the eternal whole. Love aims at unity, egoism means solitude. Love is a citizen who shares in the government of a flourishing democracy, egoism is "a despot in a devastated land." In this we hear already a suggestion of Posa's sermon before King Philip. The highest manifestation of love is self-sacrifice. The genius who dies for his conception of truth really dies for humanity, in which he loves the completion of his own being. Thus the sacrifice itself is the love with which we finally love ourselves. Even as a pupil at the Academy Schiller would have had, in



Socrates, an example of this kind of love. Körner's friend had an example nearer home — Posa. Thus from this point we can survey the whole road that Schiller's philosophy had traversed.

It all bursts forth in the young student's great hymn:

“Friendless was the universe creator . . .  
From the chalice filled with all creation,  
Foams eternity to meet him.”

The poems of Schiller's youth were fed from the springs of thought. His philosophical thought is still a poem. The poet seeks his satisfaction in inspiring thoughts, in the lofty flight of ideas.

But he himself imparts this system to us as one who already doubts. His joyous belief in his thoughts is being gradually replaced by a psychological interest. He wants his theosophy to be regarded as a document standing for a state of development of a candid young mind, for an epoch of his reason. From this side too the work appears more like the attempt of a novelist than of a philosopher. It belongs to the province of psychology. Thus it becomes really a witness of the development, the crisis indeed, through which Schiller was passing at this time. The matter was conceived as a philosophic romance in the form of letters, and also as the joint work of the two friends. Körner was to write Raphael's letters. Nothing came of this plan, because Körner was not inventive enough. Only



years later, in 1789, long after he and Schiller had parted did Körner contribute Raphael's last letter, which appeared in the seventh part of the "Thalia." In this letter we see traces of the new wisdom of Kant's philosophy. The capabilities of the intellect must be examined before one risks himself by framing any systems of the universe. This is the first appearance of Kant's thought in Schiller's works. This philosophical novel had been begun at the time of Schiller's earliest efforts as a thinker. It is finished after he comes under the influence of that philosophy wherein he was to find the insight of his maturer years.

Apart from the "Hymn to Joy" (second number of "Thalia") Schiller's lyrics in the "Thalia" were especially represented by the two poems "Freigeisterei der Leidenschaft," or "Love's Revolt" (now in its too contracted form "Der Kampf," "The Struggle"), and "Resignation"; poems which served as a sort of farewell to his experience with Charlotte von Kalb at Mannheim. They have thus an especially significant place among his poems, because in them an actual personal experience sought expression in verse. To be sure their chief significance lies in the fact that whatever took the deepest hold on Schiller's life always led him to a conflict of thought, to an examination of the fundamental questions as to how life should be viewed. But even here Schiller is more occupied with actual moral questions than

with more theoretical reflections. In the "Freigeisterei" he goes through the difficult struggle between passion and duty, and so these two ideas, central in Schiller's later conception of life, here play their part as an actual painful experience. Can it really be the command of God that he should give up his greatest joy, his best happiness, when it is within his very grasp? Why does the law force itself in when nature speaks? For nature made this woman for him, and her marriage is but a lifeless convention. Can we call God benevolent if He glories in the anguish that His creatures suffer through obedience? And if we hope for our reward in eternity, the world laughs us to scorn. The answer given in the poem "Resignation" to one who has renounced is stern and profound. Nature gives her children only one of two gifts, hope or enjoyment. "Whoever plucks one of these blossoms must never desire its sister." But as enjoyment is its own reward, so also is hope. To hope for fulfillment, to be borne along by the belief in eternal values, is in itself happiness enough. Not merely in the other world, but in this life is the justice of this decision made manifest. "Universal history is the world's last judgment." Therefore the commands of morality do not need the support of any reference to future rewards, but should rather rest upon their own moral value. But as yet Schiller knows no mediator between enjoyment and morality, no adjustment

between sensual pleasures and spiritual peace. Only later did he find the reconciliation of these early struggles in the mission of the beautiful.

At this time Schiller also tried narrative, a field of effort in which a still more significant development of his powers may be seen. The preface to his "Verbrecher aus Infamie" (The Criminal through Disgrace), later "aus verlorener Ehre" (The Criminal through Lost Honor) ("Thalia," 2 Heft), showed that it was the psychological interest which attracted Schiller. The tale of human error gives us the deepest insight into the secret motives of men, into the hidden springs of action. In this connection he makes a somewhat notable inference as to the best method of treating history, so that one can plainly see how historical studies will in the end result as a part of his work. We are apt to regard historical personages as if they were quite different beings from ourselves, and so their emotions leave us cold and unsympathetic. One might try to arouse the reader's enthusiasm, as many historians have done. But this rhetorical and poetical manner does violence to history and blurs the line between historical narrative and poetry. Therefore the only way left is not to report mere deeds, but to discover the hero's will and to watch the beginning and gradual growth of his deeds from his inner consciousness. The author seeks for the explanation of adventurous incidents. "He seeks this explanation in the unchangeable struc-

ture of the human soul and in the changing conditions which affect it from without, and in these two he surely finds it." In this sense Schiller tells the story of the landlord of the "Sun," showing most skillfully how his natural temperament, together with unfortunate circumstances, have led him to become a murderer, and the leader of a band of robbers. The portrayal of the motives concerned is as masterly as the powerful and dramatic arrangement of the scenes. Nothing is wanting but the ease of a born narrator.

Besides this brief but psychologically significant work, Schiller's only attempt at light literature was "Der Geisterseher" (The Ghost Seer), which began in the fourth part of the "Thalia" January, 1787. It had to be brought to a close in the eighth part (October or November, 1789) in Weimar, without having especially roused Schiller's interest. It afterwards appeared in book form. A second volume never came out. This work had a strange fortune in its relation both to Schiller and to the German public. "The Ghost Seer" accomplished what "Don Carlos" had failed to do. It drew the attention of the public to the "Thalia," gained it a great following, and proved a prolific source of income. But Schiller, who had begun the tale as a bit of extra work, without being deeply moved by it and without apparently knowing at the outset what would be the result, was now led to form new plans and to extend and elabo-

rate the story. At that moment the German public were certainly interested in Schiller chiefly through the "Ghost Seer." But the final fate of this book showed that the success of light literature is caused by temporary interests — by the tendencies of the day. Whatever made the Germans of that time care so much for the book is now past and forgotten. "Der Geisterseher" now exists only on sufferance in some hidden cranny amongst Schiller's complete works.

The tale appealed principally to the understanding, and its chief interest is the suspense in which it keeps the reader. One asks how such a highly developed intrigue can be disentangled and what effects it will produce. The subject matter is serious. We are not asked to interest ourselves in trifles. The narrative deals with the intrigues of the Jesuits concerning a young German prince during his stay in Venice. The whole action is on a very large scale. The most artful means are used and the plan is carried out with psychological skill and diabolic cleverness. The Prince's superstitions and curiosity about ghosts are much exploited. The chapters about the exorcising of spirits and the conflict between enlightenment and superstition, about secret societies and wickedly clever schemes were irresistibly fascinating to the reading public of that time.

The beginning of the romance shows Schiller's really extraordinary power of narration. Not only



are there the many minor impressions that appeal to our love of the marvelous, but also the whole picture, full of various figures, produces a masterly effect of life and action. The beginning, to be sure, lingers a little too long over the criticism and analysis of an incident that is first narrated. Previous happenings are stripped of their mystic charm and explained. But thenceforth the whole impression is produced by the story of the Prince's psychological development. His once pure and lofty soul is gradually led astray, corrupted and weakened, and unhinged. By the way, Schiller indulges in a philosophical conversation which would tax the patience of a modern reader. This was omitted in the later editions. Schiller's intention is to lead the Prince from superstition through a period of liberalism into the all-saving church. The Prince's skepticism does not consist in denying the force of morality, but in the thesis that the laws of morality do not need the support of the idea of God and of immortality. They may be simply a natural growth; namely, the forms according to which nature strives towards happiness and well-being, the common goal of humanity. Here again Schiller is on the way toward the idea of a self-supporting morality that does not need the accessory of religious ideas. All this is carried out with a manifest joy in fine distinctions and artificial difficulties. The close of the story is really a sudden breaking off. On the whole the romance shows that Schiller



possessed many brilliant qualifications for narrative composition.

As the poet was finishing the "Geisterseher" new tendencies were awakening in his mind. They had begun, to some extent, in Dresden. He emphasized, in a letter, the strong psychological and philosophical interest that had been aroused by reading Abbt. And his interest in history became especially prominent at this time. "I love history better every day" (April 15, 1786). It was an account of the Thirty Years War which occasioned this remark. "How marvelous that the period of the nation's greatest misery should have been a period of brilliant and powerful men! How many great men sprang forth from the darkness!" He makes this remark with a sigh over his own mental development. "I could wish that I had studied nothing but history for ten years together. I believe that I should have been quite a different fellow." He feels painfully how much he yet has to learn. "Even in the best soil one cannot pluck figs from thistles, and neither can the fig tree itself flourish in a barren land."

He formed the plan of joining others to write an account of the most remarkable rebellions and conspiracies, in the form of a collective work. The first volume appeared in October, 1788, but without any contribution from Schiller. In this plan we see the poet's interest in scenes of conspiracy and in criminals great enough for Plutarch. He himself

became constantly more concerned with his history of the Revolt of the Netherlands.

This is a decisive point in his development. He feels the impossibility of carrying on his life as he has thus far done. Heretofore he has lived on pure fancy, and his fancy has drawn its nourishment from within. Such a life threatens to end in starvation. His ship needs ballast. He requires a thorough education, a full command of reality, a balance between receptivity and creative work. Thus he would no longer be obliged to draw the material for his works entirely from within; for his works will be founded upon the lasting truths of nature. A new Schiller is coming into existence. But this new man surely cannot get his growth in the luxurious life that Schiller has been leading with his friends. Instead of soaring on the wings of fancy, he now longs to stand firmly on his own feet in the actual world. This he can only accomplish by accustoming himself to be alone and to take care of himself. His mind seeks the security of an independent life.

The separation of the friends is imminent. As early as October, 1785, he tells Huber that his mind is ill at ease. A certain distaste for the earlier moods of the friendship runs through his words. The youthful crudity of his former outpourings now displeases him. Then, too, he says that their boyishness ought to be outgrown and that their friendship should be done with its mere honeymoon. The emo-

tional joy of enthusiasm leads to a false estimate of the future and of one's own powers. "I am completely weary of ideals and enthusiasm." He can scarcely endure his loneliness when the Körners go away, and yet he realizes that he has grown too dependent upon them. And he shows this feeling more and more plainly. Instead of his former inspiration he now feels a general spiritual languor. "I need a crisis. Nature is planning some upheaval in order to bring forth something new." The independence that Körner grants him is a gift and not a thing that he has earned for himself. And so that very independence constantly warns him that he is not as yet fulfilling his duties to himself. Nor in this state of things can his relation to his friends remain quite frank and open. "I could fully enjoy you, I could wholly comprehend you and see through you, but for you my soul was overclouded by dark moods. You were so much to me and I so little to you — not even as much as I was capable of being."

He did indeed refuse the great Schroeder's tempting call to come to Hamburg and have "Don Carlos" played there and, under conditions of security, to enter into advantageous relations with a far more prominent theater than that at Mannheim. He refused, apparently because he felt that the position would mean more of the unguided work of the imagination "in the blue," from which he wished to free

himself. Dresden certainly was no abiding place for him.

A half provoking, half comical episode took place during the last months of his stay. At the end of January or the beginning of February, 1787, Schiller became infatuated with a charming gypsy at a masked ball. Henriette von Arnim, a beauty only nineteen years old, enthralled both his heart and his senses. He followed her everywhere. Even in an ordinary business letter he excused his neglect by stating that he was much wrought up about a girl. His friends shook their heads over this unfortunate caprice. The reputation of the mother and her two daughters was not of the best. The scheming mother regarded her handsome daughters as objects of speculation. The famous poet, a rich Jewish banker, and an elegant cavalier belonging to the nobility were now cleverly played off against one another. In this game a candle in the window played its part, signifying to Schiller "We are engaged," and to the other lover "The coast is clear." The relation was costly too, for such ladies require presents. Schiller once more had to sign a promissory note for the money lender Beit. It was plainly the duty of Schiller's friends to get him out of the scrape. They persuaded him to go to Tharandt on a visit. He passed some very uncomfortable weeks there, with bad weather and insufficient sleep. He would wake as early as five o'clock. Besides he was not at all

safe from the Arnims even in Tharandt. Finally, however, the spell was broken. In June, when he had grown quite calm, he returned to Dresden. This experience, too, made his departure desirable.

"Carlos" had appeared. Schiller had accomplished the work that was immediately pressing. He needed to withdraw into himself for a time. "His" Duke was ruling over Weimar and the way to further relations was opened by the Swabian, Wieland. Weimar was the chief home of German intellect and literature. Perhaps Schiller could there accomplish the desire of his heart. He had long wished to live on his own resources, both spiritual and material. It is true that he only meant to stay there for a limited time when he left his friends on July 20, 1787. But events happened otherwise. He was seeking new relationships and he found — his life.

Before we follow the poet further let us consider in turn the great dramatic works of his youth.

## CHAPTER II

### THE CONSPIRACY OF FIESKO OF GENOA

“**T**HE Robbers” cost Schiller his fatherland. He had no choice but to sacrifice his home or his work as a poet. He decided upon flight and the sacrifice of his home. Streicher’s account of this flight touches us, not merely because it is a tale of hardship and danger, but because it is typical of the sorrows of a creative genius. Schiller’s estimate of himself was bound up with the work he had produced — a work whereby he thought he had convinced the world that he was one of those who must be reckoned with and whose real and only duty was authorship. And he had to learn that people’s actions are far more influenced by any and every chance circumstance than by any regard for a genius. If a genius brings forth good fruits they are welcome. But his claims are always burdensome. There is in the world a deep though unconscious hatred of those natures that will go their own way. He who wants to found his life upon his works need expect no aid from others. Schiller learned all these indubitable facts only too well from Dalberg. Not only his physical and his



moral existence, but his life and his self-respect were here at stake. Humiliation is a hard school. Schiller stood the test.

"Fiesko" was the chief disappointment of this period. Schiller had dared to undertake his flight chiefly because of his confidence in this future work. It left him in the lurch. The ups and downs of a literary life were made terribly clear to the poet whose nature had been cast in a larger mold.

In his dissertation on the connection between the animal and the spiritual nature in man he had referred to the hero of this work as well as to the hero of "The Robbers." Here again we see the transformation of Schiller's medical studies into his poetical interest. "Fiesko" is formally treated as an example of the connection of the emotions with the bodily constitution. "A man who has been injured by dissipation is more easily driven to extremes than one who has kept his body in sound health. . . . Catiline was a libertine before he became a murderer. And Doria had been gravely mistaken when he had not realized that the sensual Fiesko was a man to be feared." In the passage where Rousseau made the remark that so impressed Schiller, about Plutarch's heroes, who are great either in their virtues or their crimes, he also mentions Fiesko. "The Count of Fiesko, who was born to free his native land from the rule of the Dorias, deserved the pen of Plutarch. The Prince upon the throne of Genoa

had always been pointed out to him. His soul was filled with the one idea of overthrowing the usurper." Even in the first sketch of his drama Schiller's mind was thus powerfully affected by Fiesko, as a noble hero of Plutarch's sort, as the leader of an uprising against tyranny, in brief, as a republican.

Streicher tells us many things about Schiller's work on his new play which give a deep insight into the poet's mind. The fact that he was pleased with the plan of the work, on account of the many effective complications of which the action was capable, shows us Schiller's feeling about his plots. His earnestness in preparing for the work is shown by the fact that he carefully studied everything in the library that bore upon the time, the place, or the events in question.

And now we are to see his method of handling his material. As soon as he had sketched the plan in his mind he jotted down the contents of the acts and scenes in the order of their occurrence, but as dryly and briefly as if they were mere stage directions. He then worked at the separate scenes and monologues according as the mood took him, and therefore not in the actual order of their occurrence in the play. And, as was his custom when writing "The Robbers," he would read the finished portions to a friend. He needed to get the "feel" of the audience. We sympathize with Schiller's hopes for this work when we read in Streicher's account: "How his eyes

would brighten, though weary with sleeplessness, when he told how much further he had progressed and how he hoped to finish his tragedy far sooner than he had at first expected. The more confusion reigned without (referring to the preparations for the festive reception of the Grand Duke), the more did Schiller retire into himself."

# 1. THE OUTLINE OF "FIESKO"

If anyone who is well acquainted with "The Robbers" considers "Fiesko," he will almost be able to predict Schiller's treatment of this new material.

We are at once struck by the differences. The most prominent feature of "The Robbers" is the eloquent protest. There could be no bolder challenge of the times than rings out in this work. The conditions of the day are such that a band of robbers is required to reëstablish law and justice. But the weakest point in the play is the portrayal of society, the picture of the actual world. In "Fiesko" the grand protest sinks into the background. The portrayal of the people and of the actual events takes the most prominent place.

The drama of "The Robbers" belongs to the present, that of "Fiesko" to the past. It is strange that the work whose scene is laid in the present is actually a free creation of the fancy, whose action takes place in an almost wholly fantastic world. The past, however, is treated as something that must

seem convincingly real. The poet strives with manifest care to make his portrayal persuasive.

The mighty revolt that found expression in the fantastic robber band and in the symbolism of the last judgment is here replaced by the idea of republican freedom. Instead of the last judgment we have here the overthrow of the state — an extraordinary weakening of the motive.

The same weakening appears if we examine the motives of the characters. Karl's wounded honor leads him to usurp the office of an avenger, and so drives him to destruction. The story of "Fiesko" is more trivial, less tragically significant. His thirst for freedom is more like ambition and the desire for prestige.

While Franz and Karl are as the opposite poles of the moral order, the Dorias represent the autocratic ideal. But they appear as a venerable old man and an impudent scoundrel, and the conception quite lacks that depth that makes the effect of "The Robbers" so irresistible.

In the latter the development has both depth and grandeur, for the moral order itself is typified by the contrast between the characters. In this respect especially we feel the difference between the plays. At the close of "Fiesko" there is no such vindication of justice as appeals to the moral nature of us all. Everything remains as before. The events have been merely personal.

This explains the course of Schiller's development, and also the shortcoming of "Fiesko." Here too the poet deals with the contrasting ideas of freedom and tyranny, and this in two different social orders and environments. But if we compare the two pictures, line for line, this one is the weaker. Yet it is instructive to see how early some inner affinity led Schiller to the writing of great historical dramas. After all, this deviation from his main path is easily comprehensible. The very words "republican freedom" had such an entrancing sound that he could imagine nothing grander than a tragedy whose scenes and characters should all have the struggle for liberty as their guiding motive. The actual portrayal of such a conspiracy seemed to Schiller at least as significant as the mere fantasy that appears in "The Robbers."

Moreover, in the outlines of this picture we recognize the author of the earlier work. Again he seeks for broad effects and deals with large numbers of characters. The object of the struggle is the people of Genoa. Both the nobility and the plain people take part in the action, while the basis of the action is powerfully portrayed. On this foundation appear the two contending parties. On the one hand the ruling party is that of the Dorias, Gianettino and Andreas. We readily understand the bitter hatred of his opponents for the insolent tyranny of the despot Gianettino, while Andreas, in the dignity of his years,

rather the father than the ruler of his people, is hated not for himself, but for the sake of an idea. And in the end he makes the thought that all must remain as before seem at least bearable. This party is opposed by the republicans, whose head, Verrina, is a perfect type of the stern republican virtue of Rome. His very pulse beats with the love of liberty and of his native land. His thoughts are wholly of the state and his resolution is wellnigh inhuman. Schiller conceives him as a giant. In contrast with this somber character we find as a necessary foil the youthful hero Bourgognino, frank, warm-hearted, and noble. These two take, on the republican side, the place corresponding to that of Andreas and Gianettino among the monarchists. Fiesko stands between these two parties, apparently connected with the former, while he really belongs to the latter and is watched by both. As a free lance he leads the cause of freedom on to victory, and then again brings about its downfall. Each of these three parties goes its own way, and thus three different actions are interwoven. And so we have the characteristic play of Schiller's imagination, which loves to handle large groups of characters and to work on a grand scale.

But we have not thus far considered nearly all the motives. Verrina's daughter falls a victim to Gianettino. Evidently the youthful Schiller could not conceive the story of a republican uprising with-



out bringing in the Virginia motive. Among the conspirators Sacco and Kalkagno pursue their own contemptible aims. The former hopes, during the overthrow of the state, to get rid of certain creditors, the latter to seduce Fiesko's wife. The motive of human baseness is vividly portrayed, that baseness which in great political upheavals always seeks its own advantage. But the piece gains its greatest force from Fiesko's part in the action. The final motive of his conduct, even of his love of freedom, is ambition. Hence it is a necessary consequence that, when he has reached his goal, he is not willing to dwell in the state as a free citizen, but must be the ruler. This gives his character its tragic significance. But for Schiller — radical as he is in all his conceptions — the forcible winning of mastery means passing beyond the pale of humanity. And the appeal of humanity itself is made to reach Fiesko's ears through the voice of his tender wife Leonore. What this voice tells him is that true love finds its satisfaction in itself. Such love the despot does not know. Therefore everything that belongs to the action has its fatal meaning for Leonore. This is particularly true of Fiesko's frivolous intrigue with Julia, Gianettino's sister. She is the embodiment of the frivolity of the Dorias, while Leonore stands for the true spiritual nobility of free Genoa. The contrast that runs through the whole work exists also between these women. The

very extremes of feminine nature are to be found in the piece — frivolous coquetry and pure and unselfish love. When we remember Amalia's unhappy figure we see how Schiller's knowledge of human nature has widened. In "Fiesko" the portrayal of a social order has become important, and no such picture would be possible without women.

The great struggle for freedom or for the rule of the nobles finds its expression in all these different kinds of people. But thus far we have not even mentioned the final motive that runs all through the piece and gives the picture its proper grouping. This we will explain later.

We stand in the presence of a political action. The social and moral motive of "The Robbers" falls into the background. Therefore "Fiesko" is far more closely related to "Emilia Galotti" than was Schiller's first play. But once more, what a difference we find! In the former there is the almost forced concentration of interest in a few characters, and in the latter the almost boundless expansion of a whole world of human life. In the former work the political meaning is completely bound up with a purely human story. Here the whole object and interest of the work is political. Even in his political tendencies Lessing as an author still treats of private life, while Schiller's temperament tends more to deal with a larger public life. Schiller, who had been such a hermit, has now made considerable

progress on the road to manly maturity and has tried to come into some relation with the real world. How he succeeded in this new attempt, and also where his limitations still remain, we will now try to ascertain.

## 2. THE LEADING MOTIVES

In the very first act Schiller, with his usual fondness for sharp contrasts, sets over against each other the scene in Fiesko's house and that in Verrina's. In the former we find the gay world, with feasting and brilliant company. Verrina is a rigid republican, and we find ideas and virtue reigning in his house instead of worldly frivolity. But in Fiesko's company all the motives that give life to the piece are represented. Leonore is distressed by jealousy, but is still under the spell of her love; while Gianettino, bold in evil doing, sends an assassin to Fiesko. The conspirators, both sincere and insincere, appear, watch Gianettino, speak to Fiesko, etc., in a way that shows the masterly handling of one who thoroughly understands theatrical effects. We get a whole social picture in which the women too play their part, and there are those undertones of base desire that always accompany political life. With great skill the poet gives unity to all these warring tendencies. An essentially double thought is common to them all; namely, Fiesko and the state. And the latter is conceived in two different

senses — either freedom or despotism. This unity of thought includes all the warring impulses, even to Leonore's emotional outpourings. Thus Fiesko's figure takes throughout the central place.

The way in which Schiller planned this work is plainly shown in the scenes with Verrina. Gianettino has foully wronged Verrina's daughter Bertha. One might say that Schiller has here translated the Emilia motive back into the Virginia motive. But when Odoardo sacrifices his daughter he is acting as a father, and this purely human deed has at the same time a political significance. In Schiller's work the political motive quite outweighs the father's feeling for his daughter, and even Bourgognino's love for his betrothed bride. In this respect the conception is wholly unnatural. The political motive becomes the decisive thing. "If I read thy purpose aright, eternal Providence, through my daughter thou wilt set Genoa free." "My Bertha's fate is linked with Genoa's. I must sacrifice my father's heart to my duty as a citizen." The father even says, "Rejoice that thou hast become a sacrifice to Genoa." And Bourgognino says, "On one same day shall Bertha and my Genoa be free." These men act and feel, not as natural, but as political beings. Ideas are their element. The citizen outweighs the father. Bertha's fate is in itself of no importance, but only in so far as it gives occasion for other ideas. Thus she means nothing as a

human being, but only as an empty symbol. This chilly conception is often irritating. Odoardo, strained up to the pitch of Schiller's idea of Roman majesty, becomes Verrina. But when abstract ideas crush out warm human feeling the life of the drama ceases to be credible.

We have already mentioned a motive that runs through the whole. We meet with it here. It is in close connection with what we have just said. Exactly what marvelous benefits the condition of freedom might bring to these people we do not know. Schiller simply takes it for granted that for us the name tyrant stands for all that ought to be condemned, and that our enthusiasm must be aroused by such words as "heroes of liberty." The admiration for these heroes as such becomes at once the central motive of the work. And even here we do not find any direct and visible life. Abstract ideas are expected to cause the spectators' emotions. Accordingly these men regard their enthusiasm for freedom as raising them above the common herd. They feel that they are admirable, and self-admiration is their invariable characteristic. "Here beat in unison the five noblest hearts of Genoa." "It is sad to be the only great man." "Two greater hearts never beat in sympathy." We meet such passages everywhere. Only a step further and this craving for admiration appears to be actually the motive of their love of liberty, or at least a contribut-

ing if not a decisive cause. Verrina says, speaking of Fiesko, "Did you not see him yesterday, mirroring himself in our amazement?" So also Bourgo-gnino, when he has to marvel at Fiesko's greatness: "Am I no longer anyone?" The necessary expression of their nature is the pose of greatness, since this greatness thinks of being gazed upon. False and empty heroics are but a variation of this same feeling, as for instance in the words of Bourgognino: "I have long felt a something in my breast that could never be satisfied. Now I suddenly realize what it was. (He springs up heroically.) I have a tyrant to destroy! (The curtain falls.)"

This last motive characterizes the whole picture. According to the conception of the young Schiller the whole piece is founded upon the admiration for manly power. A hero struggling for liberty is to him the truly great man! If we consider how Karl Moor, reading Plutarch, pours out the longings of his soul while he speaks of "a great man," and how Rousseau referred to Fiesko as being worthy of Plutarch, we see the connection. Fiesko is the "great man" and his tragedy is that of a "great man." The others, with their greatness, with their admirable posing and their self-admiration, are only as steps leading upward to Fiesko. But with him, too, self-esteem is the final, even if secret motive. For Schiller the charm of his work was, at least in the first part, his delight in admiring a "great man."



And so everything is prepared for the great scene, in which Fiesco suddenly shows himself in his true colors before the picture of Romano. "Nothing is lacking but to pull off the mask." He is sunning himself in the admiration of the others who are gazing upon him. He has worked for this moment, and by his own exertions has quietly gathered together the forces for the uprising. And we now see him brilliantly posing in all his power, satiated with admiration and with self-admiration. And in the next scene, where the bond of brotherhood is sworn, the same motive reminds us of a Roman picture by the French artist David.

But how then shall we define in Fiesco the traits of the "great man" that the young Schiller saw in him? He comes and goes as a riddle for everyone. A rich and varied life goes on around his mysterious figure. His wife, Julia, Gianettino, the conspirators — all take him for something that he is not, and so mistake him entirely. To wear a mask is the great man's most prominent trait! He is self-contained and sufficient unto himself. He can be apparently quite drawn into a round of pleasures, while he is all the time inwardly revolving the greatest plans. This explains the character of the first acts, and also the dramatic peculiarity that in the first part the hero only retards the action, as Schiller later said. He merely checks schemes that are in progress, because the

scheme that he himself sets in motion must be the only one.

The plans that the "great man" ponders must naturally be plans for freedom. But let Fiesko's resourcefulness and energy be equal to his plans and he will then take the place of a master among all these people with their helpless desires.

With such an inner necessity does the poet's fancy work its will. Because he wants to gloat over his republican hero of the Roman sort, the form and development of the whole work must cry out, What a great man! Everything is closely connected with the principal scene in which the hero poses so majestically.

Almost as if he were himself an experienced man of the world, Schiller cleverly gives Fiesko quite the manners of a man of birth and position. But the ingenious mechanical figure of the Moor serves the purpose of enabling Fiesko to keep consistently the pose of greatness and to bear himself loftily among all the baseness with which he must be associated. Thus Fiesko remains a nobleman. The stains of intrigue only cling to the Moor, whose love of trickery appears like the versatility of evil itself. This is a skillful way of showing us, meanwhile, what we are to think of this political world and its doings, since it is the field of such complete rascality. For "Fiesko" the Moor takes the place of both Marinelli and Angelo, though he exists in a very primi-

tive realm, being essentially a mere animal. He who later carried on Fiesko's intrigues and helped the hero without entangling him was at first Gianettino's hired assassin, though as a busybody he later spied out all Gianettino's plans and actions and informed Fiesko of them. Therefore Fiesko is able to appear as a sort of clairvoyant, to whom all secrets are known. Through the Moor Schiller succeeds in reconciling the complications of a political intrigue with the simple bearing of a great man, for as such he wants us to regard Fiesko.

The especially tragic quality that Schiller feels his hero to possess now becomes plain. This lies in the temptation that lurks in the very heart of greatness. The transition is very delicately managed. Since ambition and the desire for admiration are all along the moving power of his struggle for freedom, how should he resist temptation when he has reached his goal? The ducal throne, that raises him above all men, is free. It gives him the place that his soul craves. And he takes it. But once more, we can only understand the tragic element in Fiesko's character by keeping always in mind the abstract idea of republicanism. While Fiesko is longing for freedom he is for Schiller an angel of light. As soon as he has yielded to the temptation of taking unto himself the throne, he has, for Schiller, descended to the common level of human baseness. Once more we meet with the motive of the fallen

angel. Fiesko is the song of a "great man" and of his downfall. In him we bewail the common lot of man, who in his greatest moments is so perilously near his fall. If "The Robbers" may be called a satire, "Fiesko" is an elegy.

These traits taken together form the special characteristics of "Fiesko." Schiller himself called the play "a great and complete picture of ambition, its effects and its downfall." He finds a charm in making the human heart express itself in the cold activities of the state, "in using ingenious intrigue to produce situations of universally human significance." This means not merely that he shows us a great man ensnared by his own ambition, but that he also shows us the sufferings of his wife and of his friend, who can neither understand nor follow him along his chosen path. Schiller cannot conceal the fact that it is the great man in this picture who has captivated him. He calls "Fiesko" a drama that shows us all our powers reflected as in a mirror. What he says about his hero sounds almost like a hymn: "Fiesko is the central point of this piece, toward which all the other actions and characters tend, as streams flow toward the ocean. . . . Fiesko, a great and powerful mind, under the deceitful cloak of a delicate and pleasure-loving Epicurean, in silence and darkness broods above a world that is to be, as the life-giving spirit broods above chaos. He affects the frivolous and laughing mien of a

roué while colossal plans and raging desires are seething in his glowing breast. Fiesko, so long misunderstood, at last steps forth like a god, displays his whole, completed work to the astonished gaze, and then stands by as a calm spectator when the wheels of the great machine are infallibly moving toward the desired goal — Fiesko who fears nothing but to find his equal. . . ." Every sentence of this apotheosis confirms our view.

Plainly "Fiesko" cannot aspire to the greatness of "The Robbers." The idea of republican liberty is not so compelling as that of the eternal moral order. Therefore the pose of the heroes may easily appear a trifle empty and unreal. Their "greatness," too, seems to us somewhat "puffed up." The whole action strikes us as shadowy because its basis is an abstract idea. For life and its realities are not convincingly displayed. It is also a defect that Fiesko's tragic development has to be carried on in secret. This takes place in two monologues that immediately follow each other. In the first he conquers; in the second — immediately afterward — he succumbs. Only a pathetic scene of explanation with his wife and the moving final scene with Ver-rina aid in portraying this inner development. Furthermore the purely outward events, the political action, development, and intrigue, are allowed to occupy too large a place. Because it interested Schiller to compose them, they are permitted to con-

trol the whole play. "Fiesko" stands for a transition stage of Schiller's development, and as such it is significant and instructive enough.

### 3. THE DEVELOPMENT DURING THE FIVE ACTS

Out of this material, out of these colors and tones, Schiller makes his picture. In the true spirit of early German drama, this work portrays a great historical movement, a wealth of epic material, which must find expression in the dramatic form. Let us once more try to realize the wealth of this material. The great political event occupies the central place, but this is really decided and indeed caused by the great man Fiesko. We see him, furthermore, as an accomplished dissembler, apparently carried away by frivolous pleasures, while he is all the time secretly forwarding plans for the uprising. At this point the intrigue with Julia and Leonore's jealousy are brought in. Kalkagno's evil desires give rise to the scene in which Leonore haughtily rejects him, and thus indirectly serve to indicate the security of Fiesko's position. He fears not Kalkagno's attempts at seducing his wife. Sacco's debts give still another shade to the motives that lead up to the conspiracy. The portrayal of the Dorias is very condensed. But the aged Andreas, with his fatherly anxieties about Genoa, must have a certain prominence. His genuine human merit also deserves this. We must indeed lament the



banishment of this noble man. Otherwise the close, which leaves him as the ruler over Genoa, would seem too completely a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole previous development. Among the republicans, side by side with Verrina, the chief personage, Bertha deserves a story of her own, with Bourgognino. He is related to the action and to Fiesko in three different ways—as Bertha's betrothed, as Leonore's former lover, and as a hero striving for the cause of freedom. Bourgognino also affects the whole course of events in a fourth way, for we must remember that Verrina involves him in his own final disposal of Fiesko. If we also consider the nobility and the citizens, we shall see what large groups of people must be so handled as to unite and to give significance to each other. And now we can understand the charm that Schiller found in his work, and also the little secrets of his art.

The magnitude of the picture of society, the interest of the intrigue fascinate him even at the beginning of the first act. He introduces Leonore and her jealousy so as to arouse our sympathy at once. All the different movements are brought into play, together with the persons concerned—Julia and Leonore, Gianettino and the conspirators. They are all managed with due regard for their connection with Fiesko. The action begins with Bourgognino's remonstrating with Fiesko, whom he challenges because of his neglect of Leonore, and

with the attempt of Gianettino's hired assassin, the Moor, to kill Fiesko. The repulse of the Moor by Fiesko attracts our attention. We begin to suspect that there is something concealed beneath Fiesko's mask. On the very spot he wins over the Moor and thus gains a tool for his own intrigues. We see in the hero a wily and resolute character. The last half of the act, with the darkness of night, is the more impressive by contrast with the lights and gayety of the festival. The picture of a great scene of conspiracy was what here roused Schiller's enthusiasm. It is night, as in "Julius Cæsar." But the whole effect is made romantic. We have the sacrifice to tyranny: the unhappy Bertha, the stern father, the friends, the bridegroom, the grewsome curse that the father lays upon his daughter. They all kneel around her, as the symbol of the State, which must be avenged. Poor Bertha is to be hidden away in darkness until the light of freedom shall release her. Unfortunately all this is too declamatory, because the natural feeling that anyone would have for the unfortunate child is kept far too much in the background. Finally the attempt to arouse Fiesko by showing him a picture of the deed of Virginius — a reminiscence of the painter Conti in "Emilia" — is an unspeakably weak motive.

A wealth of life is condensed into the second act. With cheerful vigor the author plunges into the

realities of the political world and shows much skill in keeping Fiesko always prominently before our eyes. The romance of the women is carried further. They say cruel things to each other and Leonore receives a deadly insult. But when Kalkagno tries to take advantage of this favorable moment she sends him away. The critical moment thus becomes one more tribute to Fiesko's greatness. "Fiesko's faithlessness will raise no Kalkagno in my esteem, but — it makes humanity sink." Later, when Leonore has been terrified by the report of Fiesko's murder, the one glance of love he gives her makes her blush. He stands like a rock in the midst of the raging of the nobility and the people. And the tumultuous appeal of the people to him for protection from Gianettino's shameful deeds is very impressive. He soothes the people with a fiction. While Schiller was working on "Fiesko" he read Shakespeare's Roman dramas once more, and in "Fiesko" we find an echo of "Coriolanus." The hero's tendency to postpone things becomes plain. "Revolt comes as if it had been called for. But the conspiracy must be my own." At this point Andreas sternly reproves Gianettino for all his effrontery, and we can but admire the old man's dignity. But matters go on in the same political fashion, with mines and countermines. With the unscrupulousness of a political adventurer, Gianettino, at one fell swoop, condemns twelve senators to

death. Fiesko, however, "tears off his own mask." He comes forth like the sun from the clouds. When he sees the picture that the conspirators bring him he appears in his true colors. This is a true use of the motive of Conti, adapted to Schiller's temperament. The work of art and Fiesko's deeds are contrasted as appearance and reality, as fancy and fact. And now Verrina begins his attempt at a counter-plot. He recognizes the danger, and this truly dramatic stroke is consistent with the motives of the only character that really cared for liberty.

The striking great and manifold action that takes place in the three portions of the act is thus once more made to revolve around Fiesko. His monologue ends the whole. The inner sequence of things requires this. Everything has been arranged for the development of his greatness, and now the inner meaning of the whole and the necessary progress of the drama requires that we should see the effect of the crowning moment of his greatness upon Fiesko's own soul. His own power proves an entanglement. This time he conquers. Schiller's fashion of viewing such conflicts is nowhere more manifest than here. The mightiest opposing powers of the moral order are always struggling for the possession of men. In "The Robbers" good and evil are shown in battle array and in "Fiesko," angels and devils. "Here is the precipice that sunders heaven and hell." The hero even compares his own fall with that of the angel. "The

old, old lures! . . . Angels must be enticed by the Siren tones of eternity. Men must be won by women, by gold and by crowns." We can always see the effect of Milton on Schiller's imagination.

In his next scene, in the third act, Fiesko succumbs. That this radical change of attitude results, not from any further developments of the action, but from the mere transition from one act to another, from a blank interval of time, is a very serious defect. This fact also gives too much importance to the merely outward events. Verrina's intermediate scene has indeed a real tragic import. Fiesko must die, or else he will become Genoa's most dangerous tyrant. Therefore when Fiesko, in the monologue that follows, decides that he will be the Duke, his death warrant is already signed. Once more, this is in accordance with the deepest motive of the piece, in which freedom stands for the moral order, and any sin against freedom always brings men to destruction. While Fiesko is speaking his eyes are fixed on Genoa and on the sea. As in the scene on the Danube in "The Robbers," Schiller's dramatic instinct leads him to influence our mood by the use of natural scenery. The moon is sinking and the sun is rising. The majestic city is bathed in light. We see its enticing charms. Fiesko seeks to justify himself by an appeal to the devil's own laws. "The noble mind is subject to other temptations than those of common men. . . . As the scope of crime

increases its infamy decreases.” In such sayings we once more see the young Schiller’s spirit as also in those passages where his contrasts are so extreme. “To obey or to command! To be or not to be!” In Fiesko’s world this is a true counterpart of Karl Moor’s monologue. Finally, as the nature of the piece demands, the balance is turned by a mere idea that astounds and thrills the hero. The hero gloats in fancy over the name of “Prince” and so comes to a decision. The three different stories pursue their several ways without adding any new elements of interest. Leonore, who wants to leave her husband, is comforted by his telling her that all will soon be made plain. He brings the conspirators wholly over to his own plan by unveiling to them Gianettino’s attempt at assassination. But he feels how they stick at the mere word “subordination.” The parts that they are to take in the uprising are allotted to all in a scene which recalls that of the conspirators in the second act of “Julius Cæsar.” We see the likeness in the conference as to who shall die. The poorest effect is produced by the following scene in the house of the Dorias, where Fiesko himself invites Julia to the comedy. It is a simple effect of comedy when Gianettino, whose own conscience is so bad, tells the German to be quiet when he brings the news that all kinds of suspicious people are approaching.



Although the third act is so broken up, the fourth consists of a few powerful and well-connected scenes. The conspiracy finds its advocates among the people, or at least among their leaders. The ferment is ready to break out as an open rebellion of the whole city. The invited guests arrive and are detained like prisoners in the courtyard. Fiesko explains matters to them in a speech that is taken almost word for word from Schiller's source, the account of Kardinal Retz, although by means of a few omissions and additions it has been brought to its present rhetorical beauty. We now see why Fiesko has previously committed the almost incredible blunder of scornfully driving the Moor away. For the course of events in this scene the author needed that Fiesko should be suddenly seized with anxiety lest all should have been betrayed to Andreas. For the following scene he needed that Fiesko and Andreas should vie with each other in magnanimity. And now even the story of the women is brought to its crisis. Fiesko humiliates the saucy coquette Julia before the whole house and embraces his wife. He had only made use of the foolish woman to deceive Genoa as to his plans. Unfortunately this scene too is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." At this point Fiesko shows his true character to the women, as he had previously unmasked before the men. In this case, however, the scene accomplishes, in an offensively moralizing fashion, the punishment

of vice and the reward of virtue. Here again we feel a lack of the sense of actual feminine nature, and even of what is socially possible. No nobleman would speak in such a harsh and insulting way to a woman. In Julia's description of her own state of mind we see the young man's idea of the mood of a woman who is about to fall. As a reward for all her distress Fiesko only now explains to Leonore his whole purpose, to usurp the rule of Genoa as its Duke. His wife is to be the first lady in the land. Her answer is very unexpected. Her pure womanly feeling is aroused by the very thought of the contemptible sin of treason. It was a real inspiration of Schiller's to make Fiesko realize through the words of his wife how the course he is pursuing must separate him from those who love him. Humanity itself, to which he is bidding farewell, speaks to him through Leonore. Once more, in Schiller's fashion, we have an extreme antithesis—love and ambition, the two mutually destructive gods of this world. Love is so happy with its one sole possession. Ambition is still hungry, though it preys upon all nature. Love alone can satisfy the endless longings of the heart. Ambition impoverishes it. A prince, who is neither God nor man, is a misproduct of nature who has failed to fulfill her intentions. Leonore shows Fiesko the gulf into which he is about to plunge. This is a strong and profound passage when regarded merely as belonging to a republican

play. Unfortunately Leonore speaks rather as a republican philosopher than as a tender and loving wife.

Now comes the fifth act! Genoa is shaken to its foundations by the storm of revolt. The tale now draws toward its close in a number of little chapters. Andreas and Fiesko behave toward each other with equal magnanimity. Then we have Gianettino's death and Andreas' flight. Leonore rushes into the *mêlée* and Bertha, dressed as a boy, embraces her Bourgognino. The Moor is caught stealing and finally hanged. Fiesko, who has been proclaimed Duke by the Genoese, meets his wife wrapped in Gianettino's mantle, strikes her dead, and curses in his despair over this diabolical blunder, while the horrified conspirators stand around him. Andreas departs from Genoa, not wholly without hope, for God still lives. Verrina sends his children away on a ship, pleads in vain with Fiesko to cast aside his royal purple, and then pushes the new Duke into the sea. Andreas returns. Half Genoa rallies about him. Verrina goes to Andreas.

Amongst all the confusion of the revolution Schiller keeps firm hold of the three motives that constitute his picture. First, the nobility of Andreas' character, which must be strongly portrayed on account of the ending. The second motive is the part that the women take in the action. Bertha and Bourgognino, with their pure young hearts, serve

here only as a foil for Fiesko and Leonore. Leonore's death is purposely symbolic. According to her premonition, Fiesko kills his love, his wife, on his way to the throne. And the actual meaning of this is that he has become the sport of hell. But the very coldness of the conception leads to the most exaggerated forms of expression, to actual raging and ranting in the "storm and stress" style. "If I only had God's world between my teeth. I long to tear the universe to tatters, till nature should be as hideous as my pain." We are reminded of that other scene in which even a woman tries to arouse an insurrection. We refer to Klärchen in "Egmont." Here we have the difference between poetry that is thought out and poetry that is felt, between ideal figures and warm red blood. The doom that freedom requires finally closes the piece. One here perceives the tragedy of Fiesko to be the principal feature of the work. Since he has fallen he must now be judged. The conscience of the republic judges him through the act of Verrina. With this act the work closes. Fiesko's guilt works not only his spiritual ruin and the ruin of his happiness (through Leonore's death), but it also causes his own death. It is a really great scene in which we see the stern republican candor, the friend judging his friend, the great man judging the great man. In the name of the conscience of humanity itself Verrina speaks to Fiesko yet once more. Freedom

is to him, as to Schiller, equivalent to the whole moral order, and the sin against freedom is no less heinous than in the case of Franz and Karl Moor. "Thou hast troubled heaven, and thy deeds shall be judged at the day of doom." In Verrina the idea has become flesh and blood, — a living man. This man indeed receives his death wound. He sacrifices the one hope of his life. And even when he does justice upon the traitor, who had been his best friend, the cause of freedom is still lost. Andreas returns. This is a profoundly tragic conception. But there still remains one defect. Schiller regarded the ending of the drama rather too much as the tragedy of his hero. Verrina's act of justice, which can only be conceived as a necessary sacrifice to the cause of freedom, loses its meaning when the condition of things remains as before. The settlement of affairs passes over from the realm of ideas and becomes purely personal. To be sure, one cannot easily suggest a better ending. But still the same moral insecurity and unsteadiness that we find at the close of "The Robbers" are also present in "Fiesko."

#### 4. FINAL CONSIDERATIONS

With "Fiesko" Schiller first ventured into the world of history. In this work we meet for the first time such personages as he later used constantly, — princes and rebels, statesmen, commanders of troops, soldiers, courtiers, gay society with its women, cor-

rupt and worldly men, noble young heroes, and, in fact, all the types that are to be found in public life. What Schiller now needs to learn may be told in a word. He must learn to make these types seem real and to develop them from credible motives which help us to comprehend them. To understand and control the whole life of society is the great task that lies before him. Purely abstract ideas must fall more into the background and prominence must be given to ideas that we can recognize as actual goals for the wills and desires of such people. For the rest, in "Fiesko" Schiller continues, as in "The Robbers," to give us glimpses into mighty depths and to place his characters over against one another in extreme moral contrasts. Once more, in the struggle of the people, the idea of morality, of humanity itself, is brought out. And for Schiller this idea was much the same as liberty. A judgment of the world is here depicted. But in order to comprehend the play as such, one must be not merely human, which is all that is needed for the comprehension of "The Robbers," but one must also share the poet's enthusiasm for republican ideals. For this reason "Fiesko" ranks below "The Robbers" and is rather a document of the time than a great work of art.

The ending, as we know, gave Schiller much trouble. And the whole is not a truly finished work, cast all in one mold. The form in which we have it is the revision already mentioned, for in its first form,



which was practically ready in September, 1782, it pleased neither Dalberg nor the actors. Only after his return from Bauerbach to Mannheim did Schiller prepare the new edition for the theater. At the end of November, 1783, he finished this revision, although as a sick man, suffering from intermittent fever, he was obliged to work in distemper. We do not intend to go into these alterations. The unscrupulousness of the playwright is here plainly seen. Schiller himself shows by all sorts of alterations in the scenes with Julia that he feels the graver emotional defects. But Fiesko's interesting behavior with the two women is unduly thrust into the background. As an alteration made for the sake of stage effect, or rather scenery, Bertha is freed from her dungeon and her adventurous appearance in boy's clothes is omitted. But every alteration seems only to make the story colder and more artificial. The reminiscences of earlier dramas are the more prominently emphasized the less the genuinely original motives of the play are brought out. What shall we say when Fiesko's first monologue is omitted, the second much abridged, and the ending quite abandoned? In this stage version Fiesko throws away the ducal crown. "This heavenly sight is more of a reward than all the crowns on earth. (Rushing toward the people.) Rise, Genoese! You shall not have a monarch! Embrace your happiest citizen!" The whole poeti-

cal and ideal meaning of the piece is thus sacrificed for mere theatrical effect.

On the eleventh of January, 1784, the play was first acted in Mannheim. Unauthorized performances had already been given. Streicher remarked: "A conspiracy in these quiet times seems too far-fetched." Schiller wrote: "The public does not understand 'Fiesko.' In this country republican freedom is a sound without sense, an empty name. The people of the Palatinate have no Roman blood in their veins. . . . The Mannheim folk say that the work is far too learned for them." It left them cold and impressed them as a strange and foreign thing. It lacks the thrilling quality of "The Robbers" and is not a convincing picture such as must compel our belief and sympathy.

## CHAPTER III

### "LOVE AND INTRIGUE"

#### I. THE WORK

##### 1. *Its Origin*

THE fate of "Fiesko" was, as we have said, a continual series of disappointments for Schiller. He had undertaken his flight, not because of his confidence in "The Robbers," a work already launched, but because of his hopes for his forthcoming work. This was to bring him honor and a place in the world, and it left him in the lurch. But however closely the disappointments of these hard years had been connected with "Fiesko," Schiller's courage rose again with the new play "Kabale und Liebe" (Love and Intrigue). The new work was more closely connected with his own inner life. His whole rebellious and fiery soul, impatient of the world, found expression in this drama, as formerly in "The Robbers." He did not succumb to the blows of fate because, while he was writing this domestic tragedy, a new power developed within him and supported him. The warm and wholly individual life that appeared in the first sketch still existed in

the complete form of the work when actually produced. And to-day, as when the piece was new, it affects the spectator with undiminished power.

During the arrest which was the penalty of his second journey to Mannheim, therefore in June or July, 1782, Schiller formed the plan of the work. While the whole detestable character of the life at Stuttgart lay heavy on his heart, the poet began this work. He was full of burning anger at the oppressions of the mighty and trembled with rage at the ruthless audacity with which they trod under foot human life and impulses. The mighty thus acted as enemies of that which is right in the eyes of God. The sketch of "Louise Miller" was the special companion of his flight. During his saddest days his genius was weaving together new plots and characters. The faithful Streicher has already told us how, during their wanderings from Mannheim to Darmstadt, and even on the beautiful mountain road, Schiller was wholly absorbed in his thoughts as they walked along. Though he was quite pleased and interested by the varied and cheerful pictures of life in Frankfort, yet after supper in Sachsenhausen he once more fell to musing and to telling his thoughts about the play to his friend, who was always an attentive listener. The outline was already so far formed that the leading situations were clearly before his mind. In the next fortnight a considerable part of the scenes was written out. When the

friends were once more stranded in Mannheim and were hidden in their poor little lodging at Oggersheim, the new work kept Schiller too busy to begin the alteration of "Fiesko." On the very first evening he sketched out his plan. In the spirit of a born playwright, he arranged everything with a view to its direct effect on the stage, and especially on the stage of the Mannheim theater. This last feature is new in his mental development. He wrote the different parts on purpose for the actors of the Mannheim theater. Each one was to appear exactly as in real life. He already delighted in thinking how comically naïve Beil would be in the part of Miller "and what an effect these comic scenes would produce upon the spectators in contrast with the later tragic scenes." And we now hear for the first time of the happy effect of music on his imagination. The music need not be of the very highest quality to stimulate his feelings. "Aren't you going to play again to-night?" he would ask Streicher even at dinner time. In the evening Streicher would go to the piano and play, in the twilight or in the moonlight, while Schiller would walk up and down for hours under the spell of the music, giving himself over to the involuntary play of fancy and from time to time murmuring his enthusiasm. For a whole week, while he was writing out all that he had mentally sketched, he never left the room for more than a few minutes.

Evidently he only went to work on the alterations of "Fiesko" after he had the whole new piece clearly formed in his mind. When his enforced wanderings took him to Bauerbach, "Louise Miller" went with him. Here, however, this work was set aside for "Don Carlos." In this solitude also, a companion who could listen to his outpourings was indispensable. Reinwald, a Meiningen librarian, who later became Schiller's brother-in-law, now took Streicher's place. Although Schiller wrote to Reinwald in December, 1782, that his tragedy would be ready in about a fortnight, we learn that in June, 1783, he was still working on it. But now a decisive influence, which he did not acknowledge, urged Schiller on to the completion of this work and the recasting of the former one. For Dalberg once more entered into negotiations with him in March, 1783, and Schiller was naturally charmed with the prospect of being once more connected with a theater, and especially with the Mannheim theater. In working on his piece he had been allowing his fancy free play. He confesses to Dalberg: "Besides the great variety of characters and the complicated nature of the plot, and the possibly overbold satire upon fools and rogues in high places, this tragedy has also the defect of the alternation of the comic with the tragic, the whimsical with the terrible, and although the dénouement is tragic enough, yet some amusing characters and situations are prominent." Obviously he



followed Shakespeare's example in this respect. Now nothing is more characteristic of Schiller than the influence that his taste for the theater, and his sense of theatrical and dramatic form had upon this work. For the mere feeling that he was about to be connected with a theater changed the previously free product of his fancy into the most regular of his works. This was the result of Dalberg's urgency, as we see from a letter to Reinwald, dated April 24, 1783. And we have a statement of the result in Schiller's letter to Grossmann, written on February 8, 1784, which should be compared with the above: "Louise Miller" will perhaps be no unwelcome acquisition to the German stage, "because on account of the simplicity of its performance, the small use of stage machinery and of supernumeraries, and the comprehensible nature of the plans, it is more convenient for the management and more enjoyable for the audience than 'The Robbers' or 'Fiesko.'"

The play was put into its final shape by one more retouching after the production of "Fiesko," and therefore this must have occurred in January or February, 1784. Streicher tells us that Schiller added but little and struck out a good deal. In the principal scenes nothing was altered, but the high-sounding speeches were toned down and many traits were modified or obliterated. We have also valuable testimony regarding the close relation of this drama to actual fact. "Many of the scenes, and not the

least significant ones, were founded upon numerous and lengthy stories that were current at the time. The author thought it fitting to give such tales a suitable place in his work, merely disguising them in such wise that the places and persons should not be easily recognized. By such disguises Schiller expected to keep out of trouble."

The piece, then, was first acted, it appears, on April 15, 1784, under the title ("Kabale und Liebe") that Iffland had given to it, and soon afterwards, with the coöperation of the Mannheim company, in Frankfort on the third of May. It had been already published by Schwan. By rewording Streicher's touching account of Schiller's behavior during the performance we should fear to rob it of its own peculiar flavor. We give it as it stands: "Quiet and cheerful, but retired within himself and talking but very little, Schiller awaited the raising of the curtain. But when the performance began, who could describe his keen expectant gaze, the working of his lips, the frowning of his brows when the speech of the actors did not suit him, the brightening of his eyes when some effect that he had counted upon was fully brought out! During the whole of the first act not a word escaped him, and only at the close did he say, 'It goes well.' "

"The second act was played with so much spirit, and especially in the ending there was so much fire and such a convincing reality, that after the curtain

had fallen the whole audience rose and unanimously broke out in a storm of applause, a very uncommon thing at that time. The poet was so taken by surprise that he rose and bowed to the audience. The pride and dignity of his bearing showed that he felt that he had done himself justice, and also that he was pleased that his merit should be recognized and approved."

The performance was a complete success.

2. "*Love and Intrigue*" in Comparison with  
"*Fiesko*" and "*The Robbers*"

In "*Love and Intrigue*" Schiller shows such skill in avoiding the errors of "*Fiesko*," and in further developing the stronger traits already present in his more youthful works, that it almost seems as if he had from the outset known his own true path.

His feeling for real life had led him to found "*Fiesko*" on history. Instead of the fantastic world of "*The Robbers*," he had wanted to represent the world of reality. But he did not as yet thoroughly know life as it appears in history. His rhapsody about the nobility of republican freedom rings somewhat hollow. The spirit of protest had been the principal feature in "*The Robbers*"; in "*Fiesko*" it took only a subordinate place. The picture of society was the weakest thing in "*The Robbers*"; in "*Fiesko*" it took the most prominent place.

Once more, as in "The Robbers," he pictures in the new work not historical, but present, and indeed German events. But he does not now give us a completely fantastic world, but rather the greatest realism. In none of his other works do we find such a vital breath of reality as in this one. In "Kabale und Liebe" Schiller succeeds in giving a picture of society. In "Fiesko" his attempt had been unsuccessful. But reality itself becomes in this case a tremendous protest. The leading motive of "The Robbers" runs through this drama also. And the protest is the more powerful because it is not fantastically expressed, but lies in reality itself. It is the reality that protests.

While "Fiesko" continued the political motive of "The Robbers," "Love and Intrigue" is a social drama. But even in "The Robbers" the greatest conflict was a social one. Something like Kosinsky's experience is now developed before our eyes. Karl Moor says, speaking of the minister: "By fawning and flattery he has raised himself from the people to the place of prime favorite. His neighbor's downfall served him for a stepping stone—he prospered on the tears of orphans." This minister stands before us in the form of President Walter. The mere words of "The Robbers" here become a picture.

The whole is more powerful and more closely knit. This is because of the simplicity of the plot. A love

story is presented to us. The personages are relieved by strong contrasts and are brought into action always for some especial purpose. Here we have no longer the two almost separate actions of “The Robbers” or the three or more interwoven plots of “Fiesko.” Schiller’s roving fancy was always threatening to make his work too scattered. We have in this piece the greatest condensation.

When the battle is confined within a suitably narrow compass its cause becomes clear. Karl Moor fights for humanity and nature, against convention and against dead legalism. Fiesko fights against servitude, for freedom. The effect remains an abstract ideal. How much more distinct is the issue in this other struggle. The thing in question is the everlasting right to love, a right that can only be decided by the eternal voice of nature. And the evil powers that strive against the rights of love are also clearly shown — the world that tramples on those rights, the world of social classes and prejudices, the soul-destroying power of convention. The two contrasting groups are clearly and sharply distinguished.

Thus the work springs as by the force of nature itself from Schiller’s whole development, crystallizes in simple and obvious forms around the events of this simple love story, and thus shows the poet’s great progress towards real clearness.

He shows how, in just such a world, love brings true lovers to their death, and how just this world

in which they live must prove the destroyer of their love. Now if the right to love is an ancient and indubitable right of man, then precisely such a world is convicted of a crime against humanity. And so, in this work, the tragedy of the times is made clear, since the social order is seen working our ruin by destroying the most sacred possession of humanity. Once more, then, this is a play that pronounces judgment. The men of this world appear as sinning against the eternal rights of man.

Thus all that was vaguely fermenting in Schiller's earlier works finds its full expression in the happy inventions of "Love and Intrigue." As Goethe said of his "Werther," so Schiller might say of this drama—it had to be. It has not, indeed, the world-encompassing power, nor do its roots reach down to the depths of the moral order itself, nor yet does it portray so tremendous a catastrophe as "The Robbers." The progress in skill and concentration implies a loss in wealth.

### 3. *The Control of Technique in "Love and Intrigue"*

Schiller's chief gain in all this was the acquisition of clearness. This is why "Love and Intrigue" comes to life before our eyes with such a fully convincing power, with a force and simplicity of expression that is not surpassed in any of these youthful dramas. This piece is acknowledged to be the technical masterpiece of Schiller's youth. Whoever



truly wishes to understand him should study him in the light of this, his greatest youthful power. Let us pause to examine briefly its technical structure.

As a model of dramatic introduction the first act can hardly be surpassed. What are we to see? The contrast of two opposing social orders, the domestic and humane simplicity of the plain people, and the inhuman artificiality of the aristocrats. In short, love and intrigue contrasted. And these two social classes come before our eyes. Hence the division of the act into two parts is required. We see the two groups in lively dramatic action from the very beginning.

The music teacher's house comes first, because the sorrow of this household is the subject of the whole play. We must know what is fostered in this household, for of just this the great world is the enemy. But we do not at first see the principal characters. The spectators nearest to them appear first, by way of preparing us, or rather with their very first words they bring us into the midst of the action. The first word bears upon the central theme of the piece. "This love must cease." This idea is developed in two groups of scenes, and in fact the sharp dual division in the whole work belongs in a way to the intention. First the father and mother are having a private talk together. The feeling that they express is fear. And how plainly their characters appear in their talk about the major's love for their

daughter. The father, with his stern uprightness and his narrow but sturdy notions, fears anything resembling presumption. But the mother, with her rather awkward vanity, has no true sense of the danger so long as her ambitions may soar. These characters are real and alive. Every word is genuine. But we progress at once to another stage. After their fear comes the actual danger, for the secretary Worm comes prying about the house, a cold-blooded sneak, in the pay of the aristocrats. This Worm, in fact, has a fancy for sweet fruits. No one could be more sure to find out the secret. Doom is impending.

The lovers themselves only appear after we have become warmly interested in their story. They enter separately, Louise first. A whole world of new impressions has awakened within her, so that she is like a stranger among her own people. Indeed it is as if she were quite lifted out of her actual life. But all the more this life again weighs heavily upon her. Her happiness only fills her heart with foreboding. She always feels that joy is really impossible for her. At last we hear Ferdinand himself. It is he who has begun the whole story, who has disturbed the peace of all these people and has challenged fate itself. Louise knows nothing of the world. Ferdinand defies it. Thus from the very beginning these characters stand before us with the same significance that they are to have for the whole work. We have

a large number of lifelike personages, all concerned about the same matter, the love of the music teacher's daughter and of the major, who is a nobleman. Danger is present from the very first word.

After the world of love appears the world of intrigue. Again the very first word brings us directly into the action of the piece. Here also we find the same distinct division into two groups of scenes, a division which also appears in all the details of the individual groups and scenes. President von Walter does not waste time in thinking about his son's foolish love, of which Worm tells him. He goes to work instantly on plans which are to put an end to the whole affair. Since the Duke is about to marry, Ferdinand must marry the Duke's former mistress, Lady Milford. These plans are set in operation instantly. The President initiates Baron von Kalb, his chamberlain, who is certain to gossip everywhere about the plan. The intrigue is now in progress. For we must see a comprehensible purpose, and even a deed of some sort, in order to appreciate the danger. And again the characters are pictured by their actions. The president is a devil and Worm is his underling and Kalb is a silly fop. What a contrast there is between this world and the world of the plain middle-class people! In the one we find only calculation, harsh tyranny, coldness, and egotism, and in the other friendliness, integrity, warm-heartedness, and love. Or, in a word, in the

one circle we find artifice, in the other nature. Again, the explanation between father and son only takes place after we have learned the father's opinion of Ferdinand and his love. One after the other the president tries both the expedients that belong to intrigue. He first tries force and attempts to compel his son. Ferdinand must follow him, for his crimes had been committed for his son's sake. And what greater good fortune could there be in the realm than the possession of Lady Milford? And then after force comes trickery. The father draws from the boy, in his confusion, the tacit admission of his secret, for the son still refuses when his father proposes as his bride the noble Fräulein von Ostheim. War is declared. "When I am aroused a dukedom trembles."

This first act is, in Schiller's own style, almost a little play in itself. A lively action shows us the principal theme of the piece—Ferdinand's love for the girl in humble circumstances. Both the nobility and the plain people are portrayed by means of expressive and strongly contrasted types, while the action explains their opposition.

As the first act is the model of an introduction, because of the clearness and consistency with which the cause of the conflict is presented, the second is the model of a sustained action. This also is divided into two parts, each full of movement and each having a decisive effect on the fate of the lovers.

First come a number of scenes in which Lady Milford figures. She serves the author's purpose admirably by completing the exposition. For in the end everything depends upon Lady Milford's position with regard to the plans against the lovers. Therefore we need to know her character and what kind of a woman she is. She is also a most significant figure in the picture of the two contending social classes that are represented in this work. For in a drama we want to see things, and we see in the Prince's beloved not only the court with all its glamour and fascination, but also—very clearly—what love means at court. And herein comes to light the strongest contrast between the world of love and that of intrigue. And so Lady Milford furnishes the most brilliant possible means for determining the dynamics of the piece. It is as if all the light was focused upon the danger of the situation. The lovers seem to float at a dizzy height above a precipice, if their hopes meet at just this point their opponent and their enemy. Thus the action of the piece is really advanced. War to the knife is declared by the dread powers that the court controls.

In addition to all these merely external features the Milford scenes possess a deep inner significance. They are not merely a manifestation of the poet's technical skill as a playwright, but the young Schiller's whole nature finds expression in them. The most dreadful thing about this danger to the lovers

is that it does not appear in the form of mere physical force. Ferdinand has to resist the one power that is formidable to him. He finds what he least expects—a warm, rich nature, a fascinating woman, who holds out her arms to him and begs him to free her from her utterly unworthy situation. With all her heart this beautiful woman longs for wholesome human life. Although it may be a somewhat doubtful plan to burden the principal action with this third distinct element, yet the poet gained much from the venture in the clearing up of the situation, in bringing the struggle to a crisis, and finally in the symbolic representation of the whole human significance of the conflict that we witness. For it almost seems as if the longing for the victory of the humane motive had been incorporated in Lady Milford.

But Schiller also understood how to bring this significance to light through the arrangement of the scenes with Lady Milford. They serve as a frame to the central action of the piece. Here at the beginning they close the exposition and lead over to the action itself. And near the close of the play they give a notable pause before the final catastrophe. In the early scenes Lady Milford initiates and in the later scenes she makes clear the results. At first we see her in the courage of battle, later in her despair and renunciation. But the chief point is that while in the earlier scenes she is the greatest



menace to the lovers in their struggle, after their downfall she glorifies their defeat. For while in the earlier scenes she seeks the gratification of her selfish desires, in the later scenes she renounces and attains, winning at last the prize of true humanity. The downfallen lovers conquer their most dangerous enemy. And the humane motive triumphs. So through the character of Lady Milford the idea of the piece comes to be a living reality. Schiller shows his mastery over his art in bringing in this character in just two places and in choosing just those places.

If the first part of the act betokens threatening weather and clouds, now, in the second part, the storm breaks. We are once more in Miller's house, where we see the lovers' fate harshly assailed by violence. The president is about to expose the girl to public disgrace in order to make it impossible for Ferdinand to marry her. Once more we must admire the skillful touch of the artist. How correctly he estimates the effect on the whole piece when, after the long preparation, he brings us into the very midst of calamity. The very same act had begun almost quietly. Yet now we have this outbreak, as swift as lightning, that takes our breath away and quite overwhelms us. The power of evil men is the presupposition upon which the piece is based. We need to have once felt the dread of force in order that the thought of this work may

fully impress us. All that has gone before is here concentrated at one point.

Again we have the division into two parts, one group of scenes being preparatory, while the others complete the action. And in each of these there are again two parts. In the first part we have at first Miller and then Ferdinand, who brings bad news. The president is coming. And how artistic is the psychological development. The climax comes as swift as lightning, and yet there are quite a number of steps that lead up to it. First Miller, Louise, and Ferdinand — all in breathless anxiety about the impending visit. Then Ferdinand, after a hard struggle, comes to a decision and they all wait, with a sort of anxious self-control. Ferdinand regains his courage, Louise's father sternly calls him to account. Finally, in fiery and impressive phrases, Ferdinand contrasts the rights of fatherhood and the rights of love.

This climax is all the more impressive, following as it does after the brief return of peace. The terror of the poor people does indeed show us how great the president's power must be. But as yet we have only heard of his hardness and cruelty. Now they are to be seen in his deeds. Again we have the same skillful effect of climax. First the minister speaks alone, refusing to be interrupted while he is harshly arraigning the lovers. The decision approaches. When honest Miller proposes to seek help from the

Duke, the president laughs him to scorn. Then there is the collision and an out and out struggle between the father and son. While the officers of justice are already making their way into the house, Ferdinand besieges his father with the most desperate pleading. He tries everything. With cutting scorn he accuses his father of putting God to shame. For a bad minister has been made instead of a good hangman. He threatens to share Louise's disgrace by standing with her in the pillory. With the same respect for her honor that he demands for his own, he takes her under the protection of his sword. All human means prove vain. A "devilish" expedient helps. "While you are sending her to the pillory, I will publish a pleasant tale of how a president's chair may be won!" Then Louise is set free. That word strikes home as a flash of light darts into an abyss.

As a dramatic development, and as a striking stage effect including all the characters, this whole scene is beyond praise. How plainly we see everything at once—the physical fear, the oppression and the helplessness of the plain people, the haughty tyranny and moral rottenness of the courtiers. All this flashes before us while the action rushes on like a cataract. There is not a moment's pause. The action affects the innermost being of all the participants. The very soul of each hangs upon the outcome of this moment which decides the actual fate of all. And throughout, in con-

trast with the bungler, who simply stumbles into the midst of things, Schiller is still deliberate, like a true poet, who always has time enough. He works over a thousand little details which, taken together, are to produce a strong effect. This is a thing that cannot be learned. It is an inborn quality of the true artist, for whom life is a thing to be felt and seen, not to be coldly reasoned about. The technique of expression is here complete.

The third act brings the doom that has now been sealed. We feel immediately the slower tempo. We perceive a slight weariness, which is not out of place after the breathless excitement of the previous scene. The scoundrels are somewhat sobered by their repulse. By a momentary rest the author cleverly prepares us for what is yet to come. The transition is accomplished with the greatest delicacy. The hatred of the villains becomes more and more resourceful. They are now for the first time wholly upon their own ground. They have passed over from force, which shows at least some courage, to shameful deceit. The scheme, devilish as it is, shows the depth of their hatred and corruption. They plan to ensnare the lovers by means of their unselfish love; Ferdinand through the swift jealousy of an unsuspecting youth, Louise through her love for her father and her respect for the sacredness of an oath. Thus the plan is devised for her to write a love letter to another man and for Ferdinand to

find it. No more terrible crisis could be devised than that the wicked should bring about the ruin of the good through their very virtues. This plan is actually carried so far that the lovers are made to bring about their own ruin by means of their love and unsuspectingness. Their very rectitude turns to poison in the hands of the intriguers. Here too, as in "Emilia Galotti," the forms of justice are misused. Like Karl Moor in "The Robbers," Ferdinand stumbles on in a sort of tragic blindness and, as with Karl, his awakening is terrible. But the effect is here even more painful, because the cause is not simply the rascality of an evil man, such as Franz in "The Robbers," but the very faithfulness that binds Louise. She is so simple and good, but ruin lurks in the very heart of her filial piety. The contrast between the two worlds is painted in darker and darker tones.

The height, or rather the depth, of the work is reached in the scene in which Worm dictates the letter. At this point the ruin of the lovers becomes certain. With true instinct Schiller introduces this event by a scene in which a trace of suspicion is aroused in Ferdinand. Worm's scene with Louise corresponds to the president's scene in Miller's house and, as before, the deed follows the preparation. But as the preparation differs from that in the other scene, being base trickery instead of force, the resulting action differs also. And once more the

author shows his power in the skill with which he portrays and produces this wholly different mood. While in the former scene everything was open brutality — in clear daylight, amongst many people, one swift stroke from the lowering clouds — here all is secret, dark, and hidden, in the night; and all the while that the noose is tightening the talk is only two and two in secret whispers. But in the wealth of this development we find the same artistic deliberateness, the same correct coloring. When poor helpless Louise is overwhelmed with misery, and trembling with dread is again and again driven back to that letter, till at last in the depths of despair she turns against the hateful addresses of Worm, we are deeply moved, and the darkness of night seems to close over us. This cheerless mood gives this phase of the action its compelling necessity, its own peculiar life. And only a true artist can succeed in producing this technical finish, because he alone feels to his very finger-tips the life that is peculiar to each scene, and thus gives it just its due weight and effect.

The fourth act, in which occurs the reaction and the catastrophe, rapidly approaches and is divided into two parts that are as accurately balanced as those of the foregoing act. We see the effect of the base stratagem upon Ferdinand and Louise. He has found and read the letter. He rages in his youthful fury and his suffering drives him quite beyond con-



trol. Here again we have a scene of stormy passion. Next after, and contrasting with this, comes Louise's somber and quiet talk with Lady Milford. We see the two young lovers with their different characters and circumstances; Ferdinand so frank and open, Louise fast bound by family ties and by her vow. After the somber effect of the previous act Ferdinand brings in a more vigorous life, while the contrasting scenes of Louise with Lady Milford give us one last interval of quiet before the great excitement of the catastrophe.

It is the very irony of fate that, in his excitement, Ferdinand himself hinders the final explanation just when the Chamberlain is ready to confess the deception. The nearness of that rescue, which Ferdinand himself prevents, gives us a very bitter feeling. And the poor boy's suffering changes him so completely from all that he has hitherto been that he even falls at his father's feet and begs him for forgiveness.

He is determined to punish Louise. The scene with Lady Milford gives an effect of relief before the final blow. But this effect is also full of irony, for while Lady Milford is apparently triumphant, Louise, though conquered and in despair, yet even in her despair still keeps her disconcerting ascendancy. We have already explained the significance of this scene. The real integrity of the simple young girl of the people puts the vices of the great lady to shame, and so wins her back to virtue. This con-

quest throws a sort of aureole around the poor girl's unhappiness. It is a sort of compensation.

The really great closing act is the only one that is developed in one united group of scenes, the only one that is played in one place from beginning to end. Nothing is now left but the *dénouement* of the lovers. That deepest of tragedies, in which love does its worst to love, is now in progress. The mother, having no individuality or independent significance, disappears. Miller, the father, who is really a man, has his part throughout. Schiller here appears once more as the poet of the last act. Seldom does technical excellence go hand in hand with the truest poetry, as in this conclusion. While with the greatest clearness the poet develops the action to its very end, he drains the last drop of tragic effect from the life that is in question.

Three separate portions are plainly distinguished. The first three scenes are preparatory, the five following make the mind fully ready for the close; then comes death and the end.

Even in the first portion something of the gloom of death is present. Louise seeks death. Ferdinand enters while Miller, the father, is talking with his daughter, whom he has overheard. Schiller's skill is remarkable in arranging what is important and necessary for the action while further developing the characters. Only now do we see the depth of all the human relations, and the people seem greater

in their misfortunes. In order that Ferdinand's purpose and deed shall have their full effect, Louise must be dissuaded from her intention of ending her own life. This is the purpose of her conversation with her father. But how well this also shows Miller's relation to his child, his great love and devotion for her, and also the sterling piety which lies at the foundation of both their lives. "I can do no more — God be my judge! I can do no more for this poor soul." But now, when Louise is once more willing to live, Ferdinand enters and the full horror of the situation appears: Louise's sudden alarm, her acknowledgment of the letter, her boundless humiliation. We now see the fate that has been impending over them all.

By a long, a more quiet, but still powerful scene between Ferdinand and Miller, the catastrophe is delayed. This point too is important for the action. Ferdinand as well as the audience must be made to realize the magnitude of the sacrifice that is to come. And the father's emotional outburst brings this home to him. She is his only child, and what a child! How powerfully Schiller portrays the human relation of the father and daughter, as well as that of the homely musician and the courtly young gentleman. Ferdinand's cruel suffering and the tender sympathy of the old man now appear. It is touching to see the joy of this honest and simple soul over the purse full of gold coins that

Ferdinand pays for his music lessons. It is the daughter's blood money. How little it would have taken to give to these simple people life and happiness, who are even now in the clutches of fate. The whole scene is powerfully colored by the tragic mood.

And so we reach the final scene. The lovers are alone. There is a slow and painful prelude of the deepest humiliation for Louise. Her unbounded love flares up once more. Her soul is in deadly fear, and then comes the sentence of her executioner: You must die! Only by the approach of death does Louise feel herself freed from her oath. With the strictly binding principles of the plain people, she is true to herself to the end. She discloses all, and now everything becomes terribly clear. But this tardy clearness only brings the final judgment. The avenger of blood overcomes those who had been so well able to settle matters with the police. The president and Worm are unmasked. The evil world too is overwhelmed. The dying Ferdinand even clasps the hand of his heart-broken father. Simple humanity finally outlasts all the intricate entanglements of the artificial world.

Thus with the highest skill Schiller manages the successive stages of the action. With the greatest distinctness of inner development he brings the story of all these characters to its close. With the utmost clearness he finally explains all their mutual

relations, and with the utmost truth he develops from the whole a moral judgment.

4. *The Character of Schiller's Technique in Comparison with Lessing's "Emilia Galotti"*

The construction of such a drama as "Love and Intrigue" is no small task for an artist, because there is so much that he wishes to impart to his audience. He must first find the thread of a simple story, upon which everything must seem spontaneously to depend. The play is to become more and more a struggle for the everlasting and sacred rights of man. For this reason the two worlds must be contrasted by means of living types, — types of human longing and of inhuman hardness, of love and of intrigue. There are really three different types, for Lady Milford, whose lot is cast in the world of intrigue, at heart belongs to the better and simpler world. Not only must these groups stand in clear contrast, but also at every moment of the action the power exerted by each must become clear. Thus at first Schiller sees all these groups side by side and with a certain equality, but later strongly emphasizes the two focal points of the action — the sudden and tyrannical power of the intrigue, when the president goes to the Millers, and the malicious tightening of the noose in Worm's interview with Louise. For it is Schiller's task to exhaust every phase of the battle, both force and trickery. At every moment the interplay of the

forces is of new importance. All this must appeal not merely to our understanding. We must sympathize with the action with all our hearts. These are the experiences of real people. We must share their feelings. Thus it is a most important part of the artist's task to color every part of the action with its own especial mood, from the mere whisper of fear, through the swift outbreak of terror and rage, to the depths of deadly sorrow. Only such a living force of portrayal can hold our attention throughout the work. And just this quality is especially strong in "Love and Intrigue." Thus the mere conception of the drama implies a large number of tasks, and these tasks require many and varied gifts.

Schiller possesses clearness in the explanation of different influences, a just sense of emphasis within the acts and throughout the work, the true art of harmonious effects. In the simple tale of the musician's daughter a universal struggle is depicted, and while exhausting human fate, the dramatist does full justice to its ideal significance. He gives us his message with the greatest clearness. Whoever has full control of the linguistic form required by his artistic thought is a master of technique.

The result as to our knowledge of Schiller's development is important. At the age of twenty-four years he had mastered the technique of dramatic language.



We involuntarily glance back at "Emilia Galotti," that masterpiece of modern German drama, without which "Love and Intrigue" could never have been written. We will leave out of account the many direct relationships.

In both cases the clearness and definiteness of form are determined by the same consideration; namely, the objective point toward which all the characters are drawn from the beginning, while these characters themselves belong to two opposing social orders. The question at issue is indeed somewhat different in "Love and Intrigue," being social rather than political. But the conception is the same — social superiority on the one hand and simple rectitude on the other. We find the same manly expression of uprightness in the rough and blustering force of Odoardo and of Miller. In both cases it is the women who are so foolishly susceptible to the charms of worldly life, Claudia and Frau Miller being alike in this respect. But the bringing of the young girl into central prominence by means of her tragic greatness and her wealth of soul is not such a brilliant success in the case of Louise as in that of Emilia. And here the fact that Schiller has transferred the social order that he depicts one stage lower becomes of importance. This, and also the dramatist's youth, as well as his greater poetical power, explain the more vehement, more emphatic tones, the fuller expression.

Still, in correspondence with the characters in "Emilia Galotti," there stands, on the other side, the figure of the minister, instead of the Prince, an out and out rascal, instead of the naïve expression of the moral falsity that goes with the position of a despot. And just so it is with Worm the secretary, who takes the place of the Chamberlain, — a mean scoundrel, not a false product of society. But what a peculiar power of characterization Schiller shows in the creation of this personage. Throughout the list of characters we find the same procedure of deviation from the types used in "Emilia Galotti," while a close analogy is still preserved.

Just as Appiani's appearance is used to determine the mood which the piece is to arouse, Louise's first appearance also produces an analogous effect, that of melancholy resulting from an unheard-of good fortune. Lady Milford especially serves the same purpose as Orsina, without whom, indeed, she would never have existed. This purpose is to incorporate and make visible thoughts allied to the main action, in fact the very same thoughts in both cases; for from both we hear a genuine human cry in the midst of all the life of sin. But what in the case of Lessing was confined to the one place in which it had its technical and poetical significance, with Schiller grows to something characteristic of the whole dramatic plot and tendency.

The parallelism is carried uncommonly far when in both cases the rascals make use of a travesty on

justice as an aid to their crimes. In Schiller's work this decides the tragedy. But only Lessing gives to this motive its highest degree of cruel irony. For Lessing's marvelously clear understanding keeps the trend of the movement throughout the piece with the greater skill.

Thus Schiller's work differs from Lessing's principally in the greater wealth of his invention. He depicts three worlds instead of two, and his story is more extended and shows more internal development. In a highly characteristic way, through the character of Lady Milford, he brings the universal idea of the struggle for humanity and virtue into direct relation with the piece. Thus the similarity of the two works, in fact the dependence of Schiller's drama upon "Emilia Galotti," is as striking as the dissimilarity of the personalities of the two poets. Lessing's talent was riper and his art more thoroughly studied, while Schiller's work was on a larger scale and showed more creative power.

5. *The Representation of Life in "Love and Intrigue."*  
*The Truth of the Poetic Thought*

An examination of its artistic and linguistic skill cannot complete our study of "Love and Intrigue." We must now turn to the artistic thought that the piece utters. The finest thing in such a work is that a compellingly truthful idea shall be expressed with complete clearness. Does this work embody a truth

which we must accept? This is the important question that remains to be considered. And the answer thereto will best show how the young Schiller viewed men and the world and what he knew about them at this stage of his development.

“Love and Intrigue” is in its very nature a satirical work, and as such its force is irresistible. It uses equally well the weapons both of scorn and of rage. It arouses the bitter laughter of contempt and makes us grind our teeth when, for instance, we see three such vain and wicked men as Walter, Worm, and Kalb put their heads together, or when the old valet brings the casket of jewels. And then trait by trait we see the development of the president’s life, without honor, without paternal love, without rectitude. All his ingenuity is expended upon fresh acts of tyranny, which, however, bring him to shame at last through the one thing that he could not reckon upon—the final desperate resolve of the lovers. We have an affecting picture of the always childlike human heart, which must die when its faith is betrayed. And we see also the scheming and infatuated minds that, together with childlike simplicity, have lost all human kindness. The satirist of “Love and Intrigue” draws his inspiration from the throbbing of his own stormy heart. This it is that gives life to his work.

But this creative power has taken the form of high tragedy. Here everything depends upon the truth

of the whole picture of life. Let us seek out this truth.

Schiller frames his work by combining three great groups, three social orders. These are in the strongest contrast both socially and morally. Now how are they connected?

"Meanwhile," says Ferdinand at the close of the second act, "I will tell the whole town a tale about the way in which a president's chair may be won." Can Ferdinand really know what he apparently must know, in order to make this scene possible, a scene which could not well be spared, either for its closing word of satire or for its influence upon the progress of the whole action? The thing thus hinted at cannot have been an open secret or else the threat would not have so appalled the president. He must have learned of the mystery from his father. And this is the case, according to Worm. But Ferdinand, as we are supposed to view him, is not one to play the part of such a confidant, and we cannot well believe that the crafty president would have revealed himself to this dreamer. Are we to believe what he says incidentally, that all his crimes had been committed for his son's sake? The rest of his conduct does not bear out this idea. This point is not clear. This striking and strongly emphasized feature of the action does not fit in with the characters and with the relations that the piece requires them to have to each other. However keen his perception may have



been for technical structure, the poet's picture of life is here purely vague. The sharp contrast between the two worlds, which is the principal theme of the work, is here wanting.

Everything ought to be clear between the president and Lady Milford as well as between the president and Ferdinand. "He knows, Worm," says the president, "how much my standing depends upon Lady Milford's influence." And this must be so in the play or else the intrigue could not be carried on. We can also understand that the president would rather see Lady Milford married to a man within his own sphere of influence. Yet his personal position depends upon her influence. What did Lady Milford say? "Thy country, Walter, felt the touch of human kindness for the first time and trustingly reposed upon my bosom!" And can she nevertheless be supposed to have insured the influence of this cruel man? Or if she has been deceived in the president, how monstrous must the deceit have been! And finally the country, groaning under the president's oppression, does not seem to have felt Lady Milford's humane influence at all. The speech of the old valet, whose son, with many others, has been sold to America, is too glib. Once more, this passage suits the needs of the intrigue, but does not belong to a true picture of human beings. And again we come to the connection between these different social worlds. The contrast between them is



so great that they cannot readily be brought into the unity required by the work as a whole and by its most important scenes.

The same holds good of Lady Milford's relation to Louise. Hardly anywhere else does the spirit of the piece appear as plainly as here. The antithesis is in Schiller's own style. Lady Milford tries to overcome Louise and is overcome herself. She wants to make Louise renounce and she herself ends by renouncing. While Louise falls a sacrifice to humanity she helps humanity to triumph in Lady Milford's heart. And all this is the result of a happy thought, which the poet's dramatic instinct would not allow to escape him; namely, the thought of bringing these rivals in love to confront each other, and with them the social orders to which they belong—the nobility, brilliant with the glamour of their sins, and the plain people in their misery, suffering because of their virtues. And this suffering is the victory that "overcometh the world." But however necessary the scene is for the work, what leads up to it is strange, indeed incomprehensible. What can Lady Milford want with Louise? Ferdinand's decision will determine everything. The spur of feminine curiosity would be too weak a motive here. Above all, Louise says, just when she is completely shattered by the writing of the terrible letter that was dictated to her: "Tell your mistress that she commands what I had meant to ask for on the morrow." And what

was she going to ask? The situation is wholly unnatural. For this reason the conversation and behavior in just these scenes are so unbearably forced. For the third time, and again when the more delicate adjustments of the two social orders are in question, with such characters as these are the scene seems impossible. And yet this scene is requisite for the connection and for the desired effect of the whole. The artistic conception is not free from some small departures from truthfulness.

Such defects as the foregoing, one would no doubt call defects in the motivation of the piece. But now we see plainly what it is that decides how motives sufficient for the action are to be found. If the essential nature of every character had been distinctly seen by the poet, so that each character had been brought only into just such situations as were suitable to that essential nature, then indeed such defects in the connecting links would be impossible. Thus the poet's conception of his characters lacks complete consistency and truthfulness. In such passages the instinct for stage effects overpowers the poetic instinct.

This consideration leads us to study the way in which Schiller actually conceived and viewed his characters. The division into three different worlds is clear. In the one are the president, Worm, and Kalb, in the other Ferdinand and Louise and her family, and between the two, Lady Milford. The

distribution of the lights and shadows is equally clear. But does the young poet really bring out in this way the whole tragic significance of the battle that he is trying to show us?

All the shadows darken the group of intriguers, while all the light is focused upon the lovers. The tragedy rests simply upon the unconditional belief in the reality and power of evil. It is, therefore, a tragedy of social pessimism. It is for this reason that the lovers are from the first aware that their love is audacious, almost guilty. It is, indeed, this audacity that drives them to their ruin. The work owes its power to an opinion, the product of the poet's utmost fury and rebellion; namely, that the sacred things of human life are irresistibly doomed to destruction by the evil powers of this world.

The portrayal of the messengers of destruction could not be more distinct. They are two of the worst scoundrels and a silly fop. All that they do and say is wholly contemptible, and Kalb is also extremely stupid. Every word they utter stamps them at once. This is precisely the intentional satire of the tragedy. How convincingly real and lifelike is the effect whenever they are in action, when Worm is dealing with Miller and with Louise, and also when the president is in the humble dwelling of the musician. But side by side with the scenes in which the characters speak out frankly there runs always the poet's personal purpose. Every word is

so chosen that they shall show themselves to be such men as the poet had in mind — remorseless, quite without conscience, devoid of all natural feeling or nobility of purpose. We thus have always, even in the representation of the reality which was nearest to his observation, an abstract idea guiding the portrayal. Yes, these characters actually appear as evil itself, and quite unmasked. They always arouse a thrill of horror.

What does this show as to the artist's conception? Schiller fails to see in these characters a life that could not be otherwise, an inner necessity that all should be as it is. No! they *ought to be* different. We feel this throughout the whole portrayal. All their doings are fully conscious rascality. Thus the whole acquires the character of mere chance. In the case of conscious wrongdoing it is possible to conceive some other development, but not in the case of unconscious and inwardly necessary hard-heartedness. Were this latter in question in this play we should see in tragic conflict the whole sorrow of relentless life. The irreconcilable, as Goethe said, that is what always makes the greatest tragic situations.

A youthful view of things is seen in Schiller's work. This view ardently upholds the sacred things of life and gives earnest expression to the voice of nature. The soaring of the poet's thought must be hampered by no past. Youth feels that it is impossible to view these things otherwise. Youth does not see

how one can fail to be convinced of the rights of truth and nature. Whoever combats these rights does so because of the poverty of his nature, as for instance Kalb, or because of intentional wickedness, as the president and Worm. Such a conception arises from Schiller's youthful partisanship. But this is not the only possible conception of life. Indeed it is scarcely the most profound. In real life we rarely find in such people as Walter the conscious departure from what they actually recognize as right. Their opinions are inborn and govern them from the beginning. And the conventional class distinctions, which give rise to tragedies such as this one, have always formed part of a necessary way of viewing things and must forever give to weaklings their worldly might. For weaklings cannot really conceive things otherwise than under the form of a rule that has been once for all accepted. Every departure from convention is for such people audacity if not sin. Thus the force of established custom is arrayed against every new departure, against all freedom of human development. Therein lies a good part of the actual tragedy of human life. According to Schiller's conception such misfortune is merely a chance occurrence, against which one can, and indeed must, rebel. He should have viewed it as a necessity, as a symbol of human life. That would, indeed, have been great tragedy. Thus completely do artistic forms correspond to the ideas of the poet.



The tragedy of "The Robbers" was also a protest. But the struggle therein depicted was really drawn from the depths of the moral life of man. "Love and Intrigue" is a cry of indignation against tyranny, somewhat in the nature of Klopstock's odes of protest, or of Rousseau's moving utterances. The suitable expression of such a subjective mood of protest is of a lyric nature. High tragedy can by no means tolerate any one-sided conception of human life. The tragic depends upon recognizing things as they are—hard but obvious. Tragedy involves a thoroughly manly view of life. The conception of the characters and their dramatic portrayal, therefore, depend upon a mature view of the moral order. A development that can lead to the writing of great tragedies implies, then, manliness and maturity. And this is true of the individual poet as well as of the history of civilization. Rousseau writes no tragedies, but Schiller in his maturity writes them.

The work itself is through and through a proof of the soundness of this argument. No great tragedy can be developed from a fundamental view of things such as Schiller possessed in early youth.

The men in "Love and Intrigue" are obliged to show their evil doing through intrigue. Thus the first part of the work is purely a play of intrigue, which, indeed, was quite in agreement with Schiller's habit, but at the same time it is founded upon conceiving the events one-sidedly. The actual heroes



are, therefore, worked like puppets. And, if we look at it fairly, what an extremely clumsy, almost impossible intrigue it is through which they are brought to their downfall. The essential credibility and necessity of a tragic life process are wanting.

From this fact it follows, curiously enough, and this is in itself a tragic irony, that since the intriguers are to display their baseness before our eyes, it is they who are the most prominent in the whole conduct of the piece throughout the first part. The lovers only appear in so far as they are threatened with danger by the intriguers. Their appearance merely affects the mood of the piece. Apart from this effect the lovers are, for the most part, condemned to inactivity. They do almost nothing but suffer, and have really no life of their own at all. The sweet and tender notes of innocent love, in which Goethe, and later Grillparzer, so excelled, are denied them. What is Schiller able to give them? We can only wonder at the thought-laden emotionalism in which the lovers indulge in every scene. Louise says: "When I first saw him . . . every breath whispered, 'It is he,' and my heart seemed to recognize the one so long desired and repeated, 'It is he.' And the whole world seemed to echo my joy in harmonious sounds. . . . I forgot that there was a God, and yet never had I loved him so much." Or again: "Then, mother, when the distinctions that separate us are removed, when we are no longer parted by the hateful divisions

of rank — men will then be only men — I shall bring nothing with me but my innocence . . . There tears will count as triumphs and beautiful thoughts will be more than ancestry.” Ferdinand says: “I am a nobleman, but let us see whether my patent of nobility is older than the plan of the universe, or my coat of arms better than the heavenly inscription that I read in my Louise’s eyes, ‘This woman is meant for this man.’” . . . “The moment that sunders our clasped hands will break the thread that binds me to existence.” And so it goes, throughout all these scenes. In the first place the lovers have no opportunity for self-expression save these declamatory passages, since throughout they merely suffer and do not act. They express what Schiller thinks of the situation in which their love is placed — and so we find thoughts instead of action, and they talk like philosophers. Indeed it is Schiller’s own philosophy of love that they apply to their particular case. In the early part of the play the lovers are so unconvincing as actual individuals that these abstract thoughts simply use them for voices.

In fact it is the young philosopher, Schiller himself, who is speaking, according to his preconceived notion of the world. The leading thought is this: God made nature and the universe for the happiness of man. This is the meaning of the world. In love the harmony of the universe is fulfilled. Nature itself says, “This woman is meant for this man.”

This is the Creator's will. This is the law of nature. The breaking of this law shatters the universe.

Consequently the world was conceived by God for the fulfillment of the law of love, which should be the crowning happiness of man. The optimism of Schiller's youth, which conceives nature in the form of a moral law, or rather as the law of happiness, is the same as the optimistic cosmology of Leibnitz, Shaftesbury, etc.

How foreign this seems to us! The more antiquated this view now is, the more remote must the work itself appear. Moreover, we have here a manifestly lyric view of life. Lyric poetry is founded on a feeling for nature. But in Schiller's play life is conceived merely as the crown of nature, while from the truly dramatic point of view the human will is the point of departure for all. Thus the history of Schiller's philosophy becomes important for the understanding of his drama. It will be very impressive to see the emotional poet of the universe of love develop later into the clear and earnest philosopher of liberty.

We can indeed see in all this the wealth of Schiller's theoretic interests, which cause the final questions of the universe to play their part in his dramas. But in this particular play so much remains in the realm of abstract thought that the characters are unable to appear as real personalities. We see this most plainly in the scenes between Louise and Lady

Milford. Louise, as we have seen, had no sufficient reason to visit the lady. What a false effect her scorn and her hair splitting produce! Scarcely a word rings true. In all these ways the essential lifelessness of the lovers appears and works mischief. The basal defect in the plan of the work is that they are from the first condemned to inactivity by the intriguers.

However, to complete this evidence, the whole effect changes as soon as the lovers cease to suffer without acting. The period of mere thought is past. As in "The Robbers," the real and essentially great tragedy begins at last, when Louise's own goodness and Ferdinand's unsuspectingness draw them both to their ruin. Now at last we see them in action, and immediately they begin to show character. Louise, as a woman, shows hers in her sufferings, — an especially fine touch. She is self-sacrificing, heroic, a full, rich nature to the very end. But Ferdinand, the man, shows his character in his deeds, in his relations with Kalb, with Miller, and with Louise herself. He is one for whom no half-way measures will serve. He stakes his all.

This is, so to speak, the manifestation of a universal dramatic law. In the drama each character must exist in and for himself, otherwise he remains a mere phantom and is only detrimental to the piece. Thus the complete drama shows us human nature in its innermost being. For every

man is, according to his nature, a unique source of activity. Artistic forms are in themselves a way of viewing the world, and art is life itself with its eternal laws manifested in visible and comprehensible forms. We can now understand why the drama reached its highest development among the Greeks and the Germanic peoples, the races who above all others find their ideal in active personalities.

In studying Schiller's conceptions of human nature we have not yet taken up Lady Milford, his representative of a third class of beings. We know her significance for the piece. But does she produce the impression of a real human being? She fully expresses the danger of the lovers through her mere presence and through the existence of her love. In his own fashion Schiller has here given to Lady Milford certain special traits. She is a free person. She is noble and great, an Englishwoman. Just so Karl Moor was morally noble in the midst of his disordered life. Schiller thus early loved such broad, world-embracing contrasts as the Germans and the English, the land of freedom and the land of petty despotism. But all this produces too much the impression of being brought in from outside and foisted upon the work. We plainly see this if we compare Lady Milford with Orsina, who is conceived as an integral part of the whole. For Orsina, although in the beginning she seems to be only a figure that completes the picture, constantly acts in



an effective way. With all the traits that are meant to give character to Lady Milford, she does not produce this impression. In this connection it is very significant that she reveals herself to the Major in a long speech. She is thus introduced wholly through a narrative. It is a romance, and indeed a poor one.

And her moral conversion seems no more natural, although it serves as the means of introducing the main idea, and thus has its importance for the work. This is to be a moral revolution in the highest sense of the word. What then does Lady Milford do? She gives up her life at court, which she despises and has long ceased to enjoy, and she gives up Ferdinand, whom she has not the slightest chance of winning. This is the great renunciation, through which she fulfills her better nature. Schiller would later have called this a mere result of her temperament, a noble impulse, which is trying to pass for a moral action. Thus here too there is a lack of the full maturity that is needed for true character painting, although there is a full sense of the meaning of the character for the play. In this case the defect is the uncertainty of the moral insight.

But all this scarcely diminishes the force and lifelikeness of this powerful work. There are lesser defects in the harmony of the different parts, youthful crudities of conception, and a certain vagueness,



accounted for by the fact that the young poet was still struggling for full moral insight. Indeed, when taken as a whole, these defects only appear if we regard the drama as a work of genius, from which we expect a great deal, and if we measure it by the highest standard of perfection. We do not mean a standard of excellence that is made according to theoretical notions and brought in from outside for the purpose of comparison. We mean rather the kind of completeness in which the poet's own design and purpose would find their best fulfillment.

The scenes in the humble home of the musician and the excellent character of the upright Miller, who is so good hearted and so obtuse, produce as life-like an effect now as when they were created. We are irresistibly impressed by certain scenes, as for instance the president's unwelcome visit at Miller's house, the gloomy and uncanny scene of Louise and Worm, Ferdinand's stormy passion, and finally the great closing scene with its simple outlines and its almost boundless wealth of tragic and poetic life. Neither criticism nor the lapse of time can affect these great features of the development.

Throughout the whole we feel the irresistible impulse of one who knows precisely what his purpose is. We are a good deal surprised to find how things that we should have thought of as one fall asunder in the realm of fact. For one would naturally suppose that an artistic insight complete in itself

would have been needed as a basis for clearness of dramatic and technical form. But in Schiller we find the greatest finish of the technical language of the drama, while the thought shows that the poet is young and has not yet reached his full growth. This early though one-sided development shows that Schiller was born for just this type of literary production. It is an undeniable proof of his vocation as a dramatist. Thus this fine early work took Schiller's contemporaries by storm, and in the fullness of its life it voiced a powerful protest against the oppression of the plain citizens. The work brings us in touch with the spirit of Schiller's time, a time when great events in the world's history did not take away the breath of poetry, but filled it with the spirit of stirring and mighty speech.

## II. THE POSITION OF "LOVE AND INTRIGUE" IN THE HISTORY OF THE DRAMA OF MIDDLE CLASS LIFE

"Love and Intrigue" is a work with two topics: the evil of class prejudices and distinctions, and the passion of love that fills the whole being. It is a song advocating nature and humanity, and a protest against convention, formality, and subjection to rules. The moment we say these words we are reminded of Rousseau and also of the work that brought his spirit into Germany. The "New Héloïse" and Goethe's "Werther," which is the strongest expression of the "storm and stress"

spirit, treat of this same subject. Here too “nature” in its relation to human affairs implies the annulling of the old class prejudices, and the song of nature is also a song of passion. Once again Schiller utters the final word of protest. The whole tendency of the time is displayed with dramatic distinctness.

In dramatic literature “Love and Intrigue” marks the first climax in the development of the tragedy of middle class life. We will not here attempt to examine the origin of this literary type in England, but we wish to emphasize the fact that this type is there indigenous. Indeed it was a social symptom, belonging to the history of civilization, since England must be regarded as the birthplace of the modern bourgeois or middle class. The pioneer of the drama of the people in France was Diderot, whose “Natural Son” appeared in 1756 and his “Father of the Family” in 1758. His plays as well as his comments produced a great impression on Lessing, who translated both. It is noteworthy that the French playwright was less concerned with the social purpose than with a distinct artistic plan in his works. Lessing says in praise of Diderot that he had attempted to restore to genius those ancient rights of which it had been robbed by a mistaken idea of art, and that he had tried to produce more powerful effects by means of the theater than Corneille and Racine had done. “Herein the right-minded man recognized at once what must at least double the value of

dramatic art." It is the purpose that has always caused poets to take their subjects from the reality that immediately surrounds them, the effort to outgrow that art which has become merely mechanical and once more to depict "truth and nature." Diderot would have been just the right man for this task, with his untiring mind, his gift of swift observation, his warm heart, and his passionate devotion to theatrical matters, if only his actual creative ability had outweighed his mere skill as a writer. His treatises on the theater are in any case among the most remarkable and instructive of such works. As a true son of the times, with their philosophical and humanitarian tendencies, he involuntarily deals less with living men than with abstract figures and actually conceives his effects through the medium of morally just and well-conceived sentiments. Even such a man as Lessing thought it a merit that the "Father of a Family" (Hausvater) was neither French nor German. "He was simply human." He also praises the beneficial effect of the piece on the art of the actors.

In what form did Lessing transplant the drama of middle class life to the German stage?

"Miss Sara Sampson," 1755, the subject matter being English, produces the effect of a fragment of Richardson's world. The dissolute young Mellefont has freed himself from the wiles of his mistress Marwood and has enticed away a noble young girl,

Sara Sampson. We find ourselves in a wretched tavern in which he has hidden her away. Her father, whom Marwood has put on their track, arrives, as also does Marwood herself. Since her attempt to win back Mellefont fails, after apparently succeeding, she rushes upon him with a dagger. He disarms her. In order that she may see Sara, she cajoles him once more. But when she finds out from Sara that, quite contrary to Marwood's own purpose, the father has forgiven the eloping couple and is willing to receive Mellefont as his son, her fury knows no bounds. With spiteful words she tries to turn Sara away from Mellefont, telling her that she, Marwood, has borne him a daughter and that he loves her still. When Sara, overwhelmed with humiliation, refuses to believe her, then humbles herself and begs for forgiveness, though she still refuses to give up her lover, Marwood becomes a thorough criminal, gives poison to Sara, and then flees. The last act deals with Sara's death, her reconciliation with her father, and the reconciliation of Sir William and Mellefont, who stabs himself beside Sara's corpse.

This is a tragedy of the bourgeois only in the sense that it deals with events that happen to middle class people. As far as the subject matter goes the events might just as well have occurred amongst the nobility and the lowest class of people. But the scene has been laid among the middle-class people so as to bring them nearer to us and to make us feel the



reality of the whole as a thing that concerns us. We can plainly see the example of the old French high tragedy when Marwood exclaims, "Behold in me a modern Medea."

One can see throughout those stage devices that belonged to the old traditions of the art. Every character has his confidant. With Sir William we find the old servant Waitwell, who is still more faithful in his love for Sara. He shows the same loyalty as her father, but it is still stronger because of the peculiar devotion of a faithful servant. In the same way the somewhat colorless Betty goes with Sara, and Hannah with Marwood. These confidants give the characters the well-known opportunity to explain themselves and their circumstances. In contrast with these secondary persons we have Mellefont's servant Norton, who is indeed an old rascal, but a rascal with a conscience, so that in contrast with him Mellefont's unscrupulousness appears more plainly and his dark figure seems blacker still.

As to the dramatic structure, the whole intention is evidently directed towards an interesting and artistic entanglement. The theatrical traditions of high tragedy are to be seen in the careful composition that runs through every scene, and so through the whole piece. All this produces the effect of a wisely planned arrangement.

The interview between the two women (Scene V, Act III) forms the climax of the work. The intrigue



with the father has defeated its own intent. Marwood has so far brought about the happiness of her enemy. During the entanglement we can see the preparation for this situation. In the final settlement we see its consequences. The decisive moment of the catastrophe is when Sara breaks down and falls at Marwood's feet. In the closing situation the catastrophe, the relation of all the characters to one another, becomes clear.

Sin, personified in Marwood, is the active element of the whole piece. The means she uses, enticements, violence, sly intrigue and treachery, crime and murder, plainly represent the different stages of the development. Whatever the others undertake becomes meaningless by contrast with her deeds.

Thus the action is managed with great clearness in a few expressive scenes. This shows at once a mind of high technical powers. Moreover, the poet seems to aim especially at effective scenes. The principal means that he here employs are of great interest. We again meet with a trait that is highly characteristic of bourgeois literature; namely, the constant appeal to our moral nature. And both pathos and terror are used as means to this end. There is the touching picture of the father, who has been robbed of his daughter, and the grieving girl, always in tears. Then we are shocked at Marwood's heartlessness. And Mellefont, who seems like some beautiful and fascinating monster, gives us a shudder-

ing glimpse into a moral abyss. The whole interest centers upon these four figures. They are indeed somewhat in the nature of moral generalities, with a trait of consciousness that makes us feel the presence of the moral thesis from the beginning. By its origin the story is a romance, but by these traits it becomes a theater piece. It is not genuine life, as the greatest drama always is.

Finally there is no question of an inner development leading up to the catastrophe. The personages are merely forced into new situations. In this respect we plainly see an art that is still developing. But just as the work stands, the people of that time were moved to terror and sympathy by these characters so like themselves; that is to say, belonging to their own class. Only a more mature artistic spirit and a more cultivated public would have required a completely poetic representation of life instead of the merely theatrical cleverness that could plan for the effectiveness of separate moments.

From no other point of view can we see more plainly what a long road Lessing and German literature have traversed between this work and "Emilia Galotti." In the latter it is not only Lessing's technical knowledge that has reached the highest degree of perfection. In "Emilia Galotti" we are no longer dealing with a mere story-book romance, but with the actual human life of the day. The work is in the fullest sense a tragedy of real

life and of the people, a tragedy that by depicting the sufferings of the middle classes gives us a picture of the false distinctions of the social classes of that time. It is a work of political and social protest.

"*Emilia Galotti*" led to more and more attempts at dramas of the plain people in Germany. We will only pause to examine two pieces that seem to lie directly on the road that led to Schiller's work. We shall thus get a general view of the various tendencies of dramas of the middle class of that epoch.

Otto Heinrich von Gemmingen's "*German Father of the Family*" (*Hausvater*), which appeared in 1780, was much beloved in Schiller's time. Even its very title shows the after-effect of Diderot's work. As its name implies, it deals with the story of a family. Two brothers, Count Karl and Count Ferdinand, and their sister the Countess Sophie have each a separate trouble. The Countess is unhappy in her marriage with the indolent and haughty Count Monheim. His behavior toward her is insulting, and at last he attempts to dissolve his marriage for the sake of the brilliant and fascinating Countess Amalia. Count Ferdinand, who is an officer, is in debt and is unfortunate at cards. Count Karl loves a girl of the people, the daughter of a painter, and the noble family cannot countenance such an alliance. In this point the play resembles "*Love and Intrigue*." Dromer, a comic figure of an old, indeed permanent

type, intercedes between them. He is everybody's friend, and as such he only confuses matters.

The meaning of the whole story is that the father of the family disentangles all these confused matters. He reconciles the husband and wife through their love for their child. He pays Ferdinand's debts and brings him back to the right path. He manages to find advancement and suitable activity for the children. He lets Karl marry the girl whom he loves, because he sees that his honor is at stake.

It is a very simple tale, since no real difficulty hampers the father of the family. The whole effect is like that of an entertainment, at once pleasing and pathetic. The father of the family (Hausvater) is introduced only under this title of respect, as if to say that he is not regarded as an individual, the beneficent effects of his honorable position being all that is needed. The play is an example of the appeal to our moral nature, which is so important in the drama of the people. We are intended to feel a warm enthusiasm for moral excellence, to admire virtue with the sort of pleasure that always implies a certain self-satisfaction.

The play is simply the work of a cultivated amateur, who for the rest undertakes no great tasks. And like the works of all amateurs, it is full of reminiscences of other authors and especially of Goethe. Gemmingen is incapable of independently developing an artistic idea. Among the many tendencies of the

time that he continues in his amateurish way, we find the enthusiasm for German things and people which was so characteristic of the companions of Goethe's youth. The father's last wish is that someone should say at his grave, "He was worthy of being a German." This is the last word of the piece.

People have tried to find all sorts of resemblances between Schiller's "Love and Intrigue" and the "Hausvater," especially in the love affair which refuses to heed class distinctions. Lottchen is an artist's daughter, while Louise is a musician's daughter. Karl took painting lessons from Lottchen's father, as Ferdinand took lessons on the flute from Miller. Gemmingen finds in the representation of an artist's life the opportunity for many happy idyllic touches. In the "Hausvater" the relation with the young girl has gone farther than in Schiller's play. We are even distressed by the mention of possible infanticide. There again this amateur connects the most widely sundered thoughts that were prevalent at the time. As Lady Milford longs for Ferdinand, so Amaldi holds out her arms to Karl. As Louise goes to Lady Milford, Lottchen goes to Amaldi, but Lottchen goes to demand that Amaldi shall give up Karl to her. Here for the first time we might perhaps think that Schiller had this model in mind, if we consider how essentially out of place the scene in "Love and Intrigue" seems. But in Gemmingen's work the scene is one



of magnanimity. Amaldi — who like Lady Milford is a foreigner — not only renounces Karl, but even wants to provide the bride's trousseau.

But these few resemblances signify nothing because "Love and Intrigue" belongs to quite a different dramatic world. In the eagerness of his protest Schiller introduced into his work a great conflict of wills and gave to it a true dramatic motive. He brought the different social orders into deadly struggle and founded the whole play upon a truly great tragic idea. For he lets love itself bring two pure souls to their fate through their very virtues. In this world they are condemned to death for their love. How much greater depth Schiller gives to the relations of the father and daughter, of Miller and Ferdinand. What an individual character he gives to the lady, so that even slight resemblances with Amaldi constitute no imitation. The whole play is based upon a dramatic thought that is complete in itself. We also have here an art that has passed through the school of "Emilia." And Gemmingen has not even reached the beginning of such schooling. We should not hunt for mere similarities until we have referred each work to its place in its own artistic world.

Of another kind are the internal and external relations to the "Kindermörderin" (The Infanticide) by Heinrich Leopold Wagner, a work which appeared in 1776 and was accused by Goethe of being a



plagiarism on his tragedy of Gretchen. It is a work characteristic of the way in which the "storm and stress movement" used the type of drama here in question — a type of which it was fond.

It is, as we should say, a picture of manners, or rather a very superficial picture. With bold, harsh touches the officer's life and that of the honest artisan's home are contrasted, although without a trace of the later emphasis upon class distinctions. It is a wholly superficial representation, somewhat of the same sort as our recent habit of dramatically contrasting parlor and kitchen. (*Vorderhaus und Hinterhaus.*)

In order to make amends to the girl, whom he has seduced in the most brutal fashion, the lieutenant is about to marry her. His comrade, the "villain" von Hasenpoth, will not permit the lieutenant to commit so stupid a blunder and one that will cause such a "scandale," and so in Gröningseck's absence he writes the most defamatory letters to the parents and to the girl. The girl flees, and in the house where she has taken refuge she murders her famished child. Gröningseck appears in despair just in time to explain the wicked deceit that has been practiced. The material for a short story is treated in very external fashion. Wagner heaps one crude and violent effect upon another. For a long time we get only the impression of the rough way in which the piece is put together. The first act takes place

in a house of ill repute. The act of violence almost takes place on the stage, and later the murder of the child actually does happen there. The most audacious things are shown to the audience. For such was the assault of these rebels upon all the theatrical conventions—an assault in which they claimed to see a protest in favor of truth and nature, while that protest often had just as little to do with genuine artistic life. The very same thing is true to-day, or has been recently.

In contrast with Lessing's exactness the composition has again become loose, and this looseness also appears in the external form. The work is in six acts. New characters, and some of them superfluous, are introduced in the later acts, as if a nearer approach to life could thus be accomplished. This too is exactly what we have seen in our own day. However, with all its roughnesses, the piece gains in genuine power and significance towards its close, having finally something of the coloring of a great catastrophe in a narrow circle. But here too all is thrown into bold relief, sorrow and shame, repentance, despair, the rough interference of the police.

If the artistic tendency of the piece is thus crude, the whole is nevertheless full of moralizing. It undertakes to pass expert judgment on the question of the death penalty for infanticide. It even contains a direct appeal to the courts. It is, still more, a terrible warning to seducers. This is that inter-

mingling of art and morals that is so characteristic of all periods of artistic revolution. The young men of the "storm and stress" period assail actual or supposed moral prejudices just as eagerly as they make use of strange artistic effects to startle their audience. And meanwhile that little tone of self-righteousness, which is so characteristic of such works, can be heard together with the rest of the effects.

Schiller knew the play and had a poor opinion of it, as we learn from a letter to Dalberg dated July 15, 1782. The girl's father, Humbrecht, the butcher, has been supposed to be the model of Schiller's Miller. But the brutal Humbrecht's chief characteristic is that he scolds his wife, his child, and other people violently and continually. His daughter's misery only softens him at the end of the piece. Here too we find only one color, only one tone strongly emphasized, but we do not find even a foundation for the admirable and well-developed character of the musician Miller. He is indeed rough and abrupt, but he lives simply for the welfare of his family, he is the very soul of honor, and finally, his love for his child is unbounded and his kindness is touching in its simplicity.

Schiller alone treats the bourgeois drama as such and really gives us a bit of the story of the burghers. Indeed he views the people during a historical crisis, and he uses the dramatic form with the power of a

great popular leader. For he sees that the genuine cause of humanity suffers wrong amongst the plain people. The revolt and liberation of this "middle class" means for Schiller the triumph of the moral order itself. The bourgeois literature always moralizes more or less. And this takes place also in Schiller, but only in the deep and universal fashion that has just been characterized. But in this connection he does not remain a mere preacher and agitator. Just because the tragedy of plain life is for him a universal moral problem, the picture gets its depth, its significance, and its life, so that Schiller elevates the drama of the people into the realm of great poetry.

To be sure this crisis is a merely historical one. With the progress of history these difficulties disappear. In this sense the tragic element is here, too, somewhat external. It is not the eternal tragedy of human life that lies in human nature itself. According to Schiller's representation it is because of the conditions of the times that the good that there is in these humble souls causes their destruction.

Friedrich Hebbel made a great advance in this direction with his "Mary Magdalen" (1844), which marked the second important stage in the development of the tragedy of plain life. He carried the idea of the bourgeois drama, together with its moral and social significance, to its completion, and raised it to the level of great tragedy.

He shows how, together with the narrow relations of the plain people, we find a narrow moral consciousness, which is the necessary expression, and indeed the pride, of that class. The pride of the plain people is their strictly conventional morality. Meister Anton rules his house most mightily according to the terribly rigid moral law of the catechism, according to the abstract law "Thou shalt." He never approves of light-hearted youth. Thus he estranges his son, who finds this severity unbearable, and is driven to run away from home. In the same way he drives his suffering and innocently guilty daughter to her death. In the frosty air of this moral law all life about him perishes. Meister Anton believes that only our obedience to God and His laws gives us the right to live. He cannot understand life in any other way. But he thus destroys all that ought to be his joy, and becomes a moral executioner. His last word has a dreadful sound: "I no longer understand the world." Perhaps at that very moment his spirit saw the dawning of the higher world of love above the cruel world of law.

Thus the tragedy results from the best spirit of the people, their moral severity toward themselves and others. The whole development is devoted to the expression of the true inner meaning of this connection between morality and the drama of the people. The tragedy lies in the very life of the plain people as such, and not in their merely historical



circumstances. The goal of great poetry has been reached.

In his preface Hebbel has explained this conception with the greatest clearness. His idea was that the drama of the people was to be built up, not from mere external circumstances, but "from the inner qualities that are peculiar to the people themselves, from the narrow strictness with which these people, who are incapable of reflective reasoning, bear themselves toward each other within their limited circle, and from the terrible narrowness of the one-sided life that results." Unfortunately we are again and again offended in this work by the cold and calculating subtleties. Otherwise the artistic character of the piece is of the highest interest. About the principal character the others are grouped, being characterized by perfectly distinct traits. They are, in fact, almost ideal types, being only so far individualized as is needful for the principal purpose of the tragedy. These subordinate characters either have given names only, as the children Clara and Karl and the dry scribe Leonhard, or they are designated merely by the names of their calling, as "the secretary." We notice throughout the absence of all the petty details of plain life, and we see that the traditions of high art are followed by this use of bold touches and outline sketches, and by the arrangement of the scenes. Meister Anton always remains a figure of the purest tragic greatness, and the work as a whole



is a deeply thoughtful masterpiece of German poetry.

The drama that draws its material from the middle class life of the present day has recently received a fresh impulse, especially through the influence of Henrik Ibsen. It is curious how we find once more in him all the tendencies that belong to the literature of the people. For once again life and nature must win their place in spite of mere convention. Plainly this is why Ibsen takes so much care in making his work true to life and spares no pains in depicting all the everyday details that go to make up a vigorous picture. In this particular he reminds us of the writers of the "storm and stress" period. On the other hand, like Lessing, Schiller, and Hebbel, Ibsen earnestly endeavors to produce a strictly controlled theatrical and dramatic form. Indeed he often carries conciseness to the verge of subtlety. But in his works he frequently arouses the most disquieting questions. In fact he delves amongst these questions with the most anxious searching. They are social problems, problems of the day, and above all moral problems. And thus we meet again that close connection between moral issues and the life of the people, — a connection that accompanies this whole literary development. He takes more and more a critical and negative tone. He does not rush forward like Schiller, bearing the standard of his own class. He does not view his

class, like Hebbel, with quiet impartiality. He writes of the dissolution and downfall of the "third estate." He brings the questions that he has at heart, with almost the force of a challenge, before the eyes of his contemporaries, so that his works produce the effect of a bit of the historic life of the present day. These characteristics appear as the usual accompaniments of the development of this literary type. But in his final works the discussion of social problems falls quite into the background. The tragedy of the modern individual soul is left. If his artistic form does perhaps grow a little too precise, still his psychological acumen and his relentless insight increase. His literary career ends with the moving dialogue of the poet with himself. As one eternally seeking, unwearied in his struggles, he confronts the great and terrible questions of modern life and makes his readers confront them.

On what is just now the last stage of our journey we meet Gerhart Hauptmann, who still lives amongst us in those works in which he too took the plain citizens of the present time as his subject. He quite disregards the questions of the day, of society, and of morality, or uses them only as a pretext. The only thing he cares for is the representation of highly individual living men, and these he portrays with astonishing distinctness, in their most direct self-expression. One would suppose that this was his whole artistic purpose. His ability in organizing, in

shaping his dramatic forms is less marked. At times the work only seems to exist for the sake of certain great moments. Man for his own sake is the subject of Hauptmann's dramatic portrayal. But it is man with an endless wealth of purely personal traits, — depicted in a style that occasionally verges on the anecdote. The whole is so decidedly an attempt to display nature and actual life that the author is tempted to overleap the necessary limits of dramatic form. In the "Weavers" we now pass over from the third social class to the fourth. But it is as if this threatening, uncanny picture with its wealth of details, stood quietly before us; as if the author himself had not been able to bring life and motion into these large groups of characters. Moreover, the bourgeois setting of the piece becomes too narrow. The author begins to feel about for all sorts of rather singular forms. A restless and profound discontent is manifest. On the whole this discontent is but one more proof that our present writers have not as yet rediscovered the road that leads from artistic experiment to great tragedy.

A good part of the history of dramatic writing and of the life of the people is to be found in the lengthy development from Lessing's "Miss Sara Sampson," through Schiller, Hebbel, and Ibsen, on to Gerhart Hauptmann.

The tragedy of the people, considered as a form of art, occupies a difficult position in public estimation.

For on account of its subject it may be easily confused with the regular pabulum of the theater-going public, with those plays of mere excitement and amusement whose scenes are so often laid amongst the plainer people, both for the sake of convenience and because their wretched triviality would become evident at once in a higher sphere. Shortly before "Love and Intrigue," Iffland's "Verbrechen aus Ehrsucht" (Crime of Ambition) was performed. Schiller had suggested the well-chosen name of this work, just as Iffland had suggested the name of Schiller's. As Streicher tells us, the play met with more success than any bourgeois drama up to that time, a success at least equal to that of "Kabale und Liebe." It is touching to read how Schiller himself wrote of the reception of the play, in a most enthusiastic letter to Dalberg, dated May 1, 1784. He warmly described the extraordinary applause that the play had won.

It is a cleverly contrived, but quite trivial production. The title tells the whole story. An ambitious man, seeking advancement, finally robs the strong-box of the office of which his father has charge. This situation, the way it is brought about, and the consequences that follow for the family form the whole play.

The best criticism would be for someone in the audience to throw a bag of money onto the stage, for a sum of money could put an end to all the trouble.

And finally that is just what happens. The well-known rescuer appears — a golden heart concealed under a rough exterior; for no such piece can get along without this character. This is Philistine morality "laid on with a trowel." "Don't try to rise above your proper station." This, with the mere paraphernalia of sentimentalism, constitutes the character of the piece. In the higher sense the work is absolutely trivial, for it simply caters to the taste of the audience.

But, that we may fully understand the history of these forms of art, it is well to bear in mind that such plays as this almost succeeded in crowding Schiller's work out of its place before the public.

## CHAPTER IV

### "DON CARLOS"

"DON CARLOS" completes the list of Schiller's youthful works. But we can see at the first glance that the three earlier dramas form one group, while "Don Carlos" is a world in itself, and a very different world. To name "Don Carlos" is to awaken quite other feelings in us than those aroused by the names of "The Robbers," "Fiesko," or "Love and Intrigue."

The different external form strikes us at once. Here for the first time do we hear the sound of Schiller's stately verse, at that time a bold innovation. "Iphigenia" had not as yet been written in verse form. Wieland's incidental warning was merely the result of a theory. ("Advice to a Young Poet," *Deutscher Merker*, 1782.) "Nathan the Wise" (1778) was Schiller's only model. But while Lessing seldom gets beyond his clear versified prose, Schiller, with the pride of a born poet, writes poetically beautiful verse as soon as he has once caught the enthusiasm of his own imagery. Streicher, who once more gives an account of Schiller's changes of mind, tells us how he felt that the new form of Iambic meter with its sonorous flow would be adapted to this new subject



and how he worked at first with difficulty, but afterwards with ease and pleasure. Undoubtedly his delight in this new artistic experiment was at the time one of his principal incentives to work. In the evening he would read his friend his most successful scenes and Streicher would listen with delight "while they were read according to the rules of music." It is a touching picture — the two young friends, the one creative, the other receptive, forgetting all their troubles over the fresh beauty of a few smooth-flowing verses.

But this is not what distinguishes "Don Carlos" from the earlier works. The more stately garment serves but as the medium of a more lofty expression. A more majestic mood pervades the whole and breathes through the very soul of the piece. The poet's relation to what he has to say has changed. We no longer find glaring pictures, colored by a protest against the evils of the world. Instead of this Schiller fully expresses whatever arouses his enthusiasm and gives free scope to the expansion of his spirit. Between the earlier works and "Don Carlos" a decided change in the poet's view of life took place, and this change gave rise to his new dramatic poetry.

He himself is a different man from the author of the earlier dramas. Moreover, "Don Carlos" marks the highest stage of progress that Schiller reached by his unaided efforts. After this work he began his

historical and philosophical studies and came under the powerful influence of Kant.

What seems significant to us is that Schiller desired for once to give full expression to himself, his joys, his ideals, and his enthusiasm, and in a different manner from that of his earlier dramas. His work becomes really a confession—almost, indeed, an eloquent sermon. Even the theatrical interest now takes a subordinate place, while in “Fiesko” and “Love and Intrigue” the stage effects were taken into consideration in the very first plan of the work. The essentially poetic character of the piece predominates over its theatrical and almost over its dramatic character. In his enthusiasm over ideas Schiller has made, as it were, a detour into the realm of lyric poetry. Hence this dramatic poem ranks among his works as a species by itself. Carried away by the inspiring belief in his own soul, Schiller the poet wanted to write this time with complete freedom, depending only on himself. Afterwards, having written his studies and his philosophic lyrics, he once more bound himself to strict dramatic form.

#### 1. THE PERIODS OF SCHILLER'S WORK ON “DON CARLOS”

Only gradually did the work come to possess this full significance for Schiller himself. The outward circumstances under which “Don Carlos” was composed are of interest in this connection. We will sketch the most important of these circumstances.

The first idea of the work dates from Schiller's sojourn in Stuttgart. We learn from a letter to Dalberg, dated July 15, 1782, that the suggestion came from him. In Bauerbach at the end of March, 1783, Schiller decided to write the drama. As early as April 12 he promised Reinwald to read him the first act. The poet was full of love and enthusiasm for his work while he was shaping the outline of his drama, as we learn from his valuable letter to Reinwald, dated April 14, 1783, a letter of the greatest biographical interest. The work fascinated him like a love song.

Schiller returned to Mannheim and the required alterations of "Fiesko" and the completion of "Love and Intrigue" became pressing. In June, 1784, he was once more able to find time for "Don Carlos," the idea of which charmed him more and more. At the same time he studied the French dramatists, planned stage editions of Shakespeare, and meanwhile lived and breathed in the new element of his own verse. At the end of the year 1784 he read the first act before the court at Darmstadt, Duke Karl August of Weimar being present. On this occasion Schiller was made a councilor of Weimar. Thus far he had been working in close connection with a theater.

His relations with Mannheim were now broken off. Once more he enjoyed the same freedom that he had had at Bauerbach while working on his "Carlos," but

his surroundings were very different. He joined Körner and his family in Leipzig, in April, 1785. He came to them as a man whose hopes had been betrayed. He had trusted in people and had relied upon them in forming his plans for life, and they had fulfilled none of his hopes. He was in danger of becoming a misanthrope. But Schiller was a man who could only live and work in the companionship of others. His saddened heart expanded once more in the sympathetic circle of Körner's friends. After all his troubles he felt a prophetic certainty that this was to be his home, that here his life was to blossom afresh, and that he should now become a poet. He took refuge amongst these friends. Thus great was his need of love and of companionship for the expansion of his inner life.

This new life took a very prominent place in Schiller's mind. He glowed with enthusiasm over his ideal of friendship, which was now to be realized. Friendship is, for these people, the key to truth and knowledge. It shall not only make the friends happy, but good and great. Friendship, therefore, meant for Schiller the great motive for universal benevolence. Thus the leading thought of "Don Carlos" grows out of Schiller's own personal experience. The poem is a confession of the poet's inmost life. It belongs especially to this period, to whose spirit it bears witness. The "Hymn to Joy" was written under the same conditions.

Yet the visible progress of the work now was but slow. On the fifth of October, 1785, three quarters of the work on "Princess Eboli's" scenes was done. Then there was a considerable interruption. The work was not touched again until October, 1786, and even then Schiller could only work from time to time and under confusing and somewhat unfavorable influences. On the twenty-ninth of December, 1786, he had reached the scene in which Posa takes his farewell of the Queen. And now his lamentations begin once more. He thinks that his actual work may be far below his ideal and thus insufficient for the interest of the situation. He cannot feel the thrill of inspiration that he longs for in this work. "I have no time to wait for it. I must purposely hasten my work. Your heart will still be cold, where you might have expected to be the most deeply moved. Here and there a spark glows amongst the ashes, and that is all."

Those portions which had already appeared in the "Thalia" must be adapted and shortened. And now he once more began to think about the theater, although at first he had declared that this work was not meant for the stage. He completed two theater editions, one in verse and one in prose, side by side with and in advance of the poem itself. In April, 1787, he withdrew to Tharandt for the final work on the piece. In June the whole was through the press.

Thus we find four distinct epochs in the growth of "Don Carlos." The outline was formed in the emotional freedom of Bauerbach, the early part was written during Schiller's wretched slavery while connected with the Mannheim theater, the middle part of the work was written under the happy influence of his friendship with Körner in Leipzig and Dresden, while the closing portion was written in a mood of disenchantment and weariness, when he was once more obliged to struggle with the cares and practical relations of life in Dresden and Tharandt. When the piece was finished he went to Weimar, planning to begin a new way of life. All this, too, belongs to the mood of this period. In giving him the title of Councilor (Rath), the Duke of Weimar had held out one finger only to Schiller, who thereupon clung to the idea that the Duke would give him more help. Thus this period of the loftiest ideal flights was accompanied by cool and calculating thoughts of material advancement and prosperity.

One should read "Don Carlos" in the edition of 1787 in order to become acquainted with the work in the form which marked a stage of Schiller's development. It was printed piecemeal, as it was written. The first (and only) number of the "Rheinische Thalia," which also served as the first number of the "Thalia," printed the first act, with a dedication to Karl August. The second number of the "Thalia," February, 1786, contained the scenes between Philip



and Carlos from the second act. The third number, for April, 1786, contained the scenes of the Princess Eboli and the following scene between Alba and Domingo. And now there is a long pause, just before the appearance of Posa's important scene with Carlos. This appeared in the fourth number of the "Thalia," in January, 1787, together with the scenes which now form the beginning of the third act. The portions published in the "Thalia" end with the audience scene, therefore, just before Posa comes to the King.

And now, in 1787, "Don Carlos, Infant von Spanien," appears in book form, published by Götschen. In this book the forty-five hundred verses that had appeared in the "Thalia" appeared shortened by one thousand verses. But the text had not yet attained its final form. For an edition of 1801 Schiller struck out eight hundred and fifty more verses, and again, when the poem was put in its final place in his dramatic works, he struck out seventy-eight verses in the third act and one in the fifth. Therefore the "Don Carlos" that we read to-day, when compared with the form in which it was first written and printed, shows the results of three condensations.

## 2. THE FIRST OUTLINE

We will here avoid indulging in doubtful speculations. Although "Don Carlos" was evidently long in reaching the form which we now know, yet we shall wholly give up the useless attempt to trace its progress from step to step. We shall be glad if we can gain a good idea of the beginning and end of the work. Our business is with the piece as it stands. We shall estimate its progress from the original plan onward. The sources that were at Schiller's command may perhaps help us to an understanding of this first outline. We will later speak of the Abbé St. Réal's story, "Don Carlos, Nouvelle historique," of the year 1672. Schiller read two articles by the Seigneur de Brantôme on Philip II and Don Carlos. He was already deep in his work when he read Watson's history of the reign of Philip II. He then announced that his Philip and Alba threatened to require serious reform. He began to conceive them in a broader and more universally historical spirit than he had done. He also took up once more Robertson's history of Charles V, principally for the sake of the general historical background.

Brantôme was a contemporary of Carlos and had actually seen him. In his account we seem to watch the beginning of all those rumors out of which the tragic story gradually developed. Many of these motives run through Schiller's work. But we do

not find in Schiller the rumor that the Prince was a wild and ungovernable fellow, loose in his relations with women, with his dagger ready to his hand. Brantôme, to be sure, does tell us that the Prince was angry with his father for keeping him in enforced idleness in Spain. He was about to flee to Flanders, but his tutor, Ruy Gomez, betrayed his plan. He was also incensed with his father for marrying Elizabeth of France, Carlos' own affianced bride. Brantôme himself witnessed the change in Carlos' color and behavior when the Queen was present. He also says that Carlos was suspected of sympathizing with the religious reforms of Calvin or Luther. He tells also of Carlos as opposing his uncle Don Juan, and finally of that bloody council in which, after many other proposals, Philip decreed the death of his own son. He was found strangled one morning in the prison. If we only add Carlos' friendship with Posa, we have here all the materials of Schiller's tragedy. And so far the traditions serve as a basis.

Let us try to enter into the spirit of the very first sketch of the tragedy. There is Schiller's valuable letter of April 14, 1783, to Reinwald, written in the summer house at Bauerbach in the early morning. This letter almost marks an epoch in the poet's mental history. What here most concerns us is the author's personal relation to his hero. He tells us that a great poet must always have a gift for the

truest friendship, even if that gift does not always find expression. If the poet has suffered and rejoiced with his hero, and himself has felt pity and fear for him, he is sure to affect his audience more powerfully, with fear, horror, or suspense. With the sympathy of a lover he appreciates all the delicate shadings of his hero's mood. And so his feeling for Don Carlos is like that of a lover. In his enthusiasm his hero seemed always present to Schiller wherever he went. This letter also shows us once more the rebellious champion of liberty. In his representation of the Inquisition the poet, as he tells us, wanted to avenge outraged humanity, to aim a deadly blow at a kind of men who had thus far been spared by the dagger of tragedy. And so Schiller's passionate protest once more gives power to his work.

One important statement in this document shows us how the poet compares himself with his models and is inspired by them. "Carlos gets . . . his soul from Shakespeare's Hamlet, his blood and nerves from Leisewitz' Julius, and his pulse from me." The meaning is that the Prince resembles Hamlet in his sorrow over the dread power of fate; in the endless wealth of his passionate love he is like Julius von Tarent, while in his warm enthusiasm and in the impetuosity of his feelings he resembles Schiller's idea of his own nature.

Thus we find Schiller, at the very beginning of his work, almost sensuously fascinated by his principal

character, full of a joy and elation hitherto unknown. If the cheering warmth of friendship aided him at this time in his labors, this motive endured to the close of his lengthy work.

The dry logic of the earliest plans that have been preserved contrasts strangely with the ardor of this outburst: I step. The tying of the knot. *A*. The Prince loves the Queen. This is shown 1, 2, 3, etc. *B* . . . .; then II step up to V. The subdivisions are often designated by small *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, etc., or even by  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ . We must not go into detail, for that would imply repeating the whole plan of the work. Although the numbers I–V certainly correspond to the divisions into acts, yet by these designations we are never led to imagine the actual scenes if we read, for instance: *B*. There are obstacles in the way of this love which may prove a danger to the hero. This is shown by: First, Carlos' audacity and ardent passion, etc. Still less can we imagine the inner development step by step. From such a note one would really think that the characters and events had not been the first things that took form in Schiller's mind, but rather that he regarded them from the general point of view from which some thoughtful observer would regard them. We will point out only the essential motive upon which apparently the whole action was to be built up.

Everything is centered about Carlos' love for the Queen, and therefore about the King's jealousy.

The Queen's love is added and increases Carlos' passion. The intrigue of the rejected Eboli is planned, as well as the grandees' hatred of the Prince, and also, according to a note, Posa as a helpful friend.

But we find no trace of the later relation of the work to the great questions of politics or the church.

On the other hand we find in this sketch a motive that is later omitted — the love of Don Juan for the Queen. In the first sketch he is repulsed, becomes intimate with Eboli, and so brings about the catastrophe.

The Prince's suspected rebellion aids in the resolution of the plot by increasing Philip's anger and jealousy, and so becomes an auxiliary motive. The principal idea in the first sketch, as we can plainly see, was the portrayal of the ups and downs, the favorable and unfavorable turns in the Prince's fate, during which Posa also at one time draws suspicion upon himself "and tangles the web once more." This is the germ of the later motive of Posa's self-sacrifice.

The final catastrophe, which was wholly different from the present one, was to prove the Prince's innocence at the time of his death, and the whole was to end with the grief of the King, who had been so deceived, and with his revenge upon the originator of the deception.



The Prince always occupies the central place. The story of his fateful love is the chief motive of the tragedy. This love brings the Prince, the Queen, and the King to their ruin, through the effects of intrigues set in motion by a woman whose love has been scorned, and by Spanish grandees whose position has been threatened. These plots, however, cannot be counteracted even by self-sacrificing friendship. The resolution of the plot reminds us of the familiar old model of such scenes. The victim's innocence is brought to light, and the whole closes with the revenge of the lonely father who has been so betrayed. As yet "Don Carlos" wholly lacks the universal historical significance of a struggle for great human interests.

May we not perhaps gain a better understanding of this first sketch by comparing it with the principal source to which Schiller had recourse? We actually find, when we examine the Abbé St. Réal's novel, that all the necessary materials were ready to Schiller's hand. And even in the finished form of "Don Carlos" we find far more after-effects of this earlier model of St. Réal's than we should have expected. But there is this difference. The novel, whose charm depends upon its exciting complications, multiplies plots and counterplots, while the drama emphasizes the one central motive.

Let us first consider the relations of Carlos, Philip, and Elizabeth as St. Réal portrays them. The King

regards Carlos' strange behavior as a sign of his desire to rule. At his first meeting with Elizabeth the King thinks that he sees her gaze with displeasure at his own gray hair. The meeting of Carlos and Elizabeth in the garden is also to be found in *St. Réal*. The character of Eboli is fully indicated. She has ambitious designs upon the King and then upon Carlos, who, to be sure, gives her some encouragement. But she notices his coldness and plans revenge. This is the counterpart of the story of Don Juan, who loves the Queen, and when she has repulsed him comes to Eboli, and with her aid discovers the Prince's understanding with the Queen.

*St. Réal* also tells how the Prince is devoted to Charles V, and how he incurs the displeasure of the Inquisition. He is banished and is taken ill on his way to Alcala. A letter from the Queen cures him. He refuses to give up this letter to the King. When Alba's plan is frustrated by the Queen, Carlos boldly denounces the King's evil counselors and draws upon himself the anger of Alba and Ruy Gomez, Eboli's husband. All this resembles Schiller's sketch. Carlos' sympathy with the rebels in Flanders begins at this point. Ashamed of having done nothing as yet to win fame, Carlos begs to be sent to rule Flanders, and openly declares his approval of the rebels, to the great horror of the Inquisition. The King temporizes. Carlos is now under suspicion

because of his sympathizing with Flanders, because of his interviews with the Queen, and because of his having written something discreditable against his father. This paper Eboli has obtained by the use of false keys.

The King is taken ill. The Prince seeks a go-between to intercede for him with the Queen and chooses Posa, an excellent and independent nobleman to whom the Prince is secretly bound by the close ties of friendship. Posa is actually able to hold in check his own love for the Queen, to which anyone else would have yielded. But the two learn to respect and trust each other wholly. Someone rouses the King's jealousy of the Marquis Posa. Hence the passage in the sketch (step III, *B* 2) which says that Posa draws suspicion upon himself. The King has him assassinated.

In St. Réal's novel the end is now approached by means of many small steps. Carlos fears for himself, petitions once more for the rule of Flanders, and when the post is given to Alba, Carlos insults him. He quarrels with Don Juan and nearly comes to blows, but the Queen brings about their reconciliation. Raymund von Taxis reports that horses are in readiness, and so the Prince's intended flight is discovered. While he is with the Queen, arrangements are made to surprise him, and he is seized in his room. The King gives the papers to the inquisitor Spinosa. And now we find certain words

that kindled Schiller's imagination: "He knew that the anger of such men never dies," and "The Inquisitors compared the King with God, who also allowed His son to perish for the good of mankind." And again: "The son of God died on the cross, to propitiate eternal justice." The famous passage of the Grand Inquisitor, which one would naturally think Schiller had himself created, if he created any part of the work independently, is found in the source from which he drew his material. St. Réal ends his tale by narrating the downfall of all the other characters. There is no sign here, however, of the discovery of the Prince's innocence, nor of the later catastrophe of "Don Carlos." The whole work is a novel of love in high life, and is full of political intrigues.

Evidently the first sketch was completely under the influence of St. Réal. And even in the finished drama we can plainly trace the influence of the model.

We have several records of this early time, records in which, more than in the dry outline, the dramatist speaks, revealing to us the way in which he plans moving scenes and effective characters. From these records we learn how the poet himself viewed his subject matter. We learn from a letter to Reinwald, dated March 27, 1783, how Schiller rejoiced at the opportunity for strong effects and terrible or pathetic situations. He describes them more

fully. "The character of a noble, fiery, and impetuous youth, who is also heir to several thrones, a Queen who because of the strength of her emotions is unhappy in spite of her lofty position, a jealous father and husband, a grim and deceitful inquisitor, the cruel Alba, etc. — with such characters as these I should think I cannot go amiss." In a letter to Dalberg, dated June 7, 1784, he describes still more fully the touching pathos of the situations, a pathos that attracts him greatly. "I think that my situations must prove highly interesting. The father's dreadful plight is caused by his jealousy of his own son, while the son's situation is still more terrible, for in spite of his claims to the greatest kingdom on earth, he loves but cannot hope, and is finally assassinated." On the twenty-fourth of August, 1784, he again refers to the Prince as the greatest character in the work. "Four great characters of almost equal importance, Carlos, Philip, the Queen, and Alba, give me a boundless field." In all these records the tragedy of Carlos' and Philip's love and jealousy is given the most prominent place. And in none of them is Posa even mentioned.

The young poet especially rejoices in this larger and more splendid variety of drama. He feels that he was born for just this type of production and that through it he can win more admiration than in any other field. As a master of pathos he is fond of startling effects. In this respect he thinks

that he can scarcely be rivaled, although in some other points he may be surpassed.

Nevertheless we see in all this merely a sort of enhancement of effects, while the spirit and tendencies of his work thus far remain unchanged. Indeed he declares to Dalberg that the piece is not a political work, but "only a family picture in a royal house." In a note in the "Thalia," at the close of the fragment in the third number, he says, "'Don Carlos' is a family picture from a royal house." These fragments continue up to the close of Eboli's scenes in the second act. Thus far "Carlos" is a drama of family life, but in a palace instead of in the home of plain citizens. Schiller's realm remains the same, excepting that it is larger and a more brilliant light is thrown upon it.

### 3. THE COMPLETED WORK. THE FIRST STAGE

So much for the beginning of the work. We will now turn to its completed form. It is easy to see how the tragedy outgrew its original outlines. Out of the tragedy of a royal family there grew a drama that dealt with the great questions of life. This growth corresponded with Schiller's own inner development. Meanwhile the actual nature of the changes in question has not always been correctly conceived. It is not true that the scenes that had already appeared in the "Thalia" were afterwards essentially altered. But they were far too long



and had to be ruthlessly abridged. Otherwise everything remained as it was before. However Schiller's new ideas caused him to change the later portions, the earlier parts of the work remained uninjured. In this sense we should regard the work on "Carlos," from the beginning of its publication to the end of the drama, as a united whole. What we need is to comprehend clearly the leading artistic thoughts of the poet.

In his youth Schiller wrote nothing that could give a clearer and more noteworthy idea of the stage of development he had then reached than the first act of "Don Carlos." Three times, with clear artistic consciousness, he makes scenes of oppression alternate with scenes of exaltation. The scenes of oppression always come first. Domingo spies upon the Prince, the Father Confessor upon the King's son. Watchful eyes take note of Carlos' unhappy confusion. The very first step introduces us to the world in which spies and talebearers pass back and forth between father and son (I, 1). Next we see the beautiful Queen troubled by the constraint and etiquette of the court. Even the times when she may see her child and be really a mother are dictated beforehand. On every hand she is constantly reminded that she is governed by laws foreign to her very soul (I, 3). Finally we see the King himself, surrounded by his court. We see how harshly he judges the ladies who, in spite of court etiquette,

have left the Queen alone. And we see his unworthy suspicions and his hardness toward his wife (I, 6). The picture begins with the priest, next presents the court with its ceremonies, and finally shows us the King himself, the central figure amongst all these. And through this effect of climax there is portrayed, in stronger and stronger colors, the oppression under which all human life, in these surroundings, suffers.

The scenes of exaltation are placed in contrast with these other scenes. In the scenes of exaltation, friendship is the first, indeed the constant theme. Hence the powerful beginning (I, 2) shows Don Carlos' intimacy with his friend Posa. This friendship had begun in early boyhood by Carlos' sacrificing himself for Posa. The friends are full of great thoughts, dreams of the happiness and the liberty for all men, which, as a result of their union, the Prince shall bring to pass. But we also hear the sorrowful confession of Carlos' unhappy love for his stepmother, who was formerly his affianced bride. This passion consumes his forces and unfits him for all the great deeds of which he and his friend have dreamed. In the second climax scene (I, 5) Carlos throws himself before the Queen's feet and tells her of his boundless love. Elizabeth nobly bids him rise. "Deserve to take the lead of all the world" by nobly sacrificing his love. Carlos' second love must be for Spain, for mankind, for the liberation of

the Netherlands. When the friends meet again, in the third of these scenes (I, 7), the plan is formed. In the service of humanity Carlos is to free Flanders. This is the vocation to which his love has called him, the vocation that is to cleanse him of his passion and to confirm his friendship with Posa. Therefore the natural close of the act is the sealing of the bond of friendship with the intimate and brotherly "thou." The King's son and the citizen of the world thus reach in their own persons that goal of brotherly love towards which they aim to help others. In this way they represent the future condition of those who are as yet so sadly enslaved.

Thus throughout the artistic changes of scene in this first act we see Schiller's old fashion of contrasting force and freedom, law and humanity, convention and nature. This is once again Rousseau's spirit brought into dramatic form.

What a depth of meaning there is in the contrast here presented. On the one hand are arrayed the court, the church, the tyrant, fast bound by unnatural conventions. On the other the longing for freedom and natural human life are represented by the two noble youths and the exalted lady.

We are also here dealing with the contrast between youth and age. All this is evidently an expression of the noble young poet's own enthusiasm. Friendship and love signify to him the powers that fit us

to do good; that is, that fit us to work for the freedom and happiness of mankind. They are the motive powers that help us to soar upward to true humanity. This inspiring belief had now taken possession of the poet's soul, which in its earlier period had uttered only gloomy and rebellious protests. Thus the power for good is an active force in Schiller's work. The powers of unyielding tradition are stationary. Those who bear the messages of human thought strive onward, as they should. By the end of the act the Prince's character has already been greatly developed.

We are able to show how completely the fundamental thought, upon which "Don Carlos" was based, embodied Schiller's own belief. The ideas that appear in this work are found in the poet's letters also, where they are expressed in the most personal way. In the scenes that appeared in the "Thalia" Carlos exclaims (verse 1327):

"Almighty Providence, descend to earth,  
Descend and bless the compact of our love,  
Our new and mighty bond, unparalleled,  
Since Thou hast reigned in heaven."

But Schiller writes to Körner, on the seventh of May, 1785: "How I should like to be called upon by you to frame the outline of a noble temple of friendship that is perhaps unparalleled." Immediately afterwards these lines appeared in the "Thalia" (verse 1341):

"Oh power divine, vain reason's petty pride  
Has long denied that thou could'st work this wonder."

This expression occurs in a letter of July 3, 1785, to Körner: "In our friendship heaven has performed a miracle." And just before this letter Schiller wrote still more intimately, and quite in the spirit of Don Carlos: "That kind Providence which hears my lightest wish has led me to your arms and you to mine." And again: "It was reserved for our holy friendship to make us great and good and happy." The passages in the "Thalia" preceded the letters to Körner, having been written by Schiller during a period of loneliness. His whole soul was longing for the emotional satisfaction of friendship. He pictured this satisfaction in his imagination before he found it in real life. These fanciful dreams actually "came true." The parallel steps of this development are found in the finished form of "Don Carlos." In the farewell scene Posa says to the Queen:

"Tell him, the dreams of his aspiring youth  
He must remember in his riper years,  
Nor let the canker of proud reason wound  
The very heart of heaven's tender flowers.  
Bid him not be deceived when he shall hear  
The empty wisdom of this earth revile  
Enthusiasm, daughter of the skies."

Many such passages are to be found. Schiller writes in the same vein to Körner on May 7, 1785: "I

would not exchange for the greatest triumph of sophisticated reason one of our moments of fantastic excitement, as others would call them, though to us they are premonitions of future greatness." "Thank heaven for its best gift, for this happy talent for enthusiasm." These are not mere verbal resemblances. All the traits of the Carlos idea lie here together. Providence gave them their friendship. It is a wonderful thing, that is to be the means of making them great and good and happy, through the inspiring effects of enthusiasm. And now let us also read the allegory that Schiller wrote for Körner's wedding. Virtue, love, and friendship are striving for precedence. Whichever makes men happiest shall rank first. They then join in a sort of bond of brotherhood. This is certainly an expression of Schiller's own belief, and in it we once more see the leading idea of "Don Carlos." The work is thus in the nature of a confession. He could offer to his dearest friends on the most festal day of their lives no more worthy thoughts than those that inspired "Don Carlos." We have already found, however, the strongest feeling for friendship expressed in all forms of passionate love among Schiller's earliest experiences. "Don Carlos" is the natural flower, or perhaps the fruit of his youthful development.



#### 4. THE THREE DRAMAS IN "DON CARLOS" AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

Nothing can be more important for the shaping of this work as a dramatic poem than the way in which, even in the first act, there begins the conflict upon which the whole tragic development is to depend. It is a conflict between father and son and, as in the first outline, this conflict has its first ground in their love for the same woman. In the son this love is a devouring passion that involves an irreconcilable anger against his father, while in the father it arouses a deadly jealousy of his son.

But the deeper meaning of all this soon appears. According to conventional custom, the woman belongs to the father, while the son has the right of nature and youth on his side. Thus the whole power of nature stands behind the son in the conflict with his father. And that which sunders them has to do with their attitudes toward the great questions of human life. They must part company, then, in the name of nature and humanity.

An extraordinary delicacy of conception is added to all this. Their love for the Queen involves for each of them a certain balance between conflicting motives. The drama is founded upon the contrast between the powers of rigid convention on the one side and of nature and human feeling on the other. Now Philip certainly belongs to the world

of convention, and is indeed the manifestation, the messenger, and the shield of conventional law. Nevertheless he has one human and vulnerable point, in one direction the natural feelings of his heart still have full play, — in his jealousy about his wife. And Carlos' heart surely pulses full and strong with thoughts of the future and of the completed life of mankind. But the heat of passion torments him and threatens to drag him down to the level of petty and despicable acts.

Here we have the principal basis for the inner development of the action. These two men, the King and the King's son, these two with whom the fate of the world is bound up, must come to some decision, each one of them, as regards his own inner conflict. Each one must choose how he will deal with humanity.

But even in this first act, and even in the original plot, there is one character who lives solely and unwaveringly for the welfare of mankind. This is the Marquis Posa. He alone serves as the contrasting figure over against the whole world that is represented by Alba, Domingo, Eboli, and the rest. He alone counterbalances their energy, power, youth, and beauty. We may say, then, that the development of the action and of its heroes, the King and the Prince, takes place always between the two opposite poles of Posa and the Inquisition. This idea is conceived with the force and boldness of genius. And the

comprehension of the whole complicated poem is made clear by this one consideration.

The scene of Carlos and Philip in the second act carries on the action wholly upon the basis of this first conception. It is nature that, through the voice of his son, appeals to Philip's hard heart. For Carlos begs for his father's love, "Yet you are my father," and then, too, he offers the love that he alone can give, "And yet I am thy son." It is nature's voice that speaks in the cry of the youth for the activity that is denied him. For without rightful activity he feels that he cannot be good nor live out his own true life. "I beg to rule o'er Flanders!" Again and again this cry appeals in vain to the unnatural obduracy of the King, to the cold necessities of the state. This man seems to be a father who does not need his son's love. Only for a moment is he pained by the dawning consciousness of his solitude. During their interview Alba, the character that is contrasted with Carlos, constantly reappears. The son struggles with all his might to regain his father, nature, and love. If he could have succeeded they would both have been saved. But their paths diverge.

Thus it must result that each must go on his way alone. This actually happens, and it is perhaps a defect in the dramatic quality of the work. The motive for the further development of each character is very delicately conceived.

We will speak of Carlos first. When all his hopes have been deceived, he is exposed to baser enticements and it seems as if he was about to be lost to the world of loftier ideas. This is the meaning of the Eboli episode, which is, to be sure, a detour, indeed a little drama in itself. In this episode, moreover, all the intriguers, Alba, Domingo, Eboli herself, and others come forward. The piece is heavily burdened. We see that the development of the King is finer, deeper, and more powerful, and also more in the spirit of the whole drama. It is his growth to real human feeling that is in question. The intriguers undertake to make use of his natural suffering through jealousy, in order to get control of him. At the same time his heart protests against their baseness. In his human suffering he longs for a man, and finds him in Posa. And now it would seem that through him he is about to be won over to the cause of humanity and freedom. This drama of the King is again a drama in itself, and the more the importance of its meaning outweighs that of the corresponding bit of the development of Carlos, so much the more does it gain prominence in comparison with the drama of the Prince, so that the King here decidedly outweighs Carlos.

What now must be the end, since father and son have lost almost all feeling for each other? Schiller here proceeds with the most delicate skill in the art of tragedy. He sees that the development of the

young man can only be completed through the impression produced by a great and terrible experience. According to Schiller's most characteristic habits of thought, according to his heroic and moral conception, the death, and indeed the sacrificial death, of Carlos' friend seemed naturally to perform this office in Carlos' moral growth. The Marquis' death was the very height of self-sacrifice and quite outweighed the sacrifice by which Carlos had originally won Posa's friendship. This act frees Carlos from his passion. And now, beside Posa's corpse, follows the tragic explanation between Carlos and Philip, the final decision through which Carlos is permanently won over to the cause of humanity, while Philip is lost to it. Thus, to be sure, the work grows into three almost independent dramas, but after the separate development, first of Carlos and then of Philip, it logically reaches the ending which was to be expected in view of the form of the first act.

It is indeed true that in this work, more than anywhere else, one sees how Schiller's youthful fancy tended to range widely. The poem is, in fact, to be viewed as the highest point reached in the development of all his youthful powers. And nevertheless, in spite of all the apparently boundless freedom of the poet's treatment of the action, the inner necessity present in his very first sketch persists throughout. The work that thus resulted is a thing that simply

had to be. The development of these men of the royal house, their relation to the great questions of life and history, their attitude toward mankind and toward freedom, and the final judgment between father and son in the name of nature and humanity, all this was a necessary growth. The work was thus determined by the very first statement of its conditions. If Schiller had pursued some other way, although he might have produced a smoother and better united theater play, yet he could not have done justice to the whole wealth of life that lay in his original plan. This outline forced its own way in Schiller's mind. We here find how spontaneous is the growth of vital poetic thought when it has taken firm root.

It seems to us that the story of the growth of "Don Carlos" has been taken rather too lightly. Certainly Schiller himself developed while he was working on it, and so the drama came to be somewhat different from his first conception of it. And it is certain that he gradually came to sympathize more with Posa than with Carlos. But Posa occupied even in the first act much the same position from which his later development necessarily follows; namely, the position of one who is steadfast amidst those who vacillate, of one who bears the message of true humanity, for or against which the others must decide. Therefore the fact that he occupies the central place in the whole development neither



could nor should be otherwise. One should not speak of accidents and crudenesses when the fact of the matter is that the work originally planned simply demanded that Schiller should endow it with a fuller and richer life than he had at first foreseen.

Let us simply think of the drama under a different name, "Philip II and Don Carlos." The development of each with regard to the other would then be of equal importance and we should have a poem on an uncommonly large scale, but one whose form would be strictly determined by inner necessity. The monarch of the world is at deadly strife with his son because of a woman. In this conflict each is concerned for his own soul, the one struggling for free human life, while the other sinks into unworthiness and moral rigidity. This decision also determines whether the destiny of the world shall be to suffer under a tyrant or to find happiness under the beneficent rule of a free man. This relation to the great concerns of mankind is not artificially brought in. A family catastrophe among such people, in its deeper significance, really develops into a tragedy of the whole world.

### 5. EBOLI'S SCENES

Each one of the three lesser dramas that follow one another and develop from one another possesses its own special interest, in order that together all three may form the higher unity of the new tragedy.

We can plainly see that the idea of the scenes in which Eboli figures came from the original sketch of "Don Carlos." When the Prince's love for the Queen was to be the chief subject of the poem, the unrequited love of Eboli for the Prince, and of Don Juan for the Queen formed the developments that are needed for contrast. Don Juan with his love affair was dropped from the piece, while Eboli was retained. This result was indeed partly due to chance since the Eboli scenes were already written before the new and larger plan of the drama had as yet been fully framed. Schiller's interest in the theater also had its effect, for he certainly delighted in the complicated entanglements of surprising intrigues. A love intrigue is merged in an intrigue of court policies. This whole episode seems a trifle foreign to the loftier spirit of the new poem. We can well understand that Carlos, when his soaring aspirations have been rudely checked, should fall back into the misery of his hopeless love. But the only importance of this whole set of scenes for the development of the drama is that the intriguers discover Carlos' secret — his love for his stepmother. This entirely foreign intrigue crowds obtrusively into the action.

And Schiller's nature is too simple and manly to depict such a game as would here be required. This entirely frivolous love episode, if it is to make at all a probable or lifelike impression, must imply a cer-

tain depravity in Eboli. Schiller makes her appear far too innocent.

All these scenes appear somewhat "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." At times this defect is very manifest, as in Eboli's closing monologue (II, 11), which Schiller cut out in 1801 — in which, with the most shocking coldness, she mentions her purposes in offering herself to the King. In so speaking she does not appear like a real human being, like a lovable and tender-hearted woman, but rather like a lifeless wheel in the machinery of intrigue.

In the same way the intriguers here produce the impression of abstract forces employed to deceive and terrify. They serve the same purpose as Wurm and the president. How bald and artificial are their closing words:

<i>"Domingo:</i>	My lord! these roses —
And your battles —	
<i>Alba:</i>	And your God — I will
Await the death stroke that shall lay us low."	

And, after all, the whole long-drawn-out episode has no effect upon the development of Carlos. Indeed that development is actually interrupted by the interposition of Posa in the scene in the Carthusian monastery. This is the scene with which Schiller took up once more the long-interrupted publication of Carlos in the "Thalia." From this point onward the composition is carried on under the influence of the higher ideas that determined the now ripened

plan of his tragedy. In a delicate and touching way Posa convinces the Prince of his error, makes him give up his unavowed hope of persuading Elizabeth to abandon Philip for his sake, and through the feeling of shame he brings Carlos back to his better nature.

A new and quite irresistible fascination now led Schiller to dwell upon Posa as one more instance of the "great man," portraying in him the ideal of the inspiring friend. This fascination it was that required the complete picture of Posa's greatness and goodness. Thus the character of Posa became more important, and so the new spirit took possession of the poem.

Nothing could be more questionable for the making of a drama than to allow an important development of the action to be simply interrupted by conscious psychological analysis. In the end all this merely shows that the Eboli motive was no longer useful in the new form of "Carlos." The outcome of the scene between Carlos and Posa in the Carthusian monastery is strange enough. Carlos is turned back from the path that he himself has chosen and is turned into the path that Posa wants him to follow. In other words, the Prince is robbed of his most vital impulse. And what is the consequence? For the time he simply drops out of the drama and disappears. There is a marvelous inner necessity about the way in which dramatic motives bring their own consequences.

## 6. THE DRAMA OF THE KING

It is a great conception that the master of the world himself should be directly confronted with the questions of human welfare and of worthy rule, and that the new light borne by the youthful messenger of the future should dawn only after the old King has hopelessly succumbed to sorrow and disappointment. It is for this reason that the deepest thought of the "Carlos" tragedy only appears with the drama of the King. But for this very reason Carlos himself is for the time thrust quite into the background. For the inner meaning of this third act far surpasses all that we have as yet experienced with the Prince.

What a beginning the act has! It is night and the old King is comfortless and alone. The ruler of two worlds is deprived of the simplest comforts of the poor, a peaceful house, and sleep, that priceless possession of mankind. And his soul longs for the simplest human happiness.

Was there, then, no living soul to sympathize with him? Good Lerma was forced to hurt him, although against his will. Alba and Domingo are just what they have always been, self-seekers, interested in nothing but gaining power. They neither know nor care that it is not a jealous King, but a deeply sorrowful man, who stands before them. When he finds how cold and base they are he feels himself

quite out of place among these intriguers and realizes his loneliness, which during his interview with Carlos had begun to dawn upon him.

And an unknown and irresistible longing awakes in him—the longing for a man. And now he is ready for Posa. Grief softens him and he pardons the admiral who has lost his fleet.

Thus Philip's great scene with Posa is an intrinsically necessary outgrowth of the deepest thought of the piece and becomes the climax, the central point of the whole.

The King finds what he has longed for — a true man. And Schiller's genius is seen in the creative instinct that fulfills the most essential conditions of the work. For through this man the King not only comes to realize what genuine human nature is, but he also learns to know himself and to perceive the inhuman, impossible, and unnatural character of his own life and conduct. The height of the whole work is reached when in this great scene the King thus learns to know himself and human nature.

We now reach the crisis that is to decide the fate of Philip and of the world, — a crisis that we have awaited ever since the beginning of the drama. The author has exhausted the whole significance of the moment. With almost the very first words of this scene Schiller has produced the highest degree of dramatic suspense.

“I cannot be the servant of a Prince!”



No one has ever spoken so to Philip before. He realizes that he has found something wholly new to him. And both soon see that this is the decisive moment of their lives.

This is what constitutes the greatness of this scene, that has been so much misunderstood. The scene certainly is full of thought. We hear in it a noble pæan of liberty and we are captivated by the brilliant and bewitching dream of the eighteenth century — the dream of universal happiness in the future. But throughout this conflict of thought, real men oppose each other and reveal themselves, while we see them passing through the most critical moment of their lives. Schiller makes the giving and receiving of a moral lesson their greatest experience.

With his own characteristic use of sharp contrasts, Schiller places the world of the despot and the world of the freeman over against each other, and thus shows Philip what he was and what he might have been. In the depths of sorrow Philip has felt what he was. The man he might have been would perhaps have brought happiness to him and to all. But, to be sure, the scene could not have won its full dramatic force unless the ideas that it expresses had been as potent as they are. And so the scene gains that permanent significance as a comment on the development of mankind which many people regard as its only meaning. And yet this scene is actually founded upon genuinely poetical principles. It

shows us a superb picture of human liberty, in which everyone, with true freedom of conscience, lives out his own life, according to the nature that God has given him, each one being necessary to the welfare of all. Each one lives out his own life, and just for that reason the whole lives in them altogether. What a contrast is the other picture, — the land ruled by a despot in which the lives of all are controlled and utilized by one man. The one picture means life and the other shows us only the lifeless parts of a mere machine. If that one man were a god, all might be well. But so long as he is but a man, he cannot find real men, because he has robbed them of their very souls. At last his solitude will make him shudder.

“Grant free thought to all your people!”

That is to say, let every man's conscience and character develop freely. That will help the world.

In Posa's description Philip recognizes himself. The deepest chord is struck. He actually shudders. Posa tells him what he had but now dimly felt. There is not a stroke here that does not add something to the inner meaning of the work. The hour has come when the King must decide whether or no he will yet find the way to right-minded human life, and thereby atone for all his misdeeds and bring happiness to the world.

In these scenes in which King Philip is the central

figure Schiller appears in a new light, for in portraying the soul of this monarch he is attempting to frame a purely psychological drama in Shakespeare's style. Nowhere else in the poet's youthful works do we find him so perfectly uniting both the motives that are characteristic of him, — the motive of seeing, in the fate of his heroes, problems of universal human interest, and the motive of making what occurs result from a connected sequence of mental processes in each individual character. And how the two characters both rise at this point in our esteem. Posa with his courage and the confidence of a man who knows the world, and yet more the King; for Schiller has endowed this despot with the power to endure the plain truth and to value true humanity. In the development of this drama of royalty Philip comes to appear as a broad-minded, truly great man, a much more strongly marked character than, for example, Carlos.

The scene of Philip and Posa would surely not have been written had not the scene of Saladdin and Nathan in “Nathan the Wise” served as a model. Both are characterized by a fearless and independent hero, from whom the tyrant hears the truth. In both the King is at heart won over by this plain speaking. And so both scenes express what was the most ardent longing of the eighteenth century. But there is a great difference between the two. In Schiller's work it is the principal theme of the drama

that is expressed by what the characters do and say. In "Nathan" the story of the three rings enters the scene in a somewhat external way. It is a feat of intellectual skill, while in "Carlos" the depths of human life are dealt with. In "Nathan" it is the rivalry between the various religions that is in question, while in "Carlos" the issue is that of humanity, or inhumanity, and the decision of this question is a thing that concerns the whole world. Both the creative power and the thoughts expressed have reached a higher stage of development. It is precisely by a comparison with this model that we see how much German literature had grown. Both scenes, to be sure, take their places in the great treasury of ideas that German poetry has given to the world.

#### 7. THE CRISIS IN THE FOURTH ACT

The more powerfully the King's mental processes are portrayed, the more difficult becomes their relation with the actual intrigue of the piece. We feel a certain unnatural jolt when the King suddenly confides his own family troubles to his young and newly won friend and entrusts him with the oversight of Carlos and the Queen. There results a sharp contrast between the King's inner motives and the continuation of the numerous external concerns. The internal and external action part company. And thus the interest of the fourth act is more technical, — high, indeed, but giving us less grounds for con-

sidering feats of poetical imagination. Here too it is instructive to see how inevitable the whole process is. We perceive how the work is overburdened with a wealth of actions that, once invented, must be worked out. The fourth act is planned as the crisis of the whole piece. It breaks up into atoms. One might say that it is its own critic.

The fourth act is performed in seven different places. The curtain falls six times. There are in it surely more than seven almost independent actions. We will trace the action of the principal characters, and for the sake of clearness we will number the different stages of the action. We will begin with Posa, who (1) secretly goes to the Queen and tells her that Carlos must see her and that he must go to Flanders and openly rebel (IV, 2, 3). This is already an abandonment of the development that has but just been begun in the case of the King. (2) Posa is with Carlos and takes away his portfolio (IV, 5, 6). (3) He carries the portfolio to the King (IV, 13), in order to clear Carlos and Elizabeth from all suspicion, and he shows the King Eboli's letter to Carlos, as a proof that the King has been wrongfully used for the purposes of private revenge. He obtains from the King the right to imprison the Prince if necessary. (4) He finds Carlos in despair and in company with Eboli (IV, 17). He has him taken away and threatens Eboli with a dagger (IV, 18), but finally decides upon another way out of the situation. (5) After he had

represented himself as a traitor, in a letter which is to fall into the King's hands, he appears before the Queen (IV, 24) as one who has lost in a great game, who has sacrificed himself for his friend, and who now, with the right that this heroic act gives him, bequeaths to the Queen his own powers over the Prince and explains all his actions to her. The Queen's closing words, of the greatest esteem, almost of love, show Posa once more what glorious things he is sacrificing.

But with Posa's story, the stories of Carlos, the King, and the Queen are not all told. Let us see what becomes of Carlos. (1) He receives from Lerma a first warning against Posa, — a warning which he does not heed (IV, 4), and (2) a more urgent warning (IV, 13), Lerma having seen Carlos' portfolio in the King's hands. He thinks that his friend has forsaken him, and at once attributes to Posa noble motives for this action. He rushes to Eboli, to persuade her to gain him access to the Queen, whom he still hopes in some way to help. (3) He is with Eboli. He begs and beseeches her in the most foolish way, is arrested by Posa, and after this experience with his friend he sinks into the dreariest despair (IV, 16).

We now pass on to the King, who (1) loses himself in comfortless broodings when he sees the Infanta (IV, 7, 8). The Queen's lofty bearing convinces him of her innocence (IV, 9) and he repulses the wicked



courtiers (IV, 10) and throws himself wholly into Posa's arms (IV, 11). (2) He mysteriously secludes himself from everyone. His erstwhile powerful favorites wait in vain before his door (IV, 25). Posa's proceedings against Carlos are a riddle to him. He does not know into what kind of hands he has fallen. He receives the letter in which Posa inculpates himself. The astonishing news goes forth that the King has wept (IV, 26). The words of Carlos (II, 2) are now fulfilled:

"Oh teach betimes those eyes that ne'er have wept  
To shed the gentle dew of falling tears,  
Lest in some dreadful hour they too may know  
The bitterness of tears unused to flow."

This is the last time that the King shows simple human feeling. After his disappointment in Posa, the only true man he had known, his break with humanity is final. Alba and his companions are again commended to him as his own adherents (IV, 26). All this really belongs to the delicate and deep conception of the King's tragedy.

And finally we reach the Queen. Her interview with Carlos does not occur in the fourth act. We therefore see her in three different groupings. If Carlos appeared here it would be four. (1) She appears with Posa, as we have already explained. (2) She appears with the King, to whom she complains that letters have been taken from her casket,

and demands the punishment of the culprit, who is evidently someone of high rank. Through the medalion that has been taken from her she finds out that the King himself, moved by unworthy jealousy, has instigated the pilfering. The King insults her. Her proud bearing then convinces him of her innocence. (3) The intriguers Alba and Domingo try their luck with her in vain, as we shall hereafter see.

These are only the leading characters. They are by no means all. Eboli too has a story of her own. (1) We see her insecure and vacillating even at the beginning of the act (IV, 1). (2) Since the courtiers have despaired of her influence she in any case refuses to be Carlos' friend. (3) But after Carlos is taken prisoner Eboli feels that a great catastrophe is about to occur because of her action. And now, heart-broken and repentant, she confesses all to the Queen—the theft of the letters, the betrayal to the King, and her own relations with the King. When Eboli makes this last confession the Queen casts out the guilty woman (IV, 19, 20, 21). (4) In the King's antechamber Eboli makes one last attempt to gain access to him, but in vain (IV, 27). The moment is past. The King can no longer be touched by human feeling. Nothing is left to Eboli but despair.

Finally let us speak of the courtiers. (1) In their furious rage over their loss of influence they decide to appeal to the Queen and to Carlos. (2) They approach the Queen and are proudly repulsed by

her (IV, 22, 23), an action which well expresses the Queen's self-reliance and nobility. (3) They recover their former position through the King's revulsion of feeling (IV, 26).

All this takes place in a single act. Every action that is begun goes on independently. Once for all, the piece is overburdened with too many motives. And, throughout, the purely external events have quite too much weight. This hampers the inner development of the tragedy. It hinders our seeing how the deepest life-issues of mighty souls and of their world are decided. The whole produces the effect of an exciting novel, an impression which may be a last reminder of the novel which was its source.

We can understand the leading thought that guides the invention in this act. The position of things that is reached in the third act can, by itself, determine no logical conclusion, and yet the work must end as the tragedy of Carlos. The tragic issue between Philip and Carlos must be fought out with due reference to the universal interests of humanity. Who but Posa can bring this about? And how can this come to pass, save through a deed that shall forever estrange Philip from all humane motives and at the same time win Carlos permanently to the service of mankind, thus making the tragic and the human interest center upon him alone. Posa must deceive Philip and, through his great love, sacrifice

himself for Carlos. This aim determines the extreme artifices of the act.

But, indeed, all this fails to be truly convincing. If Posa had not so incomprehensibly concealed, both from the Queen and from Carlos, what was going on between him and the King; if Carlos had not believed that just that very letter had fallen into the King's hands, or if he had even asked Posa about it; if Posa had not immediately taken for granted that Carlos had told everything to Eboli, and if he had not quite lost his head and acted upon his first wild impulse; if the King had not so senselessly allowed himself to be deceived by the thoroughly clumsy intrigue with Posa's confiscated letter, the result that this act was to produce could not have followed. Posa's self-sacrifice would have been unnecessary. Finally, everything depends upon these two things: Posa's unwise concealment of things from Carlos and the Queen, and the absolute folly of his behavior with Eboli. Without such violent artifice the action could make no further progress.

Schiller did not feel all this distressing artificiality as we do, because he found in it all a charm which for us no longer exists. All these inventions are justified in his eyes because they permit him to take delight in Posa's manly strength. As in the scenes in which Eboli takes part, Schiller is here quite under the influence of an epoch that was at once gallant and sentimental. Hidden like Fiesko behind his mask,

Posa, sufficient unto himself, undertakes to play his lonely and unfathomable part of Providence on earth. But alas this Providence makes blunders, and such a motive at best would be only fit for comedy.

#### 8. THE CONCLUSION OF THE TRAGEDY OF CARLOS

However difficult the transition has been, in the last act we once more enter upon the great tragedy of Carlos. The external intrigues have come to an end. The great and fateful human story comes to light most movingly and pathetically.

The great and simple relations now stand out from all the tangled web of events. Carlos and Posa, Carlos and Philip, Philip and the Grand Inquisitor, Carlos and Elizabeth — these alone remain. And in what they have to say to each other Schiller's profoundest poetic thoughts reach their climax.

The friendship of the two young men seems to bloom afresh. It had begun with an act of self-sacrifice on the part of Carlos, and now Posa's greater sacrifice renews it. The psychology of a noble young soul is a matter that Schiller fully understands. That Posa declines to be surpassed in magnanimity, this is, indeed, natural enough. For years Posa has been burning to equal Carlos' early deed of self-sacrifice which had put him to shame. And now his death is to pay that debt.

And so the friendship in its deepest sense is again restored. As a vocation left him by his friend, Carlos once more accepts the great mission of working for a better future for mankind. He undertakes first of all to free the Netherlands. And his loyalty to this task is to be an atonement. The sacrifice of his friend has become necessary, because Carlos has for a time lost faith in him. If he keeps faith now, he can make amends for this sin. Thus his whole life becomes a service controlled by the duties of friendship. And his vocation is closely bound up with the highest powers of his young spirit.

A bullet shot by the King kills Posa. From the beginning he had stood, as a firm believer in true humanity, between the King and the Prince, who wavered in their belief. Therefore it is over his body that the fate of father and son is decided. For Philip this scene is one of new knowledge, a new and terrible unveiling of the truth that Posa had merely used him for his own great ends, that finally he had led him astray through the most barefaced deceit, and had thus forced him to become a murderer. In the name of nature itself this blood cries out against him. Philip's world could not endure such a man, the only true man Philip had ever seen. What Posa had said is true. In the land of a tyrant there is no place for living souls. In the words of the Marquis, the question had struck home to him. He has now given



the answer. This answer is his own condemnation and his son says so. The bonds that had connected Philip with mankind are now broken. And so the bonds of kindred too are broken. Carlos is no longer his son. Between them is an abyss, as great as between the uttermost extremes of human kind. Philip becomes hardened in the solitude of his heartless despotism. The life of Carlos belongs to a better future, to humanity.

With true inner necessity, the development ends as it had been predetermined in the first act. Like a magnet Posa had drawn the father and son and had then driven them apart, each to his own pole at the opposite extremes of humanity.

It is a brilliant invention of Schiller's to place this far-off extreme of humanity, this true opponent of Posa, as a living character before us in the form of the aged Grand Inquisitor and to make Philip in his despair turn to him for support. In comparison with him Philip, Alba, Domingo, and the rest are mere bunglers, weak and incomplete. He alone is a complete personality. He represents a universal hierarchy in which all individual human life is quenched for the sake of a purpose that is wholly abstract. In him ideas are carried out to their utmost limit. And he is a true foil to Posa. Like Posa, he shows his royal pupil the picture of a despot as the only being in the kingdom who truly lives. He is a god, not a man. But he does not draw this

picture, as Posa does, with horror and repulsion. Rather does he represent it as a model and a duty. And Philip shows how he has become morally hardened, for he does not shudder at the picture as he formerly did, but accepts this model and follows it. Posa's influence had stirred his better nature, as if in a last attempt to see whether it could really awake. Now it is dead. He is nothing but a tyrant. And in the world of tyranny the last breath of natural feeling dies out. The Grand Inquisitor has no qualms of conscience about allowing the father to deliver his own son over to death. He even finds in the divine religion of love a justification for such an act. Thus this scene, in which Philip reaches his grewsome decision, completes his story.

In the night scene, which is the last in the work, the representatives of the light, Carlos and Elizabeth, are set off against these darker forms. Now that they are wholly purified, their dreadful fate overtakes them. Their story, too, now draws to its close. The fateful passion, that had led Carlos aside from his great work, is overpowered by his deep sorrow when he accepts his vocation as a legacy from his friend. And the hardest triumph of all is won just as his friend had always hoped it might be won. For when Carlos accepts his call to aid his fellowmen, his passion for his stepmother loosens its hold upon him. If he becomes the liberator of the Spanish dominions in the Netherlands, if he brings in a better age for all

men, this will also be the salvation of his poor down-trodden stepmother, whom he loves. Thus the pure love of mankind triumphs over all errors.

And then the old world of death and night lays its chilly hand upon the new world of light and life and strangles it, without scruple, remorse, or mercy. Brute force triumphs.

What power of tragic rhythm there is in this poetic creation that grew out of a tragedy of intrigue and of family events. The golden dream of a better future for mankind penetrates for the first time to the very throne. This dream almost gains possession of the old King. But when his first intercourse with this new kind of man turns into bitter disappointment the King becomes the more hardened, and he revenges himself upon this whole new life and determines to kill it out even in the person of his own son, who had really been won over to it. The very noblest gifts, in a nature that is not suited to them, are turned to deadly poison! And the friends fall as a truly great sacrifice to the loftiest aspirations of mankind. Meanwhile the fact that what has failed in the father returns in better form in the son fills us with fresh confidence, even when the son himself falls a victim. For, as we feel, this idea for which the son dies will return forever and forever and some day will come true. This idea dies only because of the brutal stupidity of alien men, and not because of its own weakness. Yes, the very hate that destroys it bears

witness to its truth. And in its very downfall its new life blooms afresh.

The marvelous feature in all this is the one that we have before mentioned. We now see it more clearly. This entire poem is merely a consistent development of the conditions set forth in the first act, although certainly when Schiller wrote the first act he had no idea of such an outcome. An inevitable necessity thus governs the development of the life that expresses itself in even the very first sketch of really great poetry. It seems as if the poet had not consciously written this sketch, wavering as he was in his complex process of growth. Rather it seems as if the work had forced its own way and come into existence in spite of the poet and his development, as a true work of genius should do.

#### 9. SUMMARY. SCHILLER'S MENTAL DEVELOPMENT AND ART AS SEEN IN "DON CARLOS"

This, then, is the level which the author of "The Robbers" had reached entirely by his own exertions. And indeed in "Don Carlos" we enter with him a new poetical realm. The compelling motive of "The Robbers" was virtue driven to despair. The overpowering force of evil drives a high-minded man to his ruin. "Kabale und Liebe" became possible only because evil seemed to prevail, and because of an unquestioning belief in its reality and might. And in this work the good seems wholly powerless. All

this has now changed. Evil may have power on earth, but the good must at last prevail. The power that overcomes the world lies on the side of good. It is this persuasion of victory whose voice we hear in almost every scene of "Don Carlos." Its best expression lies in the fact that the servants of the good carry on the action of the play and are the creative force. And in this simple fact lies the advance that "Don Carlos" makes beyond the previous works. The effect of this change is significant. The tragedy and pathos of destruction fill the former works. The poet speaks in wrath. But "Don Carlos" closes with sublime pathos. Even if the good must be overcome, still our hearts are moved by the great ideas that outlive destruction and by a comforting assurance which compensates us for our sorrow. And this prepares us for the tone that characterizes Schiller's later mature dramatic art. It is his essentially positive and constructive mind that exalts us even when we are crushed by the tragedy of his poems.

In this work, in which the idea of the Good results in some positive construction, Schiller for the first time succeeds in portraying a lifelike woman, in the Queen, Elizabeth. There is something impressive in the development of a young poet when he suddenly begins to comprehend the other half of the human race. The delicate and varied play of feminine emotions does not attract and fascinate Schiller as

it does Goethe, for he is a completely manly character. In his earlier works his women show no life at all save through their thoughts of some man. Elizabeth has an independent strength of feeling that constantly decides in favor of what is right and natural. She keeps her natural motherly heart through all the court etiquette. Her affection for the Prince is unconventional, but guiltless. Her heart beats with enthusiasm for the future freedom of mankind. Therefore there is a connection between Schiller's new tendency toward positive construction, and that enlargement of his powers which enables him to portray women as well as men. The Good that he regards as the sure and final goal of all manly endeavor woman already possesses through her clear feeling for the right. Woman *is* what men dream of. She *has* what they strive for. Thus Schiller portrays an ideal woman, who is at once lovable in her sincerity and high-minded in her nobility. And this combination is truly feminine. Curiously enough, though a living model, Charlotte von Kalb may have guided his pen, yet his power of character building came to him rather through the clarifying of his leading idea. As his ideas of the Good gain clearness, mankind becomes to him as an open book.

Here too we find the reason for the choice of the verse form. The more solemn mood requires the loftier form of expression. The majestic mood arises from Schiller's clear conception of the Good and from



his joy in his wealth of constructive power. The flow of the verse is not only the most beautiful but the most individual, wherever the powers of friendship and of philanthropy come into the greatest prominence. The character of Schiller's verse comes from the unusual combination of his mental faculties, his mind being at once acutely analytical and intuitive. The idea of every scene, every bit of dialogue, stood clearly before him, and usually in strong contrast. And he has command of an extravagant wealth of images to illustrate his thought. We should not say that these images are as the garments that clothe Schiller's thought. The thought is rather as a living picture in his imagination. The perfect balance of reflection and intuition in the best passages is the most marked characteristic of Schiller's poetical speech. The thought lives. The delight in poetical form came to him together with his new view of the Good.

From the first Schiller's tendency was to represent the interests and problems of mankind by means of his characters. "Don Carlos" is an especially striking instance of this, and Schiller makes no more impressive contrast than that, for example, between Posa and the Inquisition. We see here how the poet's thought turns toward politics and how the general questions of mankind take on an historical form. It is as if some of Montesquieu's thoughts were added to the beliefs that Schiller had gained

from Rousseau. Like a clairvoyant the poet gave voice to revolutionary ideas before their time. History is the life-process of humanity. Therefore the poet of humanity needs historical material. And so Schiller came to treat a subject matter that he had at first conceived merely as a family tragedy in this universal and historical sense. Thus did he grow as he worked over his material. What, throughout human history, man most strives for is what he depicts. However much this is history viewed after Schiller's fashion — history seen through the medium of the eighteenth century — still the step that faltered so in "Fiesko" has here become firm. That transition to the historical drama that was of such importance to Schiller's development has now taken place. Once more, it is the increasing force and clearness of his thought that brought about this progress.

In dealing with this great historical struggle Schiller also gained the power to view his opponents with calmer and more impartial vision. Even Alba and Domingo, yes, even the Grand Inquisitor himself, become representatives of an historical epoch. They represent the unyielding power of history, of that eternal past that is such an enemy to all that is new, to activity, freedom, and humanity. They represent the non-progressive submission to an institution that recognizes no life but its own. In "Kabale und Liebe" we did not find the intriguers

so significant. In spite of some relapses Schiller has reached the actual maturity that he had previously lacked. Now that his knowledge of the Good is so well grounded, he is no longer so driven by the blind hatred of evildoers. He ceases to draw one-sided caricatures. Even his evildoers become real living men, in their own way even great men. So simple is the unity of the development of genius. And thus did Schiller gain the point of view that was required for his maturer drama.

The vitality of the poem "Carlos" comes from Schiller's delight in the glorious clearness of the Good, for this work is no longer weighted down as it were by the fear of evil, like those earlier works which were an outbreak of rebellious pessimism. No, this is rather the work of a liberated and jubilant soul. Even to the very end, just as in the first sketch known to us from the Bauerbach record, the work grows as a sort of pæan, a hymn of faith in the golden dream of human happiness. As the song of that Prince who is to be a true man, who shall give happiness to all, this drama voices the deepest longings and aspirations of Schiller's time. The message rings out all the more grandly because it is illustrated by the tragic reaction in the mind of the old King, who has failed in his attempt to turn toward better things, and who now in his implacable enmity breaks off this young life too. Still, a slight division of feeling runs through the whole poem. This pæan must

turn into a tragedy, and there is some difficulty in the transition.

The whole work still shows signs of the poet's youth. The great interests of humanity are still treated as an affair of rapture, of emotional enthusiasm, of inspired effusion. In all these respects the poem is lyric in tone. And considering the virility of Schiller's nature, his delight in tears, which he regards as a proof of true nobility, introduces a curiously feminine element. Carlos exclaims:

"Tears are the proof of every noble heart."

And then, too, the motive of approbation and of self-approbation still recurs. These young men feel themselves far above ordinary human beings. The thought of greatness fascinates them quite as much as the love of humanity. Thus the scenes have at times a sort of heroic ornamentation, a sort of pathetic pomp about them. The drama is still the work of a young poet who delights in himself, who is enjoying a sort of gala day. All these traits stamp "Don Carlos" with a certain noble youthfulness.

And the whole poem frankly acknowledges this quality. For it is actually a story of young people, as if the young poet wished to acknowledge openly his belief that the young are the force that moves the world. The whole conception of life is colored by this idea. In truly youthful fashion Schiller finds only idealists easily comprehensible. It is only

by deliberate reflection that he can depict a realist. The idealist is for him the only true man.

Such is the picture of the world that the youthful Schiller has formed during the unaided development of his inborn talents. If we ask what led him on from one work to another, until he was able to shape these last pictures that are so full of the light of the ideal, we find that it must have been his ardent belief in the great mission of humanity, his deep inner need of progressing towards a world of free men, of morally resolute, noble, and natural men, and of leading others on toward such a world. In this sense, too, it is deeply significant that "Carlos" should have closed the list of Schiller's youthful works, for in "Carlos" the constructive power of his mind finds its spontaneous and unmixed expression. If we consider the usual opinions of Schiller's dramas we should infer that many people had formed their notions of his dramatic art from "Don Carlos" alone. For only of this tragedy is it true that the glow of enthusiasm colors the whole work, and that Schiller's ardent advocacy of the rights of man is often expressed in a pathetic and even in a decidedly oratorical fashion. We shall show how in his later works we enter a wholly different world, in which there is no question of such characteristics. We may say that Schiller's pathetic enthusiasm makes "Carlos" rather alien to us, and that we have outgrown his emotional cult of "humanity." Even



our young men are now too cool for this. We scent in all this the immaturity of an undeveloped age at which we now only smile. In answer to such a comment we ought to look a little closer and try to find out what Schiller's "humanity" and enthusiasm really were. This humanity is the very opposite of that general conception, which a merely stupid misconception of the term supposes it to be. It means the power and individuality of the personal life that must fulfill itself, in spite of all dwarfing and deadening forms and traditions. It means the right of every man to himself. It means the freedom of the children of God to enjoy their fullness of life and create it anew. As long as we care for any other goal than that of Midas, to be smothered in gold, and also to wear the asses' ears, so long as our final goal is to come into the kingdom of our own souls, and thus to bring aid and happiness to our fellowmen, just so long will Schiller's "humanity," although perhaps with a different coloring from that of his early works, remain the highest aim of our endeavor. And what, then, is it "to be inspired" (*begeistert*)? What does "inspiration" (*geist*) mean? It means that change in a man through which his nature becomes spiritual instead of being ruled by those mere instincts which would keep him bound by the narrow limit of his ordinary needs and desires. The term spirit signifies that higher life of the soul which really exists, which is, indeed,



the only true expression of the soul. To commonplace natures this spirituality always seems somewhat unreal, and the expression of ideal notions in others seems to them rather suspicious. For to these common natures nothing is real but coarse practical needs and purposes. To them the higher life is the quintessence of unreality. But to the prophetic souls this higher life is the only truth, the only thing that is, while all else is mere appearance. They are grateful for the enlightenment that comes to them from the "spirit," and as soon as they begin to speak of it they are full of "inspiration."

The tendencies of each time, the tasks and needs of the moment, determine the view of life characteristic of a given epoch. If because of the actual state of things most people are worn down, like the lifeless wheels of a machine, by their heavy tasks; if, for instance, economic interests or the development of power appear to be the only thing, then the poor soul hides itself away. The significance of individual character and of the inner life is lost. One no longer feels the stirring of the "spirit," and so ceases to believe in its existence, and the spiritual life comes to seem unreal. This is the sad necessity of circumstances. We should not be proud of this necessity but should rather pity people for it. And if our young men must succumb to it, they too are to be pitied. But every German youth ought to begin life with the courage of a conqueror. He ought to be fully

convinced that he himself is a bit of the life of the future, that in him too the great coming interests of humanity are growing. Humanity needs me, and for it alone will I live. "Carlos" is the tragedy of this youthful and truly German mood. As long as there are young men in Germany, let them see their own likeness in this poem.

#### 10. TWO MORE CARLOS DRAMAS

It may be of interest to compare Schiller's tragedy with two other dramatic works founded upon the story of the unhappy Spanish Prince. St. Réal's novel, which appeared in 1672, was used as early as 1676 by Thomas Otway in his second tragedy, "Don Carlos, Prince of Spain." He depicts the love intrigue, as Schiller at first intended to do, in rhyming decasyllabic verse. Not until the crisis of the tragedy does the supposed high treason concerning Flanders take its effect in embittering the father. And thus the drama resembles Schiller's first sketch in this respect also. Posa is Carlos' friend, who gives good advice to the King. Ruy Gomez, Eboli's husband, brings about the catastrophe. Eboli urges him on because Carlos has repulsed her, although at the same time she and Don Juan are deceiving him. Finally, when the King in his anger has given over both the Queen and Carlos to death, Eboli, wounded and punished by her husband, confesses that they were innocent. And the piece ends with the rage

and despair of the King and his revenge upon Gomez. This again is not unlike Schiller's first plan.

Thus similar motives came in both cases from the same source. But with Otway the French influence is mingled with an English ferocity, which results in a complicated piece of bloody and wanton intrigue. Nearly all the characters are full of wild and passionate love, as well as the thirst for blood, cruelty, and revenge.

Alfieri wrote his "Philip the Second" later than Schiller's piece.<sup>1</sup> This is still another style of art. The French influence is seen here too, but the whole is so condensed as to be almost dry. Everything centers about the despot Philip and his jealousy. There are as few characters as possible. Besides Queen Isabella there are only Philip, with his confidant Gomez, and Carlos with Perez. The King tells the Queen that Carlos is guilty of high treason and that she must judge him. The way in which she defends him seems to the King a proof of her love and guilt. He clings to his plan of revenge. Perez is murdered. Carlos and the Queen stab themselves with the same dagger in the dungeon. The whole forms simply a picture of the tyrant and his dreadful deeds.

<sup>1</sup> We learn from a letter to Goethe dated January 26, 1803, that Schiller read a French translation of Alfieri's work. The very copy that he used is now in the library of Weimar. See "Œuvres dramatiques." Trad. Petitot, Paris, 1802, T. IV.

If we place the great German "Don Carlos" between these two works we see the vast difference. In Schiller's poem we recognize the true man, who makes friendship and love the chief concern of humanity; the great poet, who sets forth his subject matter by means of a thoroughly organic development, and finally the great epoch itself, with its abounding wealth of ideas. In contrast with these poverty stricken works we have this overflowing wealth. In contrast with the narrowness of French mannerisms of one of them we have complete originality. We feel the German "Don Carlos" to be a poetical work that aspires to the loftiest heights. It alone has a place in universal literature.



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